

PART 439.

THE

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## LEISURE

## HOUR



JULY, 1888.

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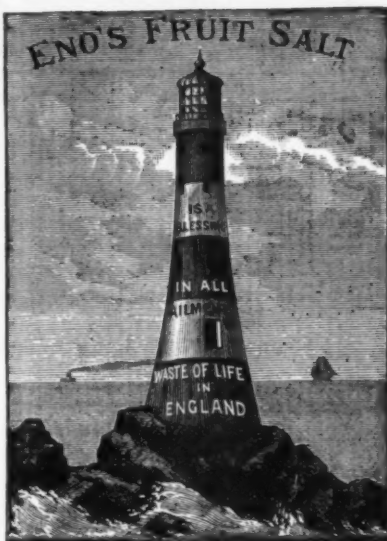
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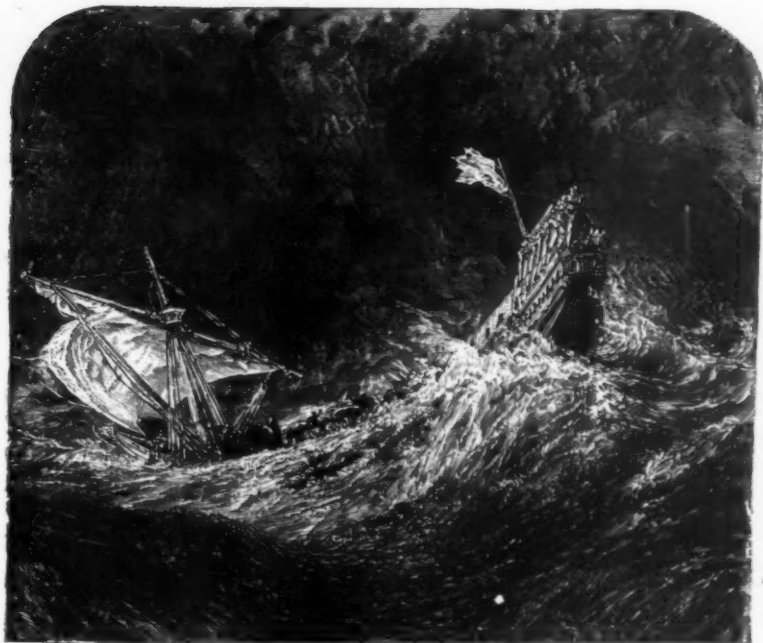
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THE FIRST CLOUD.

W. O. ORCHARDSON R.A.

ALY COOK & SONS



### A Ballad of the Great Armada.

THREE hundred years ago! three hundred years ago!  
 The Spaniard sailed the seas to work us ill and woe;  
 Three hundred years ago we fought the fleet of fame  
 That sailed from Tagus mouth to do us hurt and shame.  
 We fought them unafraid three hundred years ago—  
 And Thou, O Lord, didst loose Thy winds and bid them blow:  
 Shattered and torn was Spain; O Giver of Victory,  
 Because of Thy great Salvation we lift our hearts to Thee.

There were thirty thousand men that sailed that year from Spain;  
 There were twenty thousand men that never went home again;  
 And of those who breathed once more beneath their native sky,  
 There was many and many a one who only came to die.

The flower of Spain was there, the strong, the young, the brave,  
 Her glory and boast—so soon to lie beneath the wave:  
 And some of our kin were among them, who broke in God's own name  
 Their faith to their land and Queen, and sought to do us shame.  
 The peasants who cared no whit to fight or win, they took  
 By force from their wives and homes, and the plow and the pruning-hook.  
 And kept them in guarded gangs lest any the host forsook.  
 And many a slave was among them—Jew, Algerine, and Turk,  
 To row the galleys along—ill doom and ill the work.

But never a man with us, except whose heart beat high  
 To guard his fatherland and, if so were need, to die.  
 Quoth a Spaniard, "This English folk is free, and hath aye been free,  
 And the freedom-owning folk, it doeth courageously."



Or ever they sighted our coast a taste of their bitter chance  
 Befell them when galleys four they lost on the coast of France;  
 But on and on they came, and gallantly rode the sea,  
 And at dawn on a morn of July the Lizard was under their lee.  
 Up flashed the beacons to tell the news throughout the land,  
 And village and town were alert, and ready in heart and hand:  
 'Twas the twentieth day of July in the early afternoon  
 We saw the enemy's fleet, in shape like a crescent moon.

It was well to see the foe we had skirmished with so long  
 It seemed there would be no end to the bitter wrath and wrong.  
 Now grapple, might and main, let petty conflicts cease,  
 Unfurl the standard of war, nor fight 'neath the flag of peace!

Eight years was the land a-preparing before her trial-day,  
 And Hawkins had dressed her fleet that floated in Plymouth Bay,  
 "In royal and perfect estate;" the ships ne'er felt the sea,  
 For Hawkins had done the work, and done it perfectly.  
 Oh, never a parted rope, and never a spar with a sprain,  
 Good brain and hand were his, and ours were that heart and brain.

All praise to the daring heart, to the gallant arm of might,  
 To the quenchless fire of zeal that burns through the desperate fight;  
 And praise to the wisdom fair, the patience long and true,  
 That waiteth unchanged and strong till the time be ripe to do—  
 Charles Howard of Effingham, hail! We greet them both in you.

We name not name by name in the bead-roll long to tell  
 Of the gallant ones and great whom England loveth well,  
 Of those who nobly fought, and those who nobly fell.  
 O men who fought that fight, and fought it gallantly,  
 It was good to be English then, and best to be West Country.

All through a long forenoon the little English ships  
 Came hovering round the Spaniard—each one, as a bird that dips  
 A moment, then flies away and leaves no trace behind—  
 Dashed close to the galleons huge, and shot off in the eye of the wind.  
 All through that long forenoon the foe essayed to close,  
 Full fain "in the fashion of such as will sell their lives with blows."  
 Down came the even-dusk, up rushed the rolling brine,  
 And Valdez' Captain fouled the good Saint Catherine;  
 And at morn, when Drake came up, she struck her flag, indeed,  
 And her powder loaded our guns, and her reals helped our need.

Oh, the Spaniards fought and fought, but how could the day be won  
 In the teeth of our mad little ships, and the wind going round with the sun?  
 Then the one-week summer went, and all the wild winds' host  
 Leapt loose from the hand of the Lord to guard the English coast.

O God of freedom, we bless Thee, for Thou didst make us free;  
 O God of battles, Thou gavest our hands the victory;  
 O God of might, we kneel at Thy feet, and, kneeling, say,  
 To Thee be the glory and praise, Non nobis, Domine!

It is better to fight than to win; it is better to strive than to gain;  
It is better to do the right than to save from death or chain;  
But we fought and we won that day, and we conquered bonds and Spain.

We harassed them flank and van, with those swift little ships of ours,  
Darting like birds in and out, among their moving towers;  
And at last we drove them out of the Channel in the night,  
For we sent our fire-ships down, a scare of flame and light;  
And they set their faces to flee right up through the Narrow Seas—  
Quoth Drake, "By the grace of God, we will wrestle a pull" with these.  
And northward they fled and fled, before the southerly wind,  
With English Howard and Drake, and their ninety sail behind.

They dared not face the terrible English ships again,  
And they sailed away and away, by the north and the west for Spain;  
And the wild wind shrieked in triumph to work the Spaniard woe,  
And the dreadful North Sea waters wrought ravage upon the foe.

They struck on the Irish coast, where the rock-wall rises sheer;  
And O'Neill, "the Devil's son," he robbed and slew them there;  
And some were caught and bound, and led through the strange country,  
To die the death of shame upon the gallows-tree.  
The Rata—that goodly ship, with the bud and promise of Spain—  
"Where is the Rata?" ye ask. Look over the seething main.  
"Where is Alonzo da Leyva?" Alas! thine eyes, Castille,  
Must weep their bitterest tears; thy sons, the young and leal,  
The flower of thy proudest blood, the best of thy faith and boast,  
Lie low with Alonzo da Leyva upon the Irish coast,  
Where twice they were wrecked and saved, and thrice they were wrecked and lost.

And the trouble was o'er, and the land was out of her fear at last,  
And she drew her mighty breath as one whose peril is past;  
And she knelt to her God and she blest Him and praised Him, her Buckler  
and Shield;  
And she smiled on the sons of her love; and, far over woodland and field,  
The shout of her gladness went up, and the hymns of her triumph were pealed.  
Oh, blithe were the hearts of her sons, and free was the hearth and the sward;  
They had fought for their land and had saved her, and that was their meed and  
reward:  
Full strong in the strength of her life-blood a-beating in every vein,  
They had girt her around with their manhood, and kept her from slavery and  
Spain:  
They had fought for their God-given birthright, their country to have and to hold,  
And not for the lust of conquest, and not for the hunger of gold.

O England, mother of might, O queen of the kingly sea,  
The strong and good are thy sons, freeborn and ever free.  
LORD CHRIST, if the hour of need come ever, as then, to her  
And tumult be all around of tempest and fear and stir,  
We ask no better boon than hearts to beat and to glow  
Like the hearts of Englishmen three hundred years ago.

EMILY H. HICKEY.



*By permission.]*

THE VANGUARD, UNDER SIR WILLIAM WINTER, ENGAGING THE SPANISH ARMADA.

*[From a picture by Sir Oswald Brierly]*

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## THE STORY OF THE ARMADA

TOLD FROM THE STATE PAPERS.

PART II.



LORD HOWARD OF EFFINGHAM. LORD HIGH ADMIRAL.

ON the 19th of May, the Armada weighed anchor and sailed from the Tagus. Lisbon itself—bright, busy Lisbon as it still was—seemed to those who tarried behind a deserted city. Groups of strangers no longer gossiped at the street corners or thronged the quays. The solemn chant of religious processionists, the lazy cry of itinerant traders, that for weeks had been drowned by the stirring note of the soldier's war-song or the din of the shipbuilder's hammer, might again be heard. The "invincible" Armada had at length really started on its voyage; the subjection of heretic England was within measurable distance of accomplishment—at least, so thought the faithful in Spain. The chief defects in the Spanish ships were not long in making themselves apparent—insufficiency of sail and slowness in answering their helms. We shall presently see how fatal to them were these defects when the actual fighting began. So slowly did the Armada sail that three weeks were spent in reaching Finisterre; here the ships were effectually scattered by a gale, some being carried a great way out of their course, and it was not till the early days of July that they all collected together again. On their voyage to Finisterre they had

been seen by various English trading vessels, which hastened homewards to give the word that the Armada was under way. The news revived the drooping spirits of the British crews, and awakened the old enthusiasm, which Elizabeth's policy had undeniably damped. On the 24th of June, Drake wrote to Walsingham from Plymouth:—

"As it has been reported that the Spanish fleet has been descried near at hand in several companies by three barks, unto whom they gave chase, I doubt not but that with God's assistance they shall be so sought out, and encountered in such sort as shall qualify their malicious and long-pretended practices. I beseech your Lordships to pray continually for our good success in this action, for the performance whereof we have all resolutely vowed the adventure of our lives, as well for the advancement of the glory of God as the honour and safety of her Majesty, her realms and dominions. And thus resting, always ready to perform what shall lie in my power either in duty or service to my Prince and country, I humbly take my leave."

More than a week passed without news of the Spaniards reaching Plymouth; and Drake, con-

cluding that something must have happened to induce them to tarry on their own coasts, once more expressed his sentiments in favour of going forth to meet the foe. On the 4th of July he sent up to the Council a statement:—

"To maintain the opinion that I have thought it meet (sic) to go for the coast of Spain, or at

discover it. I have divided myself here into three parts, and yet we lie within sight of each other, so if any of us discover the Spanish fleet we give notice to the other. I myself do lie in the middle of the channel with the greatest force. Sir Francis Drake hath twenty ships and four or five pinnaces which lie towards Ushant, and Mr. Hawkins

(1.)

Sir I am not angry with heer  
majesty befor now be I am  
ther for is wonderfull great  
and strong And yet we pluck  
ther fathers by the neck and by the

Howard

least more neerer then we are now, are these reasons following, written aboard her Majesty's good ship the Revenge this fourth of July, 1588."

In this document he argues that "our staying here shall but spend our victuals, whereby our whole action is in peril," and concludes: "My opinion is altogether that we shall fight with them much better, and cheaper, upon their own coast then here. For that I think this one of the unmeetest places to stay for them."

Howard did not share Drake's opinion that the Armada had for some cause or other returned home. In quite the early days of July a rumour had reached him that the Spanish fleet was off Scilly, and this he evidently believed, as on the 6th he wrote to Walsingham:—

"I am sure you have seen the letter which I sent unto her Majesty of the certain discovery of the Spanish fleet not far off Scilly which made me with as much haste as I could make out to sea, for our victuals suddenly came, and having the wind at north-east I would not stay to take in all of them, and so bore to Scilly, thinking to have cut off those Spanish ships from the rest of their fleet, but the wind turned south-south-west. I then sent Sir Francis Drake with half a score of ships and three or four pinnaces into the trade to

with as many more lieth towards Scilly. Thus are we fain to do, else with this wind they might pass by, and we none the wiser."

During the thirteen days that passed between the date of this letter and actual sighting of the Armada, the storm that for weeks, or even months, had been blowing in the Channel abated but little, and the weather was as unlike an orthodox summer as anything could well be. Nothing of particular moment occurred at Plymouth, so we may turn our attention again to the Armada, collecting its scattered numbers in the Bay of Ferrol. The ships had suffered a good many more or less serious injuries in the recent storm, and it was not till the 12th of July that they again set sail towards England. On board all the ships, says a Spanish prisoner, when examined in England, after the defeat of the Armada, "it was openly spoken that the place of landing should be within the river of London, and it was resolved by the whole company, that what place soever they should enter within, to sack the same, either city, town, or village." He also heard "that the King of Spain would establish here the Inquisition."

The adventures of the Armada on its way to the Channel are described by Don Pedro Coco Cal-

deron (who himself accompanied it) in a manuscript still preserved at Simancas. Mr. Froude gives a very vivid picture of the voyage,<sup>1</sup> taken from Calderon's account, and on this the following narrative is based.

On the evening of starting the wind dropped to a calm. Next morning it freshened again and drove the Spanish ships merrily before it. After sailing for two days and nights they were off Ushant, and one of the fastest sailers in the fleet was dispatched to the Duke of Parma, announcing the progress of the expedition, and bidding him expect Sidonia's immediate arrival to claim his promised aid. All had as yet gone well since leaving Ferrol; but very soon after the message had been sent to Parma, Sidonia found himself entering into the stormy and unseasonable weather which had all the summer clung to the English and French coasts; several of his smaller ships were driven on the rocks near Ushant, and one important vessel, the *Santa Anna*, went down with all hands in the height of the gale. The Spanish ships were much scattered, and for some time very grave anxiety prevailed amongst their officers. However, after two days the wind had abated sufficiently for the fleet once more to collect and proceed towards England.

On Friday, the 19th, the Armada was at the mouth of the Channel and sighted from the Lizard. No ill news—which proverbially travels fast—could have sped more rapidly to Plymouth than did this good news; good news it certainly was to the anxious commanders and half-starving crews. The days of weary waiting were at an end, the struggle would come before they succumbed to their privations. That night the fleet managed with difficulty, for the wind was "scant," to work its way out of Plymouth Harbour and anchor under the shelter of Mount Edgcumbe. Here it lay till the following day, Saturday, July 20th. An anxious day that Saturday must have been at Plymouth. Since dawn, crowds had gathered at the Ram Head in order to catch the first glimpse of the long-expected Armada. They waited long, for it was not till hard upon three in the afternoon, when many were beginning to think only another false alarm had carried them away from their daily work, that the eyes that could see the farthest were able to discern in the horizon the leading ships of the Spanish fleet. Before sunset it was in full view of the town, 150 vessels as nearly as could be counted. The English ships had then, as the Mayor of Plymouth told the Council, "passed to the sea before our view and out of our sight."

The Armada anchored at dusk on Saturday, and as Sunday dawned, Sidonia observed that several English vessels, under cover of night, had passed behind him. Then for the first time he had an opportunity of watching their movements closely, and became aware of, what was his constant annoyance throughout the week, the extraordinary handiness of his enemy's fleet.

Sidonia had determined to give battle to the English ships early on the Sunday morning, but

the rapidity of their movements seems to have puzzled him, and whilst he was considering how to commence the action, Howard, in the *Ark Raleigh*, with three other ships, sailed along the entire rear line of the Armada, firing into each galleon as they passed, and acting in a similar manner on returning. The other English ships were now busily engaged in similar manœuvres. The rapidity of our firing was as wonderful to Spaniards as was the rapidity of our sailing. In vain the cumbersome floating castles of Spain endeavoured to close with the swift-sailers that teased them with shot on every side. Alonzo de Leyva, in one of the finest vessels of his fleet, made specially to give battle to Howard in the *Ark*. Howard seemed steering to meet him, but only sped by and fired into the *San Matteo*, which lay behind, wind-bound. The Spaniard's aim was bad, and scarcely a shot had touched the English ships, but they themselves received some considerable injury, and suffered a heavy loss in both killed and wounded.

So the day wore on, and as Sidonia saw that every hour ships were sailing out from Plymouth to join Howard, he signalled to make up Channel, and thus closed the first encounter with the English fleet, which must have considerably altered the impression of the Spanish soldiers and sailors as to the invincibility of the Armada.

At the commencement of the action the Mayor of Plymouth had written up to London that it was taking place "in plain view of the town," but what would be the probable issue he was unable to say. Howard's first despatch came in soon after the Spaniards had made up Channel, and was sent quickly on to town to allay uneasiness. It was addressed to Walsingham, and reads:

"Sir,—I will not trouble you with any long letter; we are at the present otherwise occupied than with writing. Upon Friday, at Plymouth, I received intelligence that there were a great number of ships descried off the Lizard, whereupon, although the wind was very scant, we first warped out of harbour that night, and upon Saturday [the 20th] turned out very hardly, the wind being at south-west, and about three o'clock in the afternoon descried the Spanish fleet, and did what we could to work for the wind, which in the morning we had recovered, descriing their fleet to consist of a hundred and twenty sail, whereof there are four [galleons], and many ships of great burthen. At nine of the [clock] we gave them fight, which continued until . . . We made some of them to bear room to stop the leaks. Notwithstanding we durst not adventure to put in amongst them, their fleet being so strong. But there shall nothing be either neglected or unhazarded that may work their overthrow. The captains in her Majesty's ships have behaved themselves most bravely and like men hitherto, and I doubt not will continue to their great commendation."

Howard adds a postscript in his own hand:

<sup>1</sup> The original letter is torn. The facsimile of Howard's autograph, which we give on the preceding page, belongs to a later date, see p. 444. For modern eyes we append a full transcript:—Sir I wyll not wryght unto heer mageste before mor be downe. Ther forse is wonderfull greit and strong And yet we pluke ther fethers by lyttell and lyttell C. HOWARD.

<sup>1</sup> History of England, vol. xii., pp. 455 and 456.

"The southerly wind that brought us back from the coast of Spain brought them out. Sir, For the love of God and our country, let us have with some speed some great shot sent us!"

Whilst Howard was writing to Walsingham, Drake was sending word of the first encounter with the Spaniards to Seymour, lying in the Downs. He makes less of the affair and the Spanish force, but enlarges on the persistency with which the enemy fought:

"Right Honourable and my very good Lord,

gracious sovereign, always victory against her enemy. Written on board the *Revenge*, the 21st, July, late in the evening, 1588.

"Your good lordship's, etc.,

"FRA. DRAKE.

[Holograph Postscript.]

"This letter my good Lo: is sent in haste, the fleete of Spaynardes is some what above a hundredth salles very great shipes, but trewly I think not half of them men of warre. Haste. Your lordships assured.

"FRA. DRAKE."<sup>1</sup>



SIR FRANCIS DRAKE. VICE-ADMIRAL.

I am commanded by my good lord, the Lord Admiral, to send you the carvel in haste with this letter, giving your lordship to understand that the army of Spain arrived upon our coast the 20th of the present. The 21st we had them in chase, and so coming up unto them, there hath passed some cannon shot between some of our fleet and some of theirs, and as far as we perceive they are determined to sell their lives with blows. Whereupon his lordship hath commanded me to write unto your lordship and Sir William Winter, that those ships serving under your charge should be put into the best and strongest manner ye may, and ready to assist his lordship. . . . Beseeching God of His mercy to give her Majesty, our

Lord Henry, who had with him a very insufficient fleet, was as much rejoiced at the news as was Howard, for he was likewise suffering from want of food and powder.

"I am most glad," he wrote to Walsingham, in sending on Drake's letter, "of this beginning of victory obtained of her Majesty's enemies, but I am most sorry I am so tied that I cannot be an actor in the play." He then reminds Walsingham of the condition of his own force:

"Our fleet being from the first promised to be seventy-eight sails, there never was yet, when the

<sup>1</sup> The original spelling is preserved in the "postscript," as the handwriting is Drake's and the spelling interesting on that account.



same was most, thirty-six; and now we have not above twenty, and of those of her Majesty's shipping, as I have always written, but eight sail, besides pinnaces; and for the coast-men, I think, more than the hoys of Ipswich, the ships of Dover and Sandwich, the ships of Yarmouth and Lynne, few else of the coast that were set down for service, little available. So giving your lordships to understand that the Hollanders are not with us, and that I think they desire more to regain their own coasts than ours, do humbly take my leave. From aboard the Rainbow at anchor in the Downs." He adds in a postscript: "Our merchant ships are not able to abide that stress on these coasts which her Majesty's ships are able to endure."

As Sidonia sailed up Channel on Sunday evening, after the engagement, Howard hung upon his rear. The night was dark and stormy. Drake had gone in pursuit of what he believed to be part of the Armada, but what was in reality but a group of Flemish traders. The Spanish ships kept so close together that the Capitana fouled the Santa Catalina, and she fell behind her companions. Next morning Drake, returning from his fruitless chase, captured her, brought her into Torbay, and left her, he himself sailing as soon as possible after Howard. The Deputy-Lieutenants of Devonshire wrote to Walsingham that the crew and soldiers on the captured ship numbered nearly four hundred, and were a very serious burden to the inhabitants of Torbay, who saved expense, as far as they could, by feeding the prisoners on "such provision as remaineth in their own ship," much of which was quite unfit for human food. The powder from the captured vessel was sent on by a fast trawler after the English fleet. The same night another ship of the Armada had been blown up through the treachery of the master-gunner, a German, and next morning her wreck fell into English hands.

On Monday morning (July 22nd) both fleets lay becalmed off Portland, the English three or four miles to the west of the Armada. So far as we know the day was uneventful. Sidonia dispatched a messenger to the Duke of Parma, narrating his adventures, and begging to send him pilots, for he frankly admitted complete want of knowledge how to act if overtaken by a storm in the Channel.

On Tuesday (July 23rd), the position of the fleets being unchanged, Sidonia made to give Howard battle. Whereupon the latter sailed seawards. The Spaniards, supposing him to have taken to flight, gave chase. One of the faster galleons had sailed away from her companions, and Howard, whose force forbade him as much as possible from entering into a general engagement, showed fight. He fought for an hour and a half, till the other Spanish ships approached. Then, his powder being short, he drew off, and Sidonia, satisfied that Howard was beaten, did not pursue, but sat down and wrote home a very hopeful letter. It is doubtful, however, if the Spanish admiral was really very light-hearted. He found himself pilotless in dangerous waters,

and in the fading light he could see that the English fleet in his rear was hourly augmenting its numbers. Ships from every part of the coast were flocking to the Lord Admiral's ranks, for, as Lord Henry Seymour said, "many gentlemen come to venture their lives in the Queen's Service."

On Wednesday (July 24) the English lay about six miles behind the Spaniards, actually helpless for want of shot. Sidonia sent ships to attack them, but fortunately no serious encounter took place till Howard had received some welcome supplies in the shape of powder and shot, which he did before nightfall. At daybreak on Thursday (July 25) these were put to good use.

In this encounter the Spaniards suffered heavily from the rapidity of the English fire and sureness of their aim, and at an early hour they were glad to draw off some distance farther up the Channel. In anchoring again the San Martin seemed to Howard to lie in position easy for attack. The chance of taking Sidonia's ship was too much for him; and, contrary to the policy he had hitherto pursued, he took the aggressive, and, in company with the Lion, the Bear, the Elizabeth Jonas, and the Victory, advanced to attack. The Spanish ships nearest to the San Martin hastily weighed anchor and sailed to Sidonia's aid. One of them, commanded by Oquendo, came into violent collision with Howard's ship. The Ark's rudder was disabled, and for a few minutes it appeared that the first attack ventured by the English would result in the capture of their Admiral; but, before the other Spanish ships could close in, the Ark's boats had towed her round to catch the wind, and she slipped away to a safe distance to repair her rudder, returning afterwards to join in the encounter, which continued for some time longer. We are left in ignorance as to which party eventually drew off, but it is certain from Calderon's words that, though no ships were taken, the Spanish loss, both in sailors and soldiers, was exceedingly heavy. The moral effect on the survivors was still more disastrous. The strong sides of the Spanish ships, which the Spaniards had been taught were impregnable, were pierced through. They were sailing in the English Channel, it is true, but they had paid a heavy toll for being there. They had experienced no actual defeat, but the most sanguine could not call any one of these "brushes" with the British ships a victory. Last, but not least, the conquest of England seemed a good deal farther off from accomplishment than when they first sighted the Lizard.

It was after this encounter that Sidonia penned a letter to the Duke of Parma (quoted by Mr. Froude from the Simancas manuscripts), which tells pretty plainly the feelings of the Spanish commanders. "The English ships," he says, "fire upon me most days from morning till nightfall, but they will not close and grapple. I have given them every opportunity. I have purposely left ships exposed to tempt them to board, but they decline to do it, and there is no remedy, for they are swift and we are slow."

Probably, in the hope of reaching a port from

which he could put himself in communication with Parma, and where he could take on board reinforcements, Sidonia on the following day (Friday, July 26) shaped his course towards France. Had Howard been able, it would have been his duty to try and check this move; but, situated as he was, short of powder, shot, and provisions, he dared not follow him, and took the opportunity of withdrawal from mid-Channel to visit Dover, where he hoped to find supplies awaiting him. He got some, but not all that he wanted, and in the evening put to sea again to watch the Armada. He anchored for the night a few miles to its rear. On Saturday (July 27) the weather had again become stormy. The Spanish ships sailed faster than usual before the strong westerly gale; faster, perhaps, than they cared to do, for Sidonia, though he lacked detailed knowledge of the Channel, feared nearing the Goodwins in such weather, without pilots, so gave the signal to cast anchor off Calais. Sidonia also hoped that, by carrying out this movement expeditiously, the English ships would be, as a writer says, "drawn to the leeward of them, but in happy time it was espied and prevented by bringing our fleet to an anchor also in the wind of them."

News of the movements of the fleets was brought to Lord Henry Seymour, who hurried down Channel and across to the French coast to effect a junction with Howard. The Spaniards lost no time in telling the Duke of Parma of their being within easy landing distance of the French coast; and the Duke sent them back word that on the following Tuesday he "would join them with intent to land their forces in England about Margate in Kent."

The condition of the English ships was exceedingly grave; they had done as duty compelled them—followed the enemy's fleet in close pursuit ever since they had entered the Channel, and were now hemming them in off Calais; but their stores of food and ammunition were nearly exhausted. Stout hearts might bear hunger, but they could not conjure into being, powder and shot. Their sufferings were perhaps heightened by the galling thought that all Sunday the Spanish ships were taking in abundant supplies. We know that in London—where the difficulties which Howard had to contend with, and the shortness of his supplies, were not fully understood by the people—great clamour was made at the Spaniards being allowed to get within reach of Calais, and "pass on so far without fight." Incredible as it may seem, Elizabeth, with the full knowledge that the Armada was actually in the Channel, directed an official answer to be returned to one of Howard's entreaties for powder to be sent to the fleet, requiring an exact and detailed account of *what* powder he could really make shift with. "No man," answered Howard in disgust, "could do this, by reason of the uncertainty of the service; therefore I pray you to send with all speed as much as you can."

It was clear that an attack upon the Spanish ships, anchored as they were so near shore, could not be made, and the result of a council of war held in Howard's cabin on Sunday (July 28) was that an

attempt should be made that night after dark to drive the Armada once more into the Channel by means of "fireworks." Sir William Winter claims for himself having suggested this manoeuvre. Writing afterwards to Walsingham, he tells him that on Saturday he was with Lord Henry Seymour off Dungeness, and not having yet had warning that the Armada was in sight, put into Folkestone to victual. Before half an hour had passed, pressing orders came from Howard for that division of the fleet to hasten to his aid off the coast of France; and so, without taking in adequate supplies, he sailed out to join the Admiral. The same night, at nine o'clock, Howard called Winter to him, who expressed his opinion that, "having viewed the greatness and hugeness" of the Spanish vessels, the only way to move them would be by "firing of ships." Howard "did like very well" of the proposal, and the following morning "put on his flag of council early." All present having approved, it was agreed to carry out the scheme that night. Many of the merchant ships following the English fleet were next to useless, and from these, eight—the largest of them a vessel of 200 tons burthen—were selected for "this special service." Their rigging was smeared with some inflammable material, which was also used to saturate the contents of their holds—biscuits, cheese, butter, and the like. It seems strange that, pressed as the fleet was for victuals, such eatables should have been sacrificed, but they were; and afterwards Government made an allowance in respect of them to the owners of the ships that so perished. The value of the eight vessels was estimated at a little over £5000. Just after midnight the selected ships weighed anchor and "let drive with the flood amongst the Spaniards." Each vessel carried three or four men only, and towed a boat behind, into which her crew jumped after setting light to the besmeared rigging. This was done when close upon the Spaniards. As these floating fires bore down upon the Armada the Spanish sailors were seized with panic, cables were cut with the utmost speed, and in an incredibly short time the Armada was under way and standing out to sea. The advantage of this piece of stratagem to the English was immense. "A proper gentleman from Salamanca," taken prisoner in a galley that was driven ashore near Calais, said that it was Sidonia's intention not to have stirred from "those roads" till Parma's forces had joined him "had it not been for the device of fireworks on Sunday."

The Armada anchored again when about six miles from shore; the English, exulting at the success of their "fireworks," weighed anchor at leisure and followed the Spaniards. At dawn Howard made for Calais to take possession of a galley which had grounded on the bar, leaving Drake and Lord Henry Seymour to watch the Spaniards. A little before eight Sidonia—as Drake expected he would do—gave the signal for his ships to return to their anchorage off Calais. The English commanders had, however, determined that no such move on Sidonia's part should be effected, and were bent on driving the Armada

northwards, and away from any friendly port in which they might shelter themselves. So soon, therefore, as Sidonia's signal was observed, Drake and Seymour prepared for action, presumably sailing towards the anchored Armada—the ships of which lay scattered over a considerable area—

speaking distance," and all the time pouring in a continuous fire upon the Spaniards, who, "driven one upon the other," assisted in the work of their own destruction. At noon Howard came up with Drake and Seymour, and helped to seal the fate of the Armada "All the day," writes Sir John

## (2.) DRAKE FROM THE REVENGE.

Light. Ex. his banner runs a brand to the top I was  
in a wonderful good time and through  
my own abode knowledge, as we had  
myself, his successful spirit is worthy  
revenge, for he had told me  
it is a day in the month of May  
to the banner, as I was in  
our two points of the year: and the  
bank of the river, still not of the  
land to the lower end. And  
upon the shore the wall meet I  
before the river of the will work  
reign of his eyes. . . .

from a brand  
for the good of the world  
29 June 1588. W. G. M.  
W. G. M.  
W. G. M.

attacking simultaneously those lying to their extreme right and extreme left. The encounter quickly became general, and Sir William Winter, who describes it, says that the English did not open fire till they had sailed within one hundred and twenty yards of their opponents. Throughout the day they kept close to the ships they were attacking, "often," he says, "within

Hawkins, "we had with them a long and great fight, wherein there was great valour showed generally by our company." Not a single prize was taken by the English; indeed no attempt seems to have been made to take any. They had no vessels they could spare to pilot prizes into port, and with short supplies they sought alone to sink or destroy what they could of their enemy's





the bottom of the sea, or else run into the coast of Flanders to save their lives."

But, as before observed, the English were not aware of the extent of the defeat they had inflicted; indeed, the exact details of the Spanish loss—known to us now from the story told by Calderon—were only gathered in England bit by bit as time wore on. Howard determined therefore to pursue the flying Armada, which he fully expected would again show fight. Writing to Walsingham, he says: "Notwithstanding that our powder and shot was well near all spent, we set on a brag and gave them chase as though we wanted nothing." Throughout the Tuesday and Wednesday (July 30th and 31st) the English clung close to the Spaniard's rear.

When off Brill, Howard seems to have considered it expedient to order Lord Henry Seymour's return to the Straits. The latter's disappointment at such a command shall be told in his own words, as he wrote them to the Queen after returning. Speaking of Monday's engagement, he says:—

"Most gracious Lady, \* \* \*

"After this long fight, which continued almost six hours, and ended between four and five in the afternoon, until Tuesday, at seven in the evening, we continued by them, and your Majesty's fleet followed the Spaniards along the Channel until we came athwart the Brill, where I was commanded

evening, brings the scene as the writer saw it vividly before us, and expresses the sense of relief felt by the English commanders that their gallant efforts had at length been rewarded with success:

"We have the army of Spain before us, and mind, with the grace of God to wressel a pull with her: there was never anything pleased me better than the seeing the enemy flying with a southerly wind to the northwards.

"God grant ye have a good eye on the Duke of Parma, for, with the grace of God, if we live I doubt it not, but ere it be long, so to handell the matter with the Duke of Sidonia, as he shall wish himself at St. Mary's Port, among his orange trees. See Facsimile (3).

"God give us grace to depend upon Him, so shall we not doubt victory, for our cause is good. Humbly taking my leave this last of July, 1588.

"Your honour's faithfully to be commanded ever,  
"FRAS. DRAKE."

The next day (August the 2nd) those in charge of the victuals and stores were compelled to announce that their stock was nearly exhausted; and Howard was induced to abandon what had become really a useless chase. In the teeth of a south-wester, hourly gaining in force, the English fleet beat back towards the Thames, to obtain the much-needed supplies. Two of their pinnaces fol-

(4.)

*Gods grace and will confound all your enemies and if you  
do most humbly leave to trouble your most excellent Ma.<sup>ty</sup>  
from aboard the Rainbow the first of Aug*

*August 1588*

*your Ma.<sup>ty</sup> most bounden  
and faithful servant*

*H Seymour*

by my Lord Admiral with your Majesty's fleet under my charge to return back for the defence of your Majesty's coasts, if anything be attempted by the Duke of Parma, and therein have obeyed his lordship, much against my will, expecting your Majesty's further pleasure.

"Thus hoping God will confound all your enemies, and that shortly, do most humbly leave to trouble your most excellent Majesty. From aboard the Rainbow, the first of August, 1588.

"Your Majesty's most bounden and faithfull fisherman, H. SEYMOUR." See Facsimile (4).

It should be noted that in another letter written the same day to Walsingham, Lord Henry does not hesitate to state that Howard's action in commanding him home was dictated by simple spite and jealousy.

After Seymour's return Howard and Drake still pursued the flying enemy. All doubts as to the completeness of Monday's victory had by that time vanished from their minds. Drake's letter to Walsingham, sent off on the Wednesday

followed the Armada until it had passed the Shetlands, on its way, as the English commanders believed, towards Norway.

"The want of powder and shot and victuals," says Thomas Fenner, "hindered much service which otherwise might have been performed in continuance with them, to their utter subjection."

W. J. HARDY.

## GREAT-GRANDMAMMA SEVERN.

BY LESLIE KEITH, AUTHOR OF "THE CHILCOTES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—A PERPLEXED GUARDIAN.



LETTY'S LITTLE HALL.

WHILE the meal lasted Lady Severn was lavish in gracious praise of one guest, while she obliquely thrust at the other. Winter, for the moment, was high in her favour, and could do no wrong. To his own confusion and heavy embarrassment, he was held up as a model for Harry's imitation.

"I love a man of spirit," she said. "Grandson Harry, if you had but half our good friend's resolution and his common-sense I should have better hopes of you."

"I have but little more than half his years also, Granny. Perhaps when I have reached his venerable age I shall be more on a level with him. I am but a youngling, as you are always telling me, Granny," said Harry, with his drawl.

"Don't be pert, sir. You are old enough to understand your best interests, even if you are too wilful to secure them."

Was there ever such a wicked old woman? Winter had scarce patience to retain his seat when he met Judith's surprised, dark glances

turned on him at all those praises of his common-sense, his clear understanding, his right judgment. He wanted to get up and shake somebody; if not the old lady, then Harry, who richly deserved to be chastised.

"Now, Lawrence Winter," said his hostess, when they had finished. "I am going to take my little beauty-sleep, and after it, unless you wish to walk or to ride, to smoke or to talk to some one else, you shall come and have a cup of tea with me while we finish our chat."

"I wish," said Winter, with the boldness of a sudden inspiration, "to talk with Miss Severn, if she will allow me."

It was certainly very bold, since he was by no means sure of what he ought to say, or, indeed, whether he ought to speak at all; but it was an act of desperation. This invitation to tea, with more talk to accompany it, scared him, and he was glad to evade it at any price. A woman is insatiable in talk, and never knows when an argument has reached the point where it may be, and ought to be, abandoned. So he grumbled, being but a man.

The old lady, so far from suffering offence at his refusal, was radiant.

"She could not refuse so reasonable a request," she said graciously, so graciously, indeed, that he was fronted by a new fear lest she should openly claim him as an ally.

"Grandson, give me your arm," she said imperiously, leaving the field clear by walking Master Harry off the scene; but not before Winter was allowed to feel the melancholy reproach of his glance.

"If she thinks," he said to himself, with sardonic gloom, "that I am going to bolster up her cause, she will find that she has made a little mistake."

The servants had appeared to clear away the remains of lunch, and Judith silently led the way into the great deserted drawing-room, which was always thereafter associated in her mind with the memory of interviews more or less disagreeable, but chiefly more. Was this one going to be disagreeable?

She was hardly reassured by the smile which she met when she turned round in the middle of the room and faced Winter.

"Forgive me, Judith," he said. "I'm afraid it was a base stratagem; but you see I've had a good deal of your grandmother's conversation."

"You have at last found it possible to have too much of it!" she smiled, rather maliciously.

"I had a selfish wish for a change of company, but I won't ask you to stay if you'd rather be elsewhere; it will be quite a fitting punishment if you leave me to my own devices."

"You know I like to be with you—if—but—" she paused, embarrassedly.

"But what, my dear?"

The "my dear" seemed to reassure her, and oh, how fatherly and benevolent he felt as he said it!

"I was going to say that there was only one thing that could make me unwilling to remain."

"And what is that?"

"If—if you come as my grandmother's messenger. I don't think I could bear to take her commands from you."

"I am nobody's messenger but my own, and my guardianship gives me no right to command."

"I thought—I thought," she began, hanging her head half in shame at having doubted him—"when grandmother spoke so much at lunch—"

"Of my superior judgment and wisdom?" he laughed. "It would not be a very convincing proof of either if I came here to enforce another person's wishes. I came here, as I told you, because I was uncivil enough to wish to decline Lady Severn's invitation to tea—and talk; I don't shine in conversation, and perhaps my vanity rebels at always getting the worst of it."

She could not forbear a smile.

"But since I've beguiled you here," he went on, speaking lightly, to put her at ease, "I think I will be bold enough to say what very likely would never have been said but for this chance."

She looked up at him with a subdued anxiety, but the kind frankness of his face disarmed her. It was the face of a friend, who wished her nothing but good.

"If you have anything to tell me, Judith, that you would find it a relief to tell, why, then, here I am, just as ready and as interested in all that concerns you as when you were a little girl, and told me all your dreams and plans."

"Is that what you wanted to say to me?"

"That is what I have wanted to say for some time. If you think me presumptuous in saying it, please suppose it unsaid. If you have no confidences that you care to share, I am ready to think you perfectly right in withholding them. Use me or not, as you will. I'm your guardian, you know, and an old fellow who has been told some secrets in his day; but don't think I've been sent to question you, or run away with the idea that I would accept such a commission from any one."

"I knew you wouldn't."

She looked down, and then up, and finally said, with a deep breath,

"I will tell you; it will be a comfort to tell you; but—don't think too hardly of me."

"I am not likely to do that."

"Let us sit down here" (she led the way to a window-seat); "no one will disturb us." She braced herself with an effort and spoke quite calmly. "I think you must guess already, even if you have not been told, that my cousin, Harry Severn, and I are one day to be married."

"I have been told that Lady Severn has expressed a wish to that effect."

"Oh," she said, with a melancholy smile, "how very politely you put it! With Lady Severn, to wish is to be obeyed."

"No, Judith, it is not—or at least it ought not—to be, in a matter so grave as this!"

"I have given my consent," she said, a trifle defiantly; "I find the part of rebellion less easy to play than you seem to think it."

"I would have backed your will against your grandmother's any day," he said, brusquely, in the first sharpness of his disappointment.



"You forget that in an encounter of wills my grandmother has the advantage over me of half a century of practice. I assure you I do not at all pretend to be her equal, as the result proves."

Her mood seemed to reflect his, and to harden before something that she could only define as his lack of sympathy.

"Tell me one thing," he said, abruptly; "this pledge—this promise—you did not give it before you came here—while you were still in Paris?"

"Before I had seen my cousin—before I knew what manner of man he was? I think your question ought not to require an answer from me. If it does—"

"It does not. I beg your pardon, Judith," he said, contritely, in the fulness of his relief; "I wronged you even by asking it."

"Oh," she said, "it seems very strange to you, I dare say, and I don't expect you to understand. To do that you would require to be me, and what can a man like you know of a girl's motives?"

"Not much, perhaps; but, if you tell me, I will try to understand."

"No," she said, quickly; "I can't explain."

How could she tell him that it was her mother who had urged her to this step—her mother and Letty, whom he had never liked? The same self-sacrificing love that had made her yield for their sakes made her quick now to defend them from so much as a shadow of reproach.

"I can't explain," she said again, more firmly; "but I will tell you, if you like, the cause of grandmother's displeasure. She wants us to be married immediately—in a few weeks. I resisted that; it seems so soon to be settling all one's life. I'm afraid I was not patient with her. It is difficult to be patient with a person who wants all her own way."

"Yes," he assented, with a smile.

"But, I suppose, sooner or later, I shall yield. I haven't the force of character you are kind enough to gift me with, you see. I fight a little, it is true, but I am always beaten in the end. After all, what does a week or two sooner or later matter? She is sure to ask you about our talk; and you may tell her, if you will, that the rebel has given in."

"I shall do nothing of the kind. Do you suppose even the most wilful woman in the world is always to have her way?"

"I have given my consent in the larger matter, this is a mere question of detail—a question of June rather than July, or August, or September—quite an unimportant trifle to squabble over."

"I do not like to hear you talk in that tone," he said, with something of rebuke. "If you have made a rash promise you must take back that promise. It is the lesser evil of the two."

"Oh, don't tempt me," she said, with a kind of sad weariness. "Haven't I said all these things to myself till my brain wearied of the very sound of them? I know all that you would say, but you must not say it; it is too late."

Winter got up and paced the room once or twice vigorously. He was perplexed, and he could not find a clue that satisfactorily explained her attitude. She was not marrying for love—that

was clear enough. What, then, was the motive that moved her to consent? It must be remembered that his guardianship was merely nominal, almost self-imposed. It did not give him any right to inquire into the widow's finances, or to manage the little sum that might one day be the portion of Judith and Letitia. If he had been a trustee—a guardian in something more than name—he would have known how almost infinitesimal, how beggarly a pittance it was on which the Parisian household managed to exist, and he might then have had a key to her conduct. But in the letters that she faithfully penned to him, and posted to all quarters of the world, Judith never breathed a hint of the straits she so bravely encountered, and in his rare visits to the boulevard his masculine perception was not keen enough to discover them unaided. He had always thought it a sufficiently ugly and undesirable home, but he never dreamed that privation would enter it.

After a turn or two, he halted abruptly before her.

"What do you want to marry this young jackanapes for?" he asked, almost roughly.

"I have told you that I cannot explain. Believe, if you like, that it is because I want to be married. It is said to be the aim of every woman."

He waved his hand impatiently.

"Tell me this, at least. Are you being coerced into doing this thing?"

"I have not been imprisoned in my own room," she said rather bitterly, for all that she spoke with levity, "or fed on bread and water like an unfortunate Clarissa. I have been allowed to come and go as I would. I had my choice to remain here and marry my cousin, or to return to Paris at the end of my visit, and I have already told you that I have made up my mind to remain."

He looked at her in silent amazement. Out of what perverted, warped notion of duty was she lending herself to this thing?

"Are you sure you have measured all your compliance will cost you? You may easily enough carry obedience to a grandmother's wishes too far."

"Obedience? It is certainly not to please my grandmother."

"It ought not to be done to please anyone; that is no motive. Look here," he said, "I don't know much about such things: I never had a sister or so much as a cousin to enlighten me, but I've an old-fashioned prejudice against the kind of marriage which for some unfathomed reason of your own you are about to make—there is to my thinking only one thing that could justify it, and that is wanting in your case."

"There I differ from you: there are many reasons quite as good and sufficient as the one you profess to miss, but you can scarcely judge of their value since I have not told you what they are."

"No, Judith," he said almost sternly, "your sophistry will not help you: no happiness will come from a marriage that is based on anything but the natural outgrowth of love. I hold that nothing but the certainty that each prefers the other to every one else in the world can sanction such a tie. It's an unfashionable view, possibly, but until



ten minutes ago I'd have staked anything that you were a believer in it like myself."

She started up and turned upon him.

"Oh, you are hard!" she said; "you are hard like the rest! I thought *you* would understand."

"Tell me what I am to understand. That you are marrying for money and position—or perhaps for a companion and protector?" He could not rein in his scorn.

"I will tell you nothing—nothing at all," she said passionately. "You have judged and condemned me without a hearing; you have shown me none of the sympathy you were so ready to offer when you led me on to confide in you. Believe what you will of me: after this you can hurt me but little more by anything you may choose to think of me. And you may bear my message of surrender to my grandmother; you may tell her I have learned my lesson so well that I can say it by heart now. I am ready to marry my cousin whenever she chooses, since in taking him I shall secure a companion and protector, and money and position. I had not summed up all the advantages before, but I see them very clearly now, and I thank you for making them all so plain."

Thus she flung her Parthian shot, and left him with a royal disdain that Lady Severn herself in her haughtiest moment could not have equalled. Left him frowning in dark disgust at the whole absurd, preposterous business. A nice storm he had raised by this attempted mediation!

#### CHAPTER XXII.—THE DIAMOND RING.

LETITIA had not answered the sisterly appeal Judith had made for a visit, because her hands for the moment were full of other business. The widow was, in truth, always a busy person, and though the fish she popped into her kettle were very small, she fried them industriously and was as earnest over their cooking as any lady in Belgravia who has the cares and concerns of a season on her hands.

Letty loved a bustle, and did her best to live dramatically, and who shall blame her? She had not that male resource of busy idleness, a club, since as yet the stronger sex has succeeded in guarding that sacred privilege from feminine assault. She had no carriage to ride in; she could not go into the gay world with the six months' widow's crape on her head; so she enticed the world to come to her instead. The world of West Kensington, that is, a poor and feeble imitation of Mayfair, perhaps, but yet with passions and jealousies, and demands and dislikes, and aims and ambitions of its own.

Thus when the curate of the church round the corner met young Smee, a squirreling of sporting proclivities, in Letty's little hall, there were scowls and dark looks exchanged by the gentlemen. Perhaps the Rev. Ambrose did penance later for the pangs that rent his poor thin chest; but young Smee went off with a grin, a pack of dogs yelping at his heels.

Letty let the dogs jump over her sofas and curl

up her best antimacassars, but the room was all in order when the curate was ushered in. Letty's hair was smoothed to a Madonna meekness, and she had whipped out a coarse garment from under the embroidery of her work-basket, and looked as if she had never played any part but that of Dorcas all her life.

Perhaps for the moment she believed it, and it is at least little wonder that she imposed on the young curate whose knowledge of human nature was less wide than his opportunities of studying it. He was good and sincere in his narrow way, too good, at least, to be the sport and plaything of a Letty.

According to his lights he tried to lead her in the right way. He was always exhorting her in his mild fashion to embrace the privileges of the church and taste the relief of the confessional.

Letty looked up at him from the shirt over which she bent with quick sidelong glances. She was ready at the moment to confess anything.

"But you don't know what wicked thoughts I have," she said, casting down her eyes. "It would shock you dreadfully."

"No, you are good," cried the priest, suddenly moved by feelings that belonged more properly to a worldling. "It is a haven of rest to come here. You are good to everybody—even to that—that gentleman I met just now, with whose views you can surely have but little sympathy."

"Ah," said Letty, accepting the praise with downcast eyes, "he was my dear husband's friend. That shuts my lips. How could I refuse to see one whom my dearest Dick loved as a brother? A husband's friends are sacred to a wife."

Perhaps she acted the little scene over for young Smee the next time he visited her. Little women with undeveloped hearts and a keenish sense of humour can be cruel as death—crueller far than a man could be. It is the poison of asps that is on their lips, and they sting and kill with the prettiest smiles in the world.

It is certain, at least, that the widow entertained Harry a day or two later with her own version of the meeting between her two guests of which the little drawing-room was the scene. She jumped up and acted it all for him, while he lolled in the easy-chair and laughed and applauded lazily. She played with the greatest spirit, and you could see the blustering, hectoring, grinning Smee, and the poor, spare, trembling, horrified curate, while she took off each in turn.

"It was a dreadful, dreadful scene!" she cried, sinking down in her chair and smoothing out her draperies; "and I felt as if it might be my fate to be torn in pieces between them. That would have been too much of a compliment! Mr. Smee was very naughty; you men are such wicked creatures!"

Harry shook with laughter as she made him see the poor curate's hair standing on end with horror; but she expressed the gravest disapproval.

"It was very wicked," she said, "and very disrespectful to me. I couldn't console poor Mr. Ambrose even with my best cake and tea."

"And your honeyed words," said Harry. "Oh, I know how you consoled him!"

"Take care, sir, or you will get no honeyed words. Stop laughing, Harry, and be sensible; I have a hundred things to ask you. I am in earnest."

"Oh, you are in earnest!" cried Harry. "Is it part of the play? And who is going to be offered on the altar of your satire now?"

"Not you, you may be sure! No one can accuse *you* of being too earnest!"

"You are reserving me for the consolation of the Reverend Ambrose, I see. Well, use me, if you will, to point a moral and adorn a tale; I am not likely to be useful in any other way."

There was a half-languid bitterness in the tone of this admission that did not escape her quick ear.

"What, not even as a husband? I thought that was to be your vocation."

"My vocation—my calling—the husband of Judith Severn? Mrs. Henry Severn and her husband—is that how 'Jeames' will announce us when we go into the frivolous world? And I suppose I shall be allowed to carry my wife's fan and her handkerchief, and be humbly thankful for a word or a look when she can spare one from her lap-dog."

"Judith with a lapdog!" cried Letty, with scorn.

Harry burst out laughing again. "Well, it is out of character, I admit. Don't annihilate me with your frowns, Letty. It is all settled, my dear, and you can prepare your frills and your flounces as soon as you like."

Letty emitted a faint "Oh!" but her cheeks were bright and her eyes had an eager, almost a hungry look in them. He found himself puzzled a moment before their inscrutable expression.

Letitia's friends all considered her a very artless and transparent little person, and would have given a quick denial to the suggestion that there were unexplored depths of sentiment and passion under that neat little bodice.

"She is a jolly, funny, simple little thing," Harry would say; and even as he looked at her this simple and innocent side was presented to him, and she was smiling and waving her fan, and congratulating him in many charming phrases.

"Oh! Benedick, Benedick! so your bachelor days are numbered! And you will be kind to my poor Judith? Poor Judith! Happy Judith, I should say, with a husband whom she loves."

"I don't know about love," he interrupted, with a sigh, but Letty waved off his words.

"A husband and a host of friends, and money and position; everything the world can give her. Oh, I am glad that one of us should be prosperous and happy!"

There was a break in her voice, and her eyes were full of tears.

"Poor little thing," said Harry, to himself, looking at her very kindly, "she is thinking of her husband."

"Letty was more likely thinking of her unpaid bills, and the hard fate that had denied her wealth and position; but her tears did not betray her. They dropped slowly, as if they were falling for the best-loved husband in the world.

"Letty, dear," said Harry, getting up and laying a hand on her shoulder, "don't, there's a good child."

"Ah," sobbed Letty, "I am selfish, but I can't help thinking of all I have lost, and—I feel so lonely."

After that, what could Harry do but console her? He found the task not unpleasant; he had not been able to make any great parade of his happiness in his coming marriage, and he found it easier to soothe and coax and pet Cousin Letty back to calmness. She yielded very gently to him, and consented at last to smile through her tears.

"Do you think," she whispered, "that Judith will be good to me when she is a great lady?"

"Good to you!" he echoed, indignantly; "how could she help it?"

"Ah, but you see she will be a great lady now, and—she is so earnest and grave, and sometimes I am a little afraid of her."

"I am a little afraid of her too, I think," he said, with a sigh, and he thought again how easy it would be to be fond of Letty, and to like her without let or hindrance.

If any one had told him it was Judith who yielded and was ruled by this little sister he would have denied it scornfully. Tender, clinging little Letty a ruler and a despot! Letty, who was so sweet and dependent for all the gaiety of her spirits, that everything that was best in man was stirred to protect and cherish her! Ah, if it had been Letty!

She got up with a start, drying her eyes with her little lace handkerchief, and looking the prettier for that passing shower.

"Oh, how selfish I have been! Now I will be good, and we shall have some tea, and then perhaps, Harry, you will take me for a little walk."

Of course, he was only too proud and pleased to have such a charming companion; he did not greatly covet the comradeship of his own thoughts just then, and when Letitia came tripping down after a longish interval, she had put on her gaiety with her outer dress, and the face under the widow's crape was gay and saucy. Where had she hidden her tears and griefs? Harry, young fool that he was, thought it very unselfish of her to bury all those private woes and to smile for him.

"Where shall we go?" he asked. "I had thought of getting something for Judith. She would scarcely care for a ring, perhaps. What shall I give her, Letty?—a locket, a chain?"

"A chain!" mocked Letty, with uplifted brows; "do you want to impress on my poor Judith that you have bought her?"

"It is I who am the slave," he retorted, with the same half-dreary laugh. "I see I am not equal to the occasion. You must decide for me."

"Buy her a ring," said Mrs. Garston, promptly.

"It's always safe to do what everybody else does, and a ring looks just as pretty on a white hand as if it expressed the finest sentiments. Do you suppose all the diamond half-hoops that are bought and gifted are emblems of undying love and fidelity, Cousin Harry? My dear boy, it is

nice of you to think so; but you know the world less well than I."

"You a critic of the world's doings?" He looked down on her and laughed, finding her sprightliness as delightful as a moment before he had found her tenderness.

"Ah, you forget," she said, with a droop of her lashes, "I have been married. Poor Dick was only able to give me pearls." She drew off her glove. "See," she said, "I wear his ring yet. I wouldn't part with it, though I suppose one oughtn't to wear jewellery with crape. Poor Dick, he would have given me a better if he could."

"The best diamonds would not be too good," said Harry, taking up the little white hand and kissing it.

The street was very quiet and there was nobody to see. Harry had never so much as kissed Judith's fingers; she held him aloof with a fine, proud reserve; she was cold and unresponsive as the Diana to whom he had likened her.

They hailed a hansom presently, and drove to a jeweller's in Bond Street; and when they entered that treasure-house how Letty brightened and sparkled till her eyes shone to rival the diamonds and sapphires! Excitement gave her the depth and colour she needed, and she had never looked so pretty. The shopman smiled benevolently on the pair, and brought out all his wonders for them. It was Letty who chose, selecting and rejecting with great decision. She tried the rings on her own slender fingers, and flashed her hands about to show off the sparkling stones. She put them back in their cases with smothered sighs. Oh! to be rich and able to buy them all.

"This one might do," she said, finally, holding out her hand that he might inspect her choice, "only you will have to get it enlarged. Poor Judith has such big hands. See, it just fits my skinny little finger!"

Dick's modest band of pearls lay neglected on the counter, and the diamonds were flashing in its place.

"Let it stay," said Harry, suddenly, "and we will choose another for Judith."

"I can't do that."

Letty's voice was grave, perhaps with regret. She began to try to pull it off. Perhaps she did not try very hard, or perhaps her hands were hot.

"You see, it doesn't want to leave you," he said, with a smile; and in the end a large part of the substantial cheque with which Great-grandmamma had expressed her pleasure in Harry's obedience went to pay for the shining stones.

"Ah! Harry," said the widow, when they were walking down the street again, and there was a break in her voice and tears were in her eyes, "you are too good, too kind to a poor lonely little thing; your sympathy brings all my sorrow back. You must go to Judith now, and be happy. I am so glad—so glad you are going to be married; and, oh! I hope you will have a very brilliant and splendid life. No one will rejoice more in your happiness than I from my quiet corner."

Of course he protested that he could not leave her.

"Judith doesn't expect me. At least we are not hypocrites," he said. He wanted to carry Letty off somewhere to dine; but Letty had armed herself with propriety.

"Dear Harry, it would not be right," she said; "and, besides, I have an engagement; I am going to entertain one or two of my neighbours who are as poor as myself, to supper. I'd have asked you too, but you must go back to Richmond to dinner. We paupers, you see, can't afford dinners. Good-bye, dear Harry; come soon, and bring Judith, and give her my dearest, dearest love and congratulations!"

If she wanted to enhance her charms, she had taken the surest way to do it. Harry went off sulkily to play a game of billiards with some former chums, while the widow rode home in an omnibus to prepare for her guests.

Perhaps Harry would have been still sulkier if he had seen the guests—young men, most of them, to whom Mrs. Garston was very kind and motherly. How was it that Harry had gone away with the notion that it was a company of old maids she had gone home to entertain? Letty had not said a word about spinsters, youthful or elderly. The curate was present; but his sister came too, for Letty was rigid in paying all due respect to Mrs. Grundy. Miss Ambrose was a plain girl, and rather shy; but Letty was gay enough for two.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.—A LITTLE SCHEME.

HARRY did not appear at the family dinner-table that night. He was in a mood of revolt, and he chose to display his freedom by absenting himself.

And yet it was but a poor pretence at liberty, and the old bachelor days had never seemed so jovial as now, when the last of them had all but come.

He dined in solitude at his club, for all the world as if he had not a single acquaintance in London. Strolling out later to smoke, he turned into a concert hall where a lively ballad was being performed. He was a critic no longer, but one of the indolent public seeking amusement. With grandmamma's sovereigns jingling in his pocket, he took a place of honour, and enjoyed himself in sulky majesty.

A former comrade presently spied him there, and joined him when the music ceased.

"So the luck has turned!" cried this young fellow, staring at Harry's glossy expanse of bosom, his immaculate evening coat, and his general air of splendour. "You are a lucky dog, Severn."

"Yes," said Harry; "the tide has turned; my luck allows me a clean shirt, as you see, and a seat among the genteel, where I don't know a soul. An hour ago when I went down to the office, the boss, before whom I used to tremble in my shoes, took off his hat to me, and asked me what I would drink. These are immense satisfactions, aren't they? Come along, Jones, and let us have



some supper, and drown care in the flowing bumper."

"Faith, I'd welcome a little of that same care," cried the other, going off with him, pleased enough to have a supper for nothing. Harry's cynicism appeared to him a pardonable bit of affectation, and, doubtless, he did not really despise his new prospect of wealth, though he would have preferred it unhampered with conditions. Now that he had finally severed his connection with that feeble rushlight of literature, he began to magnify the charms of his inky assiduity. The editor, who had taken liberties with his grammar, and, direst offence of all, had altered his proof-sheets, now cringed and bowed to the rising sun, and would gratefully have accepted any copy at Harry's hands.

"He owes me half a year's salary," said Harry; "and he generously proposed that I should take it out in free copies to distribute in the aristocratic circles to which I've soared. You'd better secure a batch before the buttermilk gets hold of them, Jones; by this time six months you'll have to dig for a copy among the rubbish of the British Museum."

"So the light's to be snuffed out, now that you've cut the concern?"

"It's as good as out already. I've retired gracefully before the final darkness. My working days are over!" cried Harry, with a sigh. How jolly they looked by the light of softening memory; what fun it was, and what a sense of importance it gave to criticise pictures or music about which one knew nothing; to report a great man's oratory with ironical comments thereon; to write spicy little paragraphs about receptions one never attended; even to clothe the dry bones of the "Zindikites" with a mythical interest to tickle the public palate. He could have hugged the broken-backed dictionaries sprawling on his floor, and the ink-stains on the wall were the most beautiful of decorations.

Who has not experienced the mood? And is it not an old and threadbare truism—as old as the first of our race—that we never know the value of our possessions till we lose them? Harry's penny-a-lining had seemed paltry enough while it represented his bread-and-butter; it became an honourable, even an enviable possession now that his need of practising it was over.

He was still the next morning in a humour of regret and discontent, and perhaps the diminished guineas in his pocket helped to swell his sense of dissatisfaction. He was going back to Richmond, poorer by one kind impulse than when he had set out from it; he was carrying no gift or token to Judith; it was Letty who wore his pledge on the finger that till yesterday was circled by Dick Garston's pearls. What did it all mean?

It meant nothing, of course, save that Letty was a kind and charming little cousin, towards whom no one, who was not a brute, could help an outgoing of spontaneous friendliness. He had bought her lollipops when she was little, and Letty was one of the people who never get too old for sweets of one kind or another.

He settled it all quite satisfactorily to himself;

and yet, when he went downstairs at last, it was to set his face to West Kensington, which, as we all know, is but a short stage on the way to Richmond.

Letitia was quite ready for him, though she expressed a delighted surprise and gratitude for his visit.

"Why, Harry, this is good of you, to spare me another glimpse of you this morning, when you must be dying to get back to Richmond! How is it that Judy consents to such long leave of absence? I should be more exacting in her place, I can tell you. My poor Dick was expected to concentrate all his attentions on me when we were engaged."

Perhaps Harry thought Dick to be envied in finding the duties imposed on him so easy to fulfil.

"We're not an exacting pair of lovers," he said, with the drawl into which he managed to infuse so much melancholy. "Please to understand, once for all, my dear child, that your sister is much too—sensible"—he groped about for a better word, but failed to find it—"to encourage philandering. We have set our faces against philandering; we do not intend to be demonstrative. Demonstrativeness has its hazards, and we do not mean to endanger our chance of earning the Dunmow Flitch."

"Thank you, Harry," said Letitia, dropping him a curtsey. "Do you know, sir, you have been asserting in the rudest manner that I am not a sensible person? Well, I thank my stars that I am not. Sense always seems to me a cloak for so much dowdiness and dullness; when I am forty and have lost my looks I shall begin to be sensible, too. Meantime, confess you would rather take me as I am."

"I would not have you change," said the young fellow, who found her coquettish candour charming. "As for forty, it is such a long way off, you can afford to take its risks and laugh at them."

Harry had probably said the same sort of things before to other charmers; but when you have had a tolerably wide practice in fashioning lover-like speeches your fount of originality must needs run dry. Besides, a felicitous phrase always fits, and Letty was not likely to detect that he was quoting himself.

"Judith is wise and discreet enough for both of us. When you are tired of laughing with me, you can go and be grave with her. I think you ought to go now, Harry; you ought, indeed. How I wish I could go with you!"

"Why shouldn't you?" asked Harry, who had consented to remain to lunch, and was in no mind to be sent away fasting.

"Grandmamma would snap my head off."

Harry laughed.

"Poor little Red Riding Hood! Is she afraid of the wolf?"

"Very much afraid. She has no one to protect her."

"Should I do as a protector. Letty?"

"You are some one else's protector now, sir."

"I don't feel much like it," said Harry, and, in



truth, he looked extremely unlike it as he lounged in the easy-chair with half-shut eyes.

"You won't be called on to exercise any courage where Judith is concerned," said the widow, with the sharpness that sometimes pierced her sweetness. "Judith is not a bit afraid of great-grand-mamma, it is left for poor little me to suffer all the tremors."

"If you will come with me I will promise to stand between you and sudden destruction. If one of us is to be devoured it shall be me," said Harry, with heroic languor. "But first let us fortify ourselves with something to eat; the victim is always allowed a good square meal before execution."

"Of course you shall have something to eat, whether you offer yourself for me or not."

Mrs. Garston thoroughly understood the art of administering the creature comforts beloved of man. It has been said that luncheon is a reflection on breakfast and an insult to dinner; but there are few men, young and old, endowed with the strength of mind to shun the salmon and lamb of May when it is daintily set before them.

Letty would have made out that it was the poor remains of last night's supper that covered the table; but she mixed the salad with her own hands, and she gave Harry a glass of wine, such as the lady of Richmond could not have matched.

"Your old ladies fared well if you treated them as you do me!" said the young man, moved to a show of enthusiasm by all this kindness.

"Old ladies like good things," said Letty, giving him an odd, sidelong glance.

They had discussed and re-discussed the propriety and possibility of Mrs. Garston's visit to Richmond in every aspect and from every angle, and Letty had finally allowed herself to be persuaded. Harry had used his best arguments; he liked the companionship of women, and Letty's sparkle and gaiety pleased his vanity better than Judith's grave reserve. It would make the journey pleasanter even if there were to be a pitched battle at the end of it.

But Letitia based her consent on quite other grounds.

"Judith wants me to go," she said; "I would sacrifice my own feelings any day, I hope, to give her pleasure."

Perhaps the simplicity of this speech might have been somewhat tarnished if Harry had known that upstairs, in Letty's bedroom, a little portmanteau was already packed, and addressed in the widow's neat writing to Lady Severn's house. How was he to know that she had calculated on his morning visit, and had meant all the while to go with him? Would he have felt nettled and affronted to have been tricked into all those persuasive arguments; or, to change the metaphor, to have been seated before a fortress which had already surrendered? or would he have regarded the matter as a merry jest? We can exactly estimate the strength and quality of Winter's feelings, but the humours of so very civilised a young gentleman as Harry are not to be nicely calculated. As for Letitia, let us not be too hard on her divagations. Some people are

born with an inability to go direct to any point. "Let us have no meandering," said the old lady in "David Copperfield;" but there are women who begin to meander in their cradles, and never cease till the grave closes over them. The straight road is surely the best, but the bye-paths have an irresistible fascination for some natures.

Harry, the innocent, praised his companion for her activity, when she came down in ten minutes, neatly dressed, and with her little valise in her hand.

He sprang to take it from her.

"You see I am counting on a welcome," she said, "but I am only taking one frock, in case Grandmamma won't have me for longer than a night. If she turns me out of doors, Harry, you will find some corner for me to sleep in? I have told Hannah I am going for the night. What would she think if I and my luggage came back before dinner?"

"I think you had better tell her you will be gone for a week. Do you suppose we shall allow you to run off to-morrow?"

"Ah, you had better wait, Harry. You may have to do battle and be defeated after all."

He was a sanguine young man, and was visited by no forebodings. He was very much pleased with himself and his companion as they went on their way, and he forgot to be ashamed of the empty hands he was carrying back to his betrothed.

At Gunnersbury and Kew all the orchards were snowed with blossom, and the scent of wallflowers and daffodils from the market gardens subtly perfumed the air. The river flashed and sparkled as its ripples caught the sunlight, and here and there the first of a summer fleet of boats was propelled lazily from the bank and allowed to float with the tide.

The two had a first-class carriage all to themselves; they discussed the hazard of their enterprise with many lively jests, and Letty gave a delicate caricature of Farthing's probable attitude, which caused Harry to shake with laughter.

They were a very merry pair; they might almost have been a wedding pair but for the crape—a little more in evidence than usual—which crowned Letty's light fringe. Harry's diamonds flashed on her fingers, but Dick Garston's wedding ring was there, too.

Suddenly all this gaiety suffered eclipse in an unlooked for manner. The train had thundered over Kew Bridge and was already slowing as it approached the terminus, where hungry porters wait to devour, when Harry casually remarked,

"We shall find old Winter established up there."

"What!" cried Letty, sharply; "is he there?"

"I left him there." Harry looked rather surprised. Then a smile twinkled in his eyes.

"If I might judge by your tone, my cousin, you don't love our good Winter?"

"I hate him!" cried Letty, pettishly; "and—or because—if you like it better, he hates me."

"Then you must give him a chance of repenting of such bad taste."

But Letitia was not listening. A frown puckered

her brows. "If you had told me sooner I would not have come," she said. "You may as well get up your courage, Harry, for you will have two to fight now instead of one."

"You don't mean to say you are afraid of

the verge of rudeness. I consider it ill-bred to quarrel."

"All right; then we shall proceed," said Harry, re-clothing his speech with its habitual drawl. "Here, porter, take this to a hansom."



GRANDMAMMA IS HOLDING A LEVEE ON 'THE LAWN.

Winter?" Harry began, but Letty cut his amazement short.

"Did you ever know me to be afraid of *any* man?" she demanded, with an uplifted chin. "If I can face grandmamma, do you suppose I am going to quail before Lawrence Winter?"

"If you are going to quarrel with him—" began the injudicious Harry; but he was once more prevented from proceeding.

"Dear Harry," said Letitia, recovering her sweetness and her smiles, "I asked you to manage grandmamma, but you may safely leave Mr. Winter to me. And if it is any comfort to you, I may tell you that I never quarrel with anyone—not even with you, sir, when you are brusque to

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—LETTY STORMS THE FORTRESS.

THERE never was a more resolute little woman than Letitia when she tripped from the hansom at the gate of the Rise. She rang the bell with a big sonorous peal before Harry could pay the fare or extract her valise from the cab, and when the gatekeeper opened to her she walked in with a nod and a smile which took the sedate Rogers's breath away.

"Good-day, Mrs. Rogers," said Letitia, sweetly. "Lady Severn is at home, I suppose? Harry, leave the portmanteau here, one of the men can fetch it."

Her intrepid air, as she flitted up the walk before him, filled Harry with respect. She appeared to be going to storm the fortress without his aid at all, and he came behind, a trifle sheepishly, if the truth must be told. Up the steps she tripped with unfaltering foot; the door was ajar, and with a vigorous push she opened it and stood within the wide old-fashioned hall. He followed her, momentarily expecting the storm to burst. First the butler would appear, with armed neutrality writ upon him; then Farthing would be summoned, and if Harry knew anything of that grim waiting-maid, he scarce dared hope she would keep her emotions to herself. But silence reigned, and no one confronted the conspirators, though, to Harry's guilty ear the big eight-day clock seemed to raise its voice to a note of alarm.

"Shall I ring for Claypole, or Farthing?" he asked, sinking his voice to a whisper; but Letty turned on him with a smile.

"You needn't trouble, dear Harry," she said, mildly; "there's nobody at home. See," she beckoned him to a long window that embraced a view of the terrace and the lawn beneath it. "Grandmamma is holding a *levée*; she has all her court about her. She is in her bath-chair, and there is my dear friend Farthing holding the parasol over her. That is Mr. Mun, in *his* bath-chair. A very touching spectacle, isn't it, Harry, this meeting between ancient lovers?"

"I wonder if Waller has forgotten the art of making pretty speeches to Sacharissa?" murmured Harry, peeping over her shoulder, amused in spite of his tremors.

"I think he would prefer a younger Sacharissa," said Letty, with a coquettish backward glance. "Mr. Mun and I are old friends; he will be on my side."

"What do you mean to do, Letty?"

"Do?" Letty echoed with great briskness; "I mean to go out and join the courtiers. See, there is Mr. Winter. How solemn and glum he looks! No chance of pretty phrases from him. And there is Judith, and that child with her; you and I will complete the family group, and oh, how charmed they will be to see us!"

"Are you going now?" asked Harry, hanging back, with a man's instinctive dislike of anything verging on a scene. Reproaches, accusations, hysterics—a great quarrel, in short, and only possibly a great reconciliation to end it. A man might well shrink before the prospect.

"I will wait till you pour yourself out a glass of wine, if you like," said Letty, with a simplicity that for the first time had for his ear a suspicious artfulness. "See, the luncheon is still on the table; go and secure a little Dutch courage, Harry, if you are afraid."

"Why should I be afraid?" he retorted, manfully repressing a strong desire to use robust language.

"Ah! why indeed?" said Letitia, with sad sweetness. "It is only I who need fear coldness and unkindness. I am the naughty child of the family because I clung to poor Dick. Is it a crime to love your husband, Harry? If it is,

then I am wicked indeed. But don't be afraid; there won't be any quarrel. Haven't I told you that I never quarrel? If grandmamma turns me out and refuses me a shelter, I will go quite meekly."

"If she turns you out she need never expect to see me again!" cried the young fellow, all his chivalry aroused by her sad gentleness, as she doubtless knew very well. How a pretty face, a pair of downcast eyes, a trembling of the lips, a faltering over a broken phrase or two, can blind and befool and entrap a man, and steal away his wits!

She did not give his ardour time to cool; but while he was still protesting she twirled round the knob of the French window with her neatly-gloved hand, and in a trice had stepped out on to the terrace below, and there was no course open to him but to follow.

The group on the lawn was too much engrossed to have eyes or ears to spare for their approach. Teddy hung, after his wont, on Judith's arm, and she bent a grave, listening face to his prattle. Winter's glance was fixed on her, and it expressed a vexed, regretful perplexity which she chose to interpret as disapproval.

They had drifted apart, and each in his heart blamed the other for the pain each suffered alike from that severance.

As for Lady Severn, she was listening with the most charming good-humour to old Mr. Mun's laboured recital of his newest symptoms. He could not have chosen a more pleasing theme. That sorrowful confession of rheumatic aches was a delicate compliment to her robust organisation; while the ear-trumpet to which he had reluctantly surrendered, crowned her self-satisfaction.

"You needn't talk so loud, my good man; I am not deaf," she assured him gaily; and his "Eh—what? I didn't quite catch your meaning," caused the cup of her good humour to brim over. "He's as deaf as a post, Farthing," she turned to her maid; "he can't hear me, though I shout at him. Go and call down his trumpet that I'm sorry he is breaking up so fast."

It might seem as if Letty had chosen a fortunate moment to play out her little drama. She crossed the lawn with a light step, holding up her draperies so that she was close on the Arcadian group under the trees before a member of it was so much as aware of her presence. It was Judith who first discovered her, and who ran forward with a cry of delight.

"What is it? What has happened?" cried the old lady, who hated surprises. She was all in a nervous flutter. "Judith, what do you mean by startling me so? Who is that woman?"

"It is Letty—my sister," said Judith, who was quite absurdly agitated and happy over this meeting. "Oh, Letty, I thought you were never coming."

But Letty cut short her confused explanations, and gently disengaging herself from the other's embrace, stepped over to the old lady in the chair.

"How do you do, grandmother?" she said.



"It was you I came to see, not Judith. I could not stay away any longer."

"Eh? What, what! I don't know you. Who is it, Farthing, and what does she want? Put my name down for half-a-crown and tell her to go away and not to call again," said the old lady, who, taken unawares, confounded Letty with one of those ladies who devote their days to levying contributions on the charitable.

One or two, at least, of the onlookers could hardly restrain a smile. Winter, who entirely disapproved of Mrs. Garston, could not but own that she played her part very neatly, while Harry, in the background, grinned broadly over his grandmother's mistake. It was simple little Letty who was quick to spy its uses.

"Dear grandmamma, am I so changed that you have forgotten me?" she said. "I have suffered a great deal since last we met; I have been dreadfully unhappy under your displeasure. When you refused to see poor Dick and me our hearts were nearly broken, but now that Dick is dead, and I am left alone, will you not forgive me?"

"Grandmother has nothing to forgive," said Judith, ever ready to champion her sister. "It was surely no wrong to love your husband."

"Oh, oh," cried the old lady, in a fine temper, recovering her faculties as quickly as she had lost them. "So it is you, is it? If the sun had not dazzled me I should have found you out before. And I am to forgive you, am I, now that you have lived to repent your choice, and have discovered the folly of taking your own way?"

"I have not been too happy," said Letty, with a little sob, "that you need reproach me."

She looked round at them all with a sad, meek air: at Winter frowning and biting his moustache; at old Mr. Mun staring from one to another with glassy vacant eyes (Alas! alas! Mr. Mun might no longer be counted on as ally; his days of gallantry were over, and he had room in his thoughts for nothing but his growing infirmities); at Teddy gazing with frank wonder at the widow's black dress and despondent attitude. Farthing's thin lips were more tightly shut than ever, and there was hostility in her eye. Letty was forsaken by everybody except by Judith, and possibly by Harry, who kept discreetly in the background and took the humours of the situation for his portion.

"Grandmother, you are cruel," said Judith, with rash impulsiveness. "Letitia is my sister; I cannot bear to have you treat her as if—as if—"

"As if—what?" asked the old lady, sharply, and yet perhaps not wholly ill-pleased to have stirred Judith from her usual cold reserve. "So you are to dictate to me what I shall say and how I shall feel? Things have come to a pretty pass if I am no longer to be mistress of my words and actions, but am to obey my grandchildren, forsooth! Letitia Garston, you were not invited here; at least, you received no invitation from me. What have you come for?"

"I thought—I thought," said Letty, hanging her head, "that I might venture to ask for my only living relative in England except my sister

and cousins, without waiting for a special invitation."

"Well, you have seen me, and you perceive that I am very well. I am not near dying yet, Letitia Garston, as I am sure you will be charmed to hear. I am able to enjoy the spring and the society of my friends; I am not blind, since I see you very well; nor am I deaf, like poor Mr. Mun, who has not heard a word of all your pathetic speeches. Now that you are reassured on these points you may go away and talk me over with your sister; she will tell you what a tyrant I am, and what a patient Griselda she is. And since you have very likely forgotten to order dinner at home you may stay here and dine. You shall not say that that I sent you away fasting, though I did not invite you. But you must go home after dinner. Farthing"—she turned to give the order—"see that the carriage is at the door at eight o'clock to take Mrs. Garston to the station."

"I won't forget, my lady," said Farthing, with grim alacrity.

"Thank you, grandmother"—Letty spoke with amiable meekness—"but you need not trouble about dinner for me, or about ordering the carriage, either. Dick and I walked to the station last time, though we were not invited to rest after climbing the hill; I can go this time alone."

"You shall have the carriage," said the old lady, grimly good-humoured once more; "and if you happen to have brought any little matter of luggage with you it can go as well. It would be a pity if you forgot it, and had to come back for it another day. Leave me now, both of you; and, Harry, sir, come here, I must have a word with you over this business."

Letty moved away obediently from the side of the chair whence had been hurled all these veiled insults. Judith circled the slender little black figure with her arm, holding her sister in a tighter grasp than she herself knew. She was tingling with shame for her grandmother—so old, and yet so bitter and resentful; she was throbbing with wounded love for Letty. For herself she cared nothing at all; but that Letty should be humbled and scorned before all those strange witnesses filled her with passionate pain and revolt.

Mrs. Garston took it all with the sweetness of a saint. She paused by old Mr. Mun's chair to murmur a kind greeting to the glassy-eyed, bewildered invalid, who muttered in unintelligible commentary on the whole unexplained scene. She bowed with grave sadness to Winter, and when she came up to Teddy, still staring round-eyed at the mysterious drama being played out before him, she stooped down and kissed the child. The boy drew back rather unwillingly, not approving of indiscriminate caresses.

"Don't you remember me, dear Teddy?" she asked.

"No," answered the child.

"He never heard of you in his life, my dear!" cried the old lady, in her clear treble. She had summoned Harry, but she had an eye for the enemy's exit. "I shall take care to repair that error now; he will know all about you in the future."



"Ah, Judy, Judy," said Letitia, plaintively, "what a great deal I have to suffer because of my natural desire to see my own dear sister!"

"It is too cruel—it is wicked!"

"What have I done to deserve it? Why should I be punished just because I married Dick? Granny didn't offer *me* a rich husband; how was I to guess that my choice would be so displeasing to her?"

"It hurts me," said Judith, strongly moved, "as nothing that she says or does to me can hurt me."

"Never mind, dear." Letty's voice recovered its cheerfulness in a surprising manner now that they were out of earshot. "I was determined to come, though I knew I should not be welcome. I can bear a great deal for those I love."

"You are very generous," said Judith, with fond admiration.

"Am I—am I really?" said Letty, playfully. "It is more than granny is, though I am to be allowed to stay to dinner. Granny is breaking up in spite of all her boasts; I see a great change in her since last year, and her memory is evidently failing. She will go off all at once, you will see."

"You don't wish her to die?" said Judith, with grave reproof.

"Why should I wish her to live?" asked Letitia, with the frankest wonder. "We do not love each

other, as you can see, and I, at least, could make no pretence of grief at her loss. But I haven't brought any poison down in my hand-bag;" she shrugged her shoulders and laughed her light, inconsequent laugh. "Don't look so shocked, my dear!"

"I can't think of death and grandmother together," said Judith, still gravely; "I should like her to grow more—lovable first."

"You and I and everybody else will be dead before *that* happens," said Letty, laughing again. "But I am not vindictive; she may live for ever so far as I am concerned. Come, since I have a royal permission to stay, we may as well make good use of our time. Let us go up to your room, I want to see your new gowns. Oh, my dear, I could put up with a good deal of our grandmother's peculiar humour if I were lucky enough to be in your place."

"Don't say that," said Judith, suffering a new, faint shock of repulsion; "nothing can make up for the lack of love. If grandmother only cared for me a little I would cheerfully relinquish every one of her presents."

"I should prefer her affection to take the form of portable property," laughed Letty. "So would you, my dear, if you were a poor little pauper like me!"

## THE FIRST CLOUD.

WHAT is it that the public—the "big, stupid public" whom Thackeray used to belabour so good-naturedly—loves and appreciates in the way of art? The question might have been answered very easily last year by any one who frequented the Royal Academy's exhibition and gave heed to the groups gathered day by day round Orchardson's picture, "The First Cloud."

A late-comer found it not easy to secure a point of vantage whence the merits of the canvas might be fully perceived; but when, by the exercise of patience or by favouring fortune a front place was secured, one saw at a glance what it was that held the spectators in interested and amused admiration. Without question, the skill exhibited in the design, the colouring, the grouping, went, consciously or unconsciously, for much in strengthening the impression, but in the first instance it was the story written upon the canvas that made its appeal. Necessarily there must always be many who, from lack of knowledge and training, fail to grasp the finer subtleties of the painter's art, but while the "fit audience" must ever be composed of the "few," there is fortunately a larger public which is keen to respond to any subject treated imaginatively, and with that individualising property that sets the story distinctly and clearly forth, so that each may interpret it for himself.

It is a threadbare truism to say that one's sympathy is vital in proportion to one's experience, and, without cynical intention, it may safely be

asserted that the painter's theme is one upon which we have all qualified ourselves to be critics. For the millennium is not with us yet, and where is he, young or old, who has kept himself so warily and circumspectly that no cloud of his own making has dulled the sunshine of his life?

It says something for the freshness of this hoary old world of ours that a love story has still a perennial interest for us all, but it is on record that never love story yet—from that first idyl in the garden at the birthday of our race—ran its course unhindered by differences. In the picture we have reached the acutest and most tragic moment of the drama; all that led up to it is left to the imagination of the experienced; the crisis is set nakedly before us—the moment when the fatal, dividing words have been spoken, and two who have hitherto walked in harmony are suddenly swept apart. We are bystanders, privileged spectators of the semi-comic, semi-tragic scene, and the thing has a greater relish and zest for us because it is so well within the grasp of our comprehension; nothing abnormal or unusual in it, only a lover's quarrel. A like disaster might happen to you or to me to-morrow; perhaps, though we are slow to own it, we may have found ourselves in a similar predicament already. And the while, there is the comfortable inward conviction that after all it is only a pleasant counterfeit we are called on to share; that which would produce pain and discomfort in the reality comes to

have an edge of humour when it is chronicled for us by the artist's brush.

With what force all this is put before us. We almost hear the echo of those bitter, incisive phrases as we look upon the disunited pair. It is no vulgar brawl, be sure; it is a drama of high life to which we are summoned, where, if husband and wife disagree and use wounding words, they do it without calling in their neighbours as witnesses. The lady's attitude is finely conceived and full of grace. The proud head may be held a trifle more haughtily than usual; the eyes, which are hidden from us, may flash with unwonted fire; but she, at least, retires from the combat with unimpaired dignity and unshaken outward composure; the rustle of her draperies does not fall aggressively on the ear as she sweeps across the parquet; and of one thing we may assure ourselves: when she passes from our view into the dim, unlit spaces beyond, where we cannot follow her, no banging of the door will vex or jar our nerves. It is a very polite world of which we have this private peep—a world of cushioned ease and elegance, where anger is not loud-voiced, though it may be none the less deadly because it speaks in well-bred accents. Every detail of the room hints at refinement and grace—a very charming setting for a very charming lady. Does one wrong this unknown beauty by hazarding a guess that she is near of kin to Rosamond—twin sister to that wonderful creation, that impersonation of calm and ladylike and most baffling and bewildering inflexibility—the woman who was always in the right? Unhappy the bridegroom whose choice has given him such a mate!

But if we glance at the second actor in this domestic melodrama, we see that, in his case, at least, the comparison will not hold good. If the lady be a Rosamond, the gentleman is confessedly no Lydgate. She turns a mildly-disdainful shoulder upon us, but we are permitted to see his face, and it tells its own story of anger, perplexity, and a kind of stunned incredulity so vividly, that for the moment our lurking sympathies are roused on his behalf.

"Can she really be leaving me without a word?" he is saying. You can see the dawn of this idea stealing over his countenance, and as he realises that it is truly so, his mood seems to harden perceptibly to us. "Let her go; if she chooses to pose as a martyr she may. I will not stoop to coax or wheedle or cajole her back to smiles."

To be met in this way—to be confronted by this argument of silence, is certainly humiliating, especially to the sex that loves to conquer. The philosophic temper is never more insulting than when it is displayed by a wife, whose rôle in the domestic drama is subjection and humiliation. There is no hint of capitulation or surrender on the lady's part—no sign of that meekness which a wife ought to wear even when her lord and master happens to have been the transgressor. Rosamond did not go, like Amelia—mildest of little wives—to cry in secret over her lover's lapses: she only said that it was most unladylike to quarrel, and that it was a great misfortune to have a

husband who would not be guided by his wife's superior wisdom.

Upon the whole, the husband as he stands, hands in pockets, legs apart, a frown on his brow, upon his deserted hearth, is not a very heroic figure. One can suppose, without putting too great a strain on fancy, that he will presently suffer a pretty bad quarter of an hour. His better nature has gone for a while on holiday; when it returns from its wanderings it will surely confront the baser and compel it to render an account. Even if we do not endow our hero with a super-sensitive conscience, that moral tribunal before which we are all haled and condemned, we may allow that some pangs of compunction will visit his solitude. Is it not the first cloud, and the wedding-day still perhaps under a moon old?

Quarrelling, in sooth, take it as one may, is never a very dignified proceeding. "Anger," writes Bacon, "is certainly a kind of baseness," a betrayal of one's better self. Perhaps, if one must needs be mated to a bad temper, one would, for choice, prefer the explosive order. The domestic barometer, it is true, is apt to fall of a sudden, without warning, to stormy weather, but the gale is, as a rule, short-lived, and blows itself out without much harm done. The suspicious temper argues a lack of heart as well as of brain that augurs ill for the smooth sailing of the domestic craft. As for the sulky disposition, it may be likened to a fog that clings and enwraps and chills one to the marrow. A sulky man or woman may draw some private satisfaction out of his own fancied grievances (for to play the martyr is a dear pleasure to some folks), but assuredly he is a sore discipline to every one connected with him. "For the containing of anger from mischief," says Bacon, "the best remedy is to win time." Excellent advice, especially if one could sufficiently control the emotions to repeat, as he somewhere else counsels, the letters of the alphabet before making the hasty retort. In that restraining exercise a good deal of what he calls "the lighter sort of malignity" might evaporate before z was reached, and the soft answer surprise us after all.

Those who fall out have to reckon with the business of "making friends again," as the children say.

There would be fewer quarrels, perhaps, if people reflected on the sacrifice of pride involved in the cementing of peace after strife. Who is to take the first step towards reconciliation, which is to own himself in the wrong? The very making-up has its risks. There are explanations, justifications, reiterated arguments, and in the painful and ungenerous task of apportioning blame the old smouldering fires are too apt to burst out anew and a second conflagration to be upon us ere we know where we are.

In this little domestic farce, so sympathetically rendered for us, we are tempted to speculate upon the motives and grounds of disagreement; but, after all, this is mere idleness, since, as we know the very smallest crevice may let in strife, and that anything, from "a difference of taste in jokes" to a divergence upon a wider basis, will, to change

the metaphor, serve as a peg upon which to hang a contention, if the mood be turned that way.

As for the lesson the canvas is designed to impress (if we are to allow that art has a mission to instruct), much will depend on the idiosyncrasy of the spectator. Perhaps the most obvious truth to be drawn from it is wrapped up in the remark of one who looked at the painting as at life, with eyes made wise by long experience—"A man and a woman ought to be very sure they know each other before they set out on that road together."

Heine puts the matter more classically when he likens marriage to an unplumbed sea, whence one may draw very unexpected things—"monsters or pearls." In our fireside concerns, at least, the moral is everything, and a man or a woman who makes the plunge unthinkingly and without deliberation, has only himself to thank if he does not draw out a treasure. Advice upon the question of choice, however, is, like advice in general, much more easy to bestow than to accept. Goethe held that a wife ought to be chosen for her youth, her sprightliness, beauty, charm, but not for her mental qualities, a dictum for which the sex, in this generation, will scarcely grant him shrift; it were surely well, however, to ensure, beyond these evanescent graces, some similarity of taste and temperament, if only that the wedded duet may be played in harmony.

Married folks, at least, cannot complain that wisdom has been niggardly in refusing to instruct them in the ways which they ought to pursue. Their condition has been treated in literature and art from every possible angle and with every variation of mood—seriously, whimsically (as by the incomparable Elia, whose "Bachelor's Complaint" might be studied with profit by all married pairs), satirically, jestingly. A recent writer has put it on record that this body of instruction and reproof is not uncalled for, since he will have it that husbands and wives, by virtue of their very nearness to each other, are prone to outrage each other's feelings, and to tear each other's hearts; to affront, to offend, to insult each other in a manner that would speedily convert any one less closely united into a deadly and implacable enemy. One would fain hope that the accusation is overbold, and that mutual tolerance, forbearance, kindness, all those tender pieties and unselfishnesses that spring out of deep family affection, have not wholly vanished from among us.

Perhaps the intimacy that sometimes permits a too robust interchange of opinion may also make reconciliation easier; but there is always a danger in warfare of this kind that a blow may one day be given that is beyond healing. There is the certainty, at least, that for most of us, married or single, the whirligig of time, if it spares us, will bring its revenge for all bitter words spoken in haste. It is when death has laid its sharp arrest upon our friendship, when of two who have walked together in harmony or disharmony one is

left single, when the time to love as well as to hate is over, that all our infidelities rise up to confront and cry shame upon us.

"I bore his death, as I thought, pretty well at first," says Lamb, in the tenderest of all his essays, "but afterwards it haunted and haunted me. . . I missed him all day long, and knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes) rather than not have him again." A true and natural touch is this, as all will own whom death has impoverished, but it is not always that so gentle a light can be thrown upon our ended differences. The quarrels are not forgotten, swept away in grief; rather they are remembered more acutely, they are among the remorses that come—to stay. Lamb himself—though surely he, of all men, heroic in his unselfish devotion to filial and fraternal duty—had little cause for self-reproach, has a hint of this tender compunction in his letters; but in all modern literature there is no instance of it so pathetic—so deeply pathetic—as Carlyle's lament over his lost wife. It runs like an unbroken wail through all the sad pages of the "Reminiscences." "Ay de mil! ay de mil!" and we live through those "troublesome, forlorn days" of hers as we turn the leaves.

"Careful always to screen me from pain, as I by no means always reciprocally was . . . she flickered round me like perpetual radiance, and, in spite of my glooms and misdoings, would at no moment cease to love and help me.

"My impatience compared to her fine tolerance stings me with remorse. God reward thee, dear one! now, when I cannot even own my debt. Oh, why do we delay so much, till death makes it impossible? . . . Oh, that I had yet but five minutes to tell you all!"

"Blind and deaf that we are, oh, think if thou yet love anybody living, wait not till death sweep down the paltry little dust-clouds and idle dissonances of the moment, and all be at last so mournfully clear and beautiful when it is too late!"

While human nature remains what it is—a queer mixture—"warp of heaven and woof of hell," darkness and light closing in each of us, there must needs be occasions when we offend; but if we could realise a little more imaginatively the Nemesis we are preparing for ourselves, we might oftener endeavour to "attemper and calm" the angry habit.

"To seek to extinguish anger utterly is but a bravery of the Stoics, but"—to end these easy moralisings still in Bacon's good company—"we have better oracles."

He who taught us to pray for the pardon of our transgressions against Himself and against each other, has left us His divine charge—

"Be ye angry, and sin not."



## THE HAUNT OF THE GULLS NEAR LAND'S END.

WHILE staying near Land's End, Cornwall, last year, I witnessed a most interesting sight. I had noticed an old fisherman go every morning, telescope in hand, to the top of one of the high cliffs, and then carefully scan the horizon seaward. After a few minutes' scrutiny he would close the glass and descend to his cottage. As he did this at no other time of the day, I wondered what he was looking out for. He soon told me—"he was looking out for the gulls." "But why look out for gulls?" The answer soon came. "Why, you see, sir, them birds tells us when the fish are coming." Further questions brought out that the pilchards and mackerel were expected off the coast, but before they came the gulls would appear, and that they were expecting them every day. He told me of a favourite haunt of the birds, and advised me to be on the lookout, "for," said he, "I am sure it would make a fine picture."

Early next morning I set out for the rocks which had been pointed out to me. It was an awkward scramble, and I did not much like looking down into the wild sea; but desire to paint soon overcame all other feelings, and for about three hours I had plodded on at my work, when a few gulls came and rested on the rocks, while a few more were lazily flying about.

All of a sudden, behind me, I heard a great screaming, and then in a moment I was enveloped in a perfect cloud of sea-gulls. They were in thousands, whirling and twisting about. So near did they dash past me that I felt the wind from their wings—they quite seemed to resent my presence there. I almost feared some would dash their beaks into my eyes, so angry were their cries. Circling round and round, they would dash again and again at me. I was forced to give up painting, and, white umbrella in hand, made dashes at them. This strange apparition drove them away.

Then hundreds of them settled on the rocks I had been painting, while others settled on some higher cliffs hard by. As far as I could make out, there were all kinds of gulls—the great black-backed gull, the smaller black-headed; there, too, were the large grey gull, and the young birds of a year old mottled grey. These last settled in quieter water, and seemed fatigued. Cormorants there were and divers also.

Soon shrill cries came from some of the birds, and then the whole cloud of them went seawards. And then occurred another strange scene. The fish had evidently arrived. Birds went dashing over the waves, screaming as they went, dipping now and again in the spray, and rising with fish; while the "divers" rose in the air, then, closing their wings, dashed headlong into the sea like shot out of a gun, to reappear with spoil. These

thousands of birds in incessant motion made an interesting scene.

The fishermen too had seen the birds; and now, from out the cove, shot out the boats soon to reach the shoal, and they all were busy with line and bait, hauling in fish as fast as possible, hardly stopping to re-bait their hooks. With several lines overboard from each boat, the men had enough to do. The birds cared not a jot for them, but flew all about the boats and went on with their feast—and not they alone, for there too was the conger-eel, the great bass, and small sharks of about four feet long, all dashing at, tearing, and devouring their victims. Fish would leap out of the water to escape their foe below, only to be snatched up by a flying gull. The noses of the great fish would rush up to seize their prey, when a large gull would dash it away from their very jaws.

It was a scene of the wildest confusion and slaughter I ever witnessed. Then, as the shoal passed on the birds followed, until the fish sank or their foes were sated. And what a digestion these gulls must have. Small fish were bolted whole, and they came again and again for more. Then there would be fights in the air; a gull with a good prize would be attacked by others and forced to drop it—to be caught and carried away by thieves.

I often witnessed this scene, for the fish came every day after this first appearance.

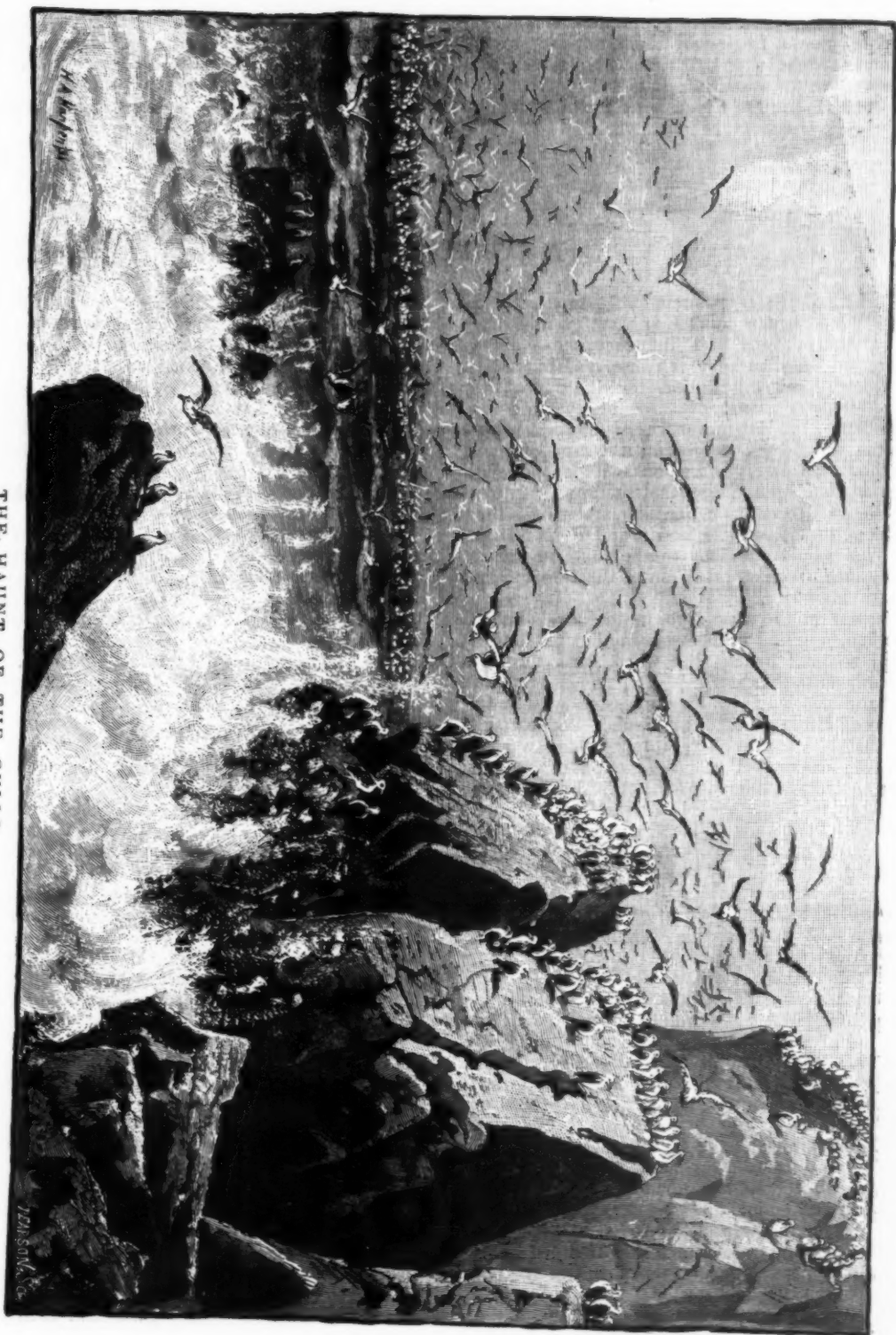
I also noticed that at another tall cliff the birds sat in such numbers as quite to give the craig the appearance of having drifted snow on its summit. By close observation I made out that the mass of the gulls rested their faces away from the sea, looking towards the wall of cliff, while some few were posted like sentinels, and when these gave a scream the whole mass would fly off just as I have described. Did they sit like this to rest their eyes until their prey had arrived? I know not.

At other times I watched them inland, flying after the plough, screaming round the horses and men until both were quite dazed; every worm that was turned up was greedily caught at and fought over. These birds seem rarely to fly down wind, at any rate I thought so after long watching. The grey gull has no objection to carrion; he will eat dead and stinking fish or anything foul; when shot he disgorges an amazing quantity of fish. They are perfect gluttons, but how beautiful their flight, and what strength of pinion! Often have I watched them in a stiff breeze, and how easily they appeared to battle with it. How easy, too, it seemed to them to soar.

Most valuable are these birds to the sailor, giving him warning of land when fog or rain obstructs his view; they are valuable to the



THE HAUNT OF THE GULLS.



fisherman, as I have shown; and to think that men, who call themselves gentlemen, should for "sport" go out to destroy them, not even caring to pick up the slain! A keen shot myself, and one who in foreign lands has had to shoot hard for food, I confess I look with feelings akin to

contempt on those who uselessly slay any creature of God's making. There must, I think, be something wanting in the moral development of "sportsmen" (!) who, to pass away a few hours, go out to shoot gulls.

HENRY A. HARPER.

### A WEIRD STORY.

TALES of mystery wherein forces apparently beyond human control, and yet earthly, have strange sway and influence, have always exercised a fascination over a large class of readers.

Tales of this description come and go; they have their reasons of ascendancy and descendancy, but they never wholly die; and writers of the school they represent, if we may term it a school, are always on the look-out for some weird plot or some strange *deus*, that shall suddenly start *ex machinâ*, to astonish, bewilder, and mystify their readers, and, if possible, horrify and frighten them.

What would they say to the following as an assistance to the working out of the horrible and mystifying?

It was in the year 1830, in the lovely month of June, when all France was in the full flush of early summer beauty, but when Paris was in a terribly agitated state.

King Charles x, by his oppressive laws, and by his well-hated minister Polignac, had carefully produced a condition of things which was fast drifting into revolution. Restrictions of the press, and severe punishments for political offence, had made many fly for their liberty and for their lives to beyond the walls of Paris, and even the boundaries of France. Journalists especially were being hotly pursued; and one of these, together with a young officer, whose father had fought under Napoleon, had under cover of night managed to escape the gendarmes, who were in search of them. No money had they with them, or food; and for days they wandered on, hiding themselves by day in ditches or lonely spots, and getting farther away from Paris when night fell to shelter them. For four days this continued, until they were starving, and worn out with fatigue and hunger. They felt they must get food and rest, or death would reach them without the aid of Charles and his gendarmes.

On the fourth day, as evening was approaching, they found themselves near a high wall, that appeared to bound the grounds of some pleasant château; they could find no gateway, and at length they scaled the wall, and entered a thick wood, through the mazes of which they tramped on, but to find themselves several times back at the point from which they had started.

They were literally in a maze; in one of those puzzles which in former days our fathers delighted to plant or build. They determined to solve the puzzle, and at length gained an open space surrounded with columns, in the centre of which

stood a little temple. So silent and calm was everything, such an intense stillness reigned around, that they were astounded to see resting upon a marble seat in this little temple, an old greybeard, dressed in a Greek costume, calmly and attentively reading a book.

They stood in silence for a moment, and then the old man looked up, and seeing them, bowed graciously.

The young officer stepped forward, saluted him respectfully, and said,

"Hunger and need have forced us into this park. If you, sir, are the owner of it, we beg you will forgive us; we are political refugees, and nothing but dire necessity has driven us here. Oh, sir! whoever you are, we entreat you, for the sake of our own loved ones, to have mercy, and aid us, that we may not be taken prisoners, perhaps to suffer death. We beg you will give us help and protection."

"You are in a place of peace," solemnly said the old greybeard, in a friendly tone. "What you ask shall be yours—succour and protection."

He struck with a little hammer upon a small bell that stood on a small marble table near him, and from out of the colonnade stepped a servant in livery, to whom he gave a command in a low tone. The servant bowed to the two fugitives, and led the way through the wooded park towards a noble château, of which they now and then obtained glimpses. Flowers, and grottoes, and fountains they passed; but their attempts to get into conversation with their guide utterly failed. They asked who was their benefactor, in whose park they were wandering, but the servant simply shrugged his shoulders and touched his lips, as though he would imply he was dumb.

Upon arriving near to the château, suddenly he stooped down and entered a grotto; they followed, to find themselves in an almost dark cavern, but where they could still follow their guide. But a few paces within the grotto, and he suddenly stepped on one side, the fugitives heard the startling crash of a closing iron door, and they were alone in black darkness.

A terrible fear overcame them when they saw they were imprisoned. Around them they heard the noise of rushing waters, the howling of the winds, that rose in mighty gusts, and then died away in strange moanings.

At length their eyes became accustomed to the darkness, and they then saw a way open ahead of them towards a glimmering light. Carefully

and cautiously they advanced between the great stones that formed the works of the cavern. As they drew nearer the light they saw above it an inscription :

"Holy is Hospitality.  
Fear not, oh ! Stranger,  
Whatsoever thou mayst meet."

Even whilst they read the inscription disappeared, and again they were in utter darkness and deep astonishment.

Then from another side they saw a light approaching, and these strangely-received guests saw that a man was drawing near, dressed in a strange, long dress covered with cabalistic signs, bearing a wax torch in his hand, his head covered with a head-dress such as astrologers are supposed to wear.

Like their former attendant, he spoke not, but dumbly bowed and motioned them to follow him. The noise of storm and tumult slowly died away, and there arose around them a soft, sweet sound of music that accompanied their footsteps as they followed their dumb guide.

Slowly and solemnly onward they paced, through ever-winding, crossing, and intricate passages. At last they came to a small stairway that led upwards, and here they were stopped by a closed iron door. Their guide took the great knocker that hung beside it, and his blows upon the iron resounded down into the black vaults that were behind them.

Then all was still and silent as the tomb, but in a moment there came an outburst of shrieks and moans and groanings, and of rattling chains and desperate cries ; and again the howling, as it were, of a fierce tempest. Their blood ran cold. What new horror were they about to encounter ? But the iron door before them sprang open, and onward they followed their guide along another gallery unto yet another door that opened as they approached.

Again onward through yet another passage they passed, and at the end of this their necromantic leader stood on one side, dumbly bowed, pointing to a door, and motioned them to pass onward alone.

The friends opened the door and found themselves in a well-lit room, the windows of which looked out on to the park. But the two took no note of the landscape. Before them was a table well spread with choice wines and viands ; beyond were soft couches for luxurious repose. Food was there to satisfy their gnawing hunger, and these couches invited them to sweet rest.

They spoke not of the strange manner in which their host had thought fit to introduce them to the banquet, but, as starving men, fell to and ate eagerly, then threw themselves down upon the couches and slept for hours.

When they awoke they found the table renewed with fresh meats and delicacies, whilst new light sparkled amidst the glasses. Once more they ate and were satisfied, congratulating themselves upon their wondrous fortunes, and once more they fell upon the yielding, inviting couches and sank again into sound sleep.

Tired nature asserted her rights, and held

them chained in sleep. When they awoke again they were refreshed, and were enabled to look around and think more of the strange circumstances that had brought them into this most strange place.

The table was once more decked with fresh meats and fresh lights ; but no longer exhausted and fainting, and eager only for food and rest, they began to look around at the room they were in. The lights suggested it was night, but on consulting their watches they found they had stopped in their long sleep, so that they could not assure themselves of the hour.

On going around the room they found no door, nor yet any windows ; yet they appeared to be in exactly the same room they had entered when quitting their magic guide. A strange fear came over them as again they tried to discover some means of exit, or even of entry, but not a trace of an opening could they discover ; and, to their horror, in the centre of this sealed room a storm suddenly broke forth.

Lightning flashed, the thunder growled and crashed, and even rain descended in torrents upon the amazed and terrified guests. The lights were put out by the rain, and in the darkness the two fugitives crept beneath the table, at least to be protected from the rain of this unnatural storm that seemed to have been suddenly born within these sealed walls.

But slowly a light stole through the room, and when they emerged from their hiding-place they saw a great portrait that hung on the wall, covering it from the ground upwards, slowly moving inwards, and there stood their dumb guide who had led them into this festive but horrible room.

"The lord of the castle awaits his guests," he said, in a resonant voice.

The two friends advanced together.

"Only one can follow me," said the guide ; "the other I will conduct later on."

The two friends looked at one another, they had no wish to be separated in this terribly-strange building, but the guide still in silence awaited them. It was useless resisting ; the journalist stepped forward, and saying to his friend, "I will go first this time," went on in the steps of the guide.

Only for a short distance was he his guide, then he handed the torch which he bore to the astonished journalist, he opened an iron door, motioned him forward, and closed the door upon him as he retreated.

The passage in which the young man found himself was a vaulted tunnel-like space that led crookedly downwards. He could hear the rush of water and the strange cries that had so horrified them on their entrance into this mysterious building. Suddenly, as he passed a bend in the passage, a great gust of icy wind blew out the torch that he was bearing, and only with faltering and feeling steps could he still move onwards, blown and buffeted by this unnatural wind. At last a door brought him to a halt, and above it appeared the words :

"THE NOBLE ONLY IS FEARLESS."



He pushed at the door; it gave way before him, and he found himself in a dimly-lighted passage, but with horrors heaped on horrors before him!

Skeletons reached their fleshless arms out to clutch him; on either side they stood, their hideous skulls chattering and grinning, as they threw forward their white, claw-like fingers; but onward he pressed, and they seemed to yield at his determination; white, shapeless, and awful forms passed near him, and beckoned him; but he pressed on to what appeared the end of this awful vault, to where another door seemed to promise imprisonment with these dead or living spirits. He reached the door, pressed against it, but it would not open. Again he tried to force it, but in vain; but in pressing against it his hand touched a ring that hung in the centre of the door.

No sooner did he clutch this than the strange horrors that were behind him seemed again to advance around him.

But the door swiftly sank before him. One step more carried him into the open sunshine, and he stood beneath the trees of the park he and his friend had clambered into.

Beneath a great shadowing tree was a well-furnished table, and at this sat the old greybeard they had seen in Greek costume seated in the little temple, now dressed as an ordinary Frenchman of the nineteenth century.

Near him, in a comfortable armchair, sat a well-groomed pig, gaily decked with coloured ribbons. The pig greeted the stranger with some friendly grunts as he drew near to the old gentleman, who stood up on his approach; and, holding forth his hand, welcomed him in a genial manner.

A few minutes later the young officer also joined them. He had been conducted to the presence by the same subterranean way through which they had entered the château.

The two friends soon found they were in the company of a strange character, well known in Paris in those days; but in whose house at least they need not fear starvation; repletion would more likely be the cause of their death; for their wonder-loving host was Grimod de la Regniere, the great gastronomist, one of the strangest beings who ever lived.

Regniere was born at Paris in the year 1758; had been advocate to the Paris Parliament, and was a member of several academies, and a most voluminous author; but above everything else he was a gastronomist. In 1786, on account of a satirical print against Fabian de St. Auge, he was banished from France, but after the Revolution he returned and lived only in literary circles, being known as the author of numerous gastronomical works. But his writings were not wholly confined to cookery.

One of them was entitled "*L'Alambrie litteraire ou analyse raisonnée d'un grand nombres d'ouvrages publiés recemment.*" This, in two volumes, was issued in 1803. Eight volumes were issued of his "*Almanac des Gourmands.*" His "*Lettre d'un voyageur à son ami sur Marseilles*" was issued in 1792; and a curious work, with a suggestive title, appeared in two volumes in 1785, entitled, "*Torquetto Philosophique trovée par un R. P. Capucin sous les Arcades du Palais Royal, et présentée au public par un celibataire.*"

After the fall of the Empire he had established himself in this château of Villers sur Orge, near Longgumeau. He had walled it round, and built within the walls the strange and romantic temples and arcades; and at an enormous outlay, by means of machinery, he had invented the horrors and surprises with which he welcomed his guests.

A similar place, with all its beauties, and but few of its horrors—with subterranean passages, and Greek temples, and sudden pours of rain—was that of the gardens of Pallavi, near Genoa.

It was into the arms of this man the two runaways had fallen, and with him they safely remained until they could return in peace to Paris after the Revolution of July.

The decorated pig that had welcomed the horror-assaulted journalist was his constant companion. Like Charles Lamb, he adored roast pork, and in this member of the race he venerated the whole porcine family. Whenever he passed a sty of pigs, as a *gourmand* he raised his hat.

During his residence in Paris he gave dinners twice a week that were famous. No one was admitted to them unless he was an epicure (in its lowest sense) or could eat an enormous quantity. Friends could be introduced, but with this understanding, if the friend could not eat enough the introducer must make up for him, and eat the unfinished share together with his own; and this applied to the drinking part of the feast as well as the eating. These revolting festivities were conducted in a curious fashion. When the guests were all assembled and seated at a giant mahogany table, the doors were closed with heavy iron bars, so that no one might leave until they had done their duty. The courses were introduced through an opening in the wall. Once a month a special dinner was held to pronounce upon the beauties of new or old dishes, and to be a member of this "*jury degustateur*" was accounted an especial honour—to such degradation do men sometimes fall.

In spite of this strange and unnatural fashion of living, Grimod de la Regniere (whose real name was Alexander Balthgar Laurent) managed to live on to a fairly ripe old age; for he was seventy-eight when he died in the year 1836. And so our "Weird Story" has developed into a curious history of an almost forgotten personage.

JAMES BAKER.





## VOICES FROM THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE."

### "THE FACE THAT KILLS."

I SUPPOSE everybody is familiar with the peculiar way in which, when one's thoughts are once pointed in any particular direction, circumstances seem to keep one amply provided with new facts and suggestions related to it.

When once Alexander and I had turned our attention to the lives that are lived by thousands in monotonous houses in dismal cities, we were presently led on to consider other conditions affecting these lives, some of which grow out of circumstances beyond individual control, and can only be modified or averted by a great deal of consideration and experience on the part of their victims.

I think I can scarcely explain what I mean more clearly than by giving a selection from the contents of our letter-bag during one summer week.

The first of these letters came from an old friend of my own, who, when I made her acquaintance as a girl, was living in leisurely affluence in the house of her father, then a well-to-do professional man in a southern suburb of London. But sad changes came upon the family. There was no sensational ruin or disaster; only loss of health, and a succession of crosses and disappointments. The household was kept together by the efforts of its younger members, though its

head was invalided. Even the old home was retained, partly, perhaps, because any change would have involved an expenditure in lump which might have been hard to meet. The sons entered the battle of life not quite equipped for it, so that their struggle would be long and its issue dubious. The daughters got appointments as daily governesses, so that they might still give constant furtherance and cheer to their aged and dependent parents, and also contribute their earnings to the general family good. My friend had lost one appointment, owing to her employers going abroad, and had been a long while in search of another, to her great disheartenment and disgust. She wrote to tell me she was, at last, successful.

"My dear Lucy,—I know you will be glad to hear that I have got another situation! When I was finally engaged, I could hardly realise my good fortune! I woke up next morning, saying to myself, 'No more looking over advertisements! No more haunting of registry offices! No more enumeration of all my little gifts and graces—nothing to do but real work, to be actually paid for!'

"I can't help thinking very much about the payment. Too much, I'm afraid. I'd like to be free to think rather of the work! But in the quest of it, I have worn out my boots, and my dress and bonnet have grown shabby—and as to my gloves! O Lucy, I have thought often lately that now I understand how people sink down! For I began to fear I should be soon too shabby to apply for a teacher's place. It

was very wicked of me to be so repining; and now that it has all come right, I feel I should have had more faith.

"I can't help thinking of the other poor girls whom I used to meet again and again, also looking for places. Will it come right for all of them? Ought I to have faith for them, too?"

"Now I must tell you about my situation. There are four children, and I am to have fifty pounds a year. I attend five days in the week from half-past nine till one, and on Saturdays from ten till twelve. So the salary is really good as daily teaching goes now, for there are so few situations and so many seeking them. I got it through an advertisement in a daily paper, and I was thankful that the lady forgot to ask where I lived till after she had taken up my recommendations and engaged me. For my railway to and fro costs me four shillings a week, though I travel third-class, and do a little walking at each end of the journey. And it is very likely she would have thought the sixteen shillings left could not be worth the work, and might have said she would prefer somebody nearer. I know when she did hear my address, she misdoubted my punctuality and regularity—but I will take care not to fail. She always sends me a cup of coffee or a bowl of soup and roll before I leave in the afternoon, for which I am very grateful, as I seldom reach home before half-past two, having left there at eight in the morning. I find myself fairly tired out, for though the children are good, they have been neglected and are very backward, which is the reason why they are not sent to school.

"The aggravating part of it is, that a young lady, who seems to live within a dozen houses from my employer's, comes to teach at the big red house at the end of our own street! We constantly pass each other at some point of our peregrinations. Of course we have never spoken to each other. We don't exactly salute, but we give a kind of smile aside, you will know what I mean. Why didn't each of us get the other's place? How it would have saved our time, strength, and money! But I dare say she is a better teacher than I am, and can take more 'subjects.' We shall never find this out. Where would be the good if we did? for however similar an 'article' we may be, we could scarcely propose to our employers that they should 'swop' us."

That is as much as I need quote from Susanna's letter. It left me with a painful impression of a life handicapped by most expensive and wasteful conditions, of strength and energy poured forth, not on bread-winning, but to secure opportunity for bread-winning. The little salary, which might have meant a modest independence, was dissipated in the cost of locomotion, and the unavoidable wear and tear of clothing, while the toil and moil of such journeys involved nearly as much expenditure of nerve, and even of time, as the duties in which they ended. And yet it was not Susanna's fault! She would have fain done the "nearer task" had it come to her hand, but the dire competition of need allowed of no question, no delay, no possible adjustment!

Another of our letters was written by an old crony of my husband's, who in Alick's young bachelor days had once shared his lodgings. Life has not gone very easily with good Tom Hume; he has never been, and never will be, anything but an *employé* in a great, house of business, "where everything goes like clockwork"—that is, with a mechanical unrelenting regularity, without any spirit of either kindness or cruelty. The "firm" is really a Limited Liability Company, which pays salaries at exact market rate, without any annuities or "bonuses," or even "Christmas gifts." Its "hands" must always keep going; if they want a rest they must pay for it themselves.

This Tom Hume cannot do, because, though he did not marry young, and has a thrifty wife and only three little ones, he charges himself with the maintenance of his aged mother and an invalid sister. Tom has a brother, whose income is quite as large as his, but nobody seems to expect anything from him, because he married when he was little more than a boy, has a dozen children, and his wife is such "a bad manager." Alick always growls at the thought of that brother, especially when he hears that the old grandmother and the sick aunt, provided for by Tom's money, are always taking charge of one or other of Jack's ill-bred children, and are for ever sewing and mending to help Jack's shiftless spouse. Tom Hume may be able to lay by a trifle against a casual "rainy day," but he cannot possibly store any provision for old age, unless, indeed, he is laying up in his children's hearts an example of self-sacrificing devotion which shall one day bear fruit a hundredfold for his gathering!

Tom Hume's letter was cheerful, as his letters always are. Tom has the cheeriest soul he knows, Alick says, and that when he is in London he would sooner visit Tom's house than any other. He and his wife give such a hearty welcome, and the little household altogether impresses one with such a sense of clever contrivance, of wise making-the-most-of-things, that Alick declares if all the world were managed in the same way there would be quite enough of everything for everybody! And waste, you must understand, is Alick's great bugbear.

Tom wrote that he must decline our invitation that he and one or two of his family should spend a week with us in the early autumn.

"No, dear friends," he declared, "I must deny myself. I must not spend a shilling on a holiday this year, only because we have determined to give ourselves another luxury, and to let our eldest boy have the drawing lessons which he covets so much, and which will be such an immense advantage to him. So this year I rest satisfied with Bank Holiday, which the firm has to give us without any talk as to substitutes, etc. And after all, in our fathers' days, hard-working folk were content with a day's 'outing,' and never aspired to a week or a month. There were no Bank Holidays then, but days were easily found in the slack season, when *employés* could be spared in turns. I remember our father used to take us up or down the river—generally down, because there was more to see. The river was clean in those days, and the air was clear, and there was no fog, and the boats were not overcrowded, and Greenwich seemed quite a country place, and was picturesque with the presence of old tars in the hospital; and we used to go and see them at their tea, and listen to their yarns about Trafalgar and Nelson. Greenwich Park looked rather parched and dusty when I saw it last; and the little town seemed vulgar and tea-gardenish, and all its romance had vanished along with the old sailors. But anyhow, Greenwich is not for us on Bank Holiday, when everybody else goes, for we should find it nothing but a scene of dust, and crowding, and noise. And the same with Richmond Park, and Hampstead Heath, and Clapham: and everywhere else within a short railway's run of London. So we had to think how to get a little change of scene and interest without spending more than the merest trifle, and without getting mixed up with jostling crowds. We laid our plan and carried it out, and it was a success.

"The night before, we all—parents and children—went to bed at eight o'clock. We rose at four and had breakfast. Then we walked down the Mile End Road—that's the way into town from our place at Bow, you know—and it was quite

fresh and beautiful in the morning air, and it's not as familiar to the little ones as it is to me, and they found plenty to look at and to talk about. We caught an early train at one of the district stations, and travelled to Holborn, when we took peeps at all the fine old inns belonging to the lawyers, and saw the Law Courts, and went all over the Temple, looking at the graves and the gardens, and then went down the Embankment and saw the fine mansions looking on the river, and Somerset House, and then turned up into the Strand, and got a nice breakfast at a confectioner's, where everything was standing fresh and quiet and spruce, in readiness for the later holiday-makers. Then we went into the Abbey with the very first visitors that were admitted, and that group was not much larger than on ordinary days. I took the children round the chapels, but mother sat down in the choir and waited for us. And when we came back to her, I could see she had been crying, and, said I, "Little woman, do you call this enjoying yourself?" And she answered, "O Tom, I have been enjoying myself! It's the wonderful Peace!" she said, "and the thought of all the long centuries and the many people they have taken away with them. And it came into my head, 'There remaineth a Rest for the people of God,' and I could not help crying!" And then we walked back through the Park to Trafalgar Square, and went into the National Gallery, beginning at the wrong end, because that was quite empty, and looked at two or three of the Landseer pictures, and then we rode home on the top of the 'bus, and were safe in our little nest at Bow before two o'clock in the afternoon.

"When we got home we had a nice cold dinner, and then we all lay down and slept soundly till tea-time, when we got up quite fresh and spent the evening talking over all we had seen, and hunting up what we could find in our books about the sights. There was a dreadful noise in the streets by that time (though ours is such a quiet corner), and I could not help pitying decent folk who had to be out in such scenes, and there are many who don't enjoy it, and yet don't know how to help themselves if they are to get any outing at all.

"You'll be sorry to hear that I have at last lost my trusty old sub., who had worked with me for twenty years. He was at his post only the day before he died. He told me he had always prayed it might be so, and I don't know how it is, but I do always like to hear of people dying in harness."

"Poor, brave Tom!" said Alick, as he folded the letter. "I know how it is; he feels that if such an end may be his, it may simplify many things. When one hears Tom Hume's account," Alick went on, "it strikes one that even some of the best-meant innovations of modern days may not be such absolute improvements as we are sometimes inclined to imagine. When our good friend has to take such heroic precautions to secure the gratification of some of his fine old-fashioned prejudices in favour of peace and purity on these occasions, it seems to me very clear that even our holidays by Act of Parliament are capable of turning into mere riotous Juggernaut processions, beneath which all the gentler and sweeter individualities of pleasure are apt to be crushed out of being!"

"And, oh, Alick!" said I, "that poor woman must have been very, very tired, with a deep-down and enduring fatigue, before the mere impression of ancient Peace and everlasting Rest would bring tears to her eyes, while she sat waiting for husband and children! For, you see, there was no emotional pain in her yearning; it was born wholly of sheer physical strain and exhaustion."

Another letter came from a very different style of person, and was written in a far different spirit.

Ethel Janeway is the daughter of a fashionable and prosperous London barrister. She was one

of the senior pupils at the school where I was teacher, and she took a violent fancy to me, which she still asserts by occasional long, rapid letters, and by unfailing Christmas and Easter cards of the most expensive and gorgeous description. I think Ethel could be a very warm-hearted, true woman, if she gave herself time to be anything. As it is, I always feel about her that I wonder when she is going to begin!

Her letter covers several sheets of note-paper, but the calligraphy is large and scrawling, like that of one in desperate haste.

"I must write and tell you all we have done, are doing, and mean to do," she says. "O, we have had such a season! We have not been alone in our own house four evenings since Easter, not even counting Sundays. I have scarcely ever been in bed before two o'clock in the morning; you see parties begin so late nowadays, and the distances one has to travel in London are so immense! The late hours do really tell on one, even though one may indulge a little in bed in the morning. One can't do that very much, for the morning hours are all one can possibly have to one's self—I mean for considering one's dresses, carrying on one's correspondence, and getting through the reading which one must do nowadays, or at least pretend to do. I don't dare touch books—I get their essence out of the reviews. And there's really no end of correspondence, with all the committees one has to be on, and the bazaars one helps to get up. And considering all the good works that are being so zealously pressed forward by the most fashionable people, it does seem hard that nobody's servants seem inclined to be civil and keep their situations, and that we are always being worried with horrid stories of destitution rampant in our very streets! One's afternoon is entirely taken from one; there's always somebody's kettledrum to look in at, or a concert of chamber music to attend, or a reading or a lecture, where one must go, if only to yawn, and then a whirl round the Park, and a hot, stupid dinner-party, either at home or abroad, and then one, if not two, late entertainments. I can assure you this is a hard day's work. I have always gone to bed quite worn out, and yet not always to sleep; one gets so excited. As for poor papa, we scarcely ever see him, he is in such immense request; and though he is making an enormous income just now, I can assure you we need it all, expenses are so frightful. He would gladly do a little less, maybe, but if he began to decline work, the tide would go down quicker than he would like; and it would be rumoured that his health was failing or his memory giving way. And, you know, those contingencies are so frightful for a popular professional man, that they are constantly denied, even when they are quite true. There was a poor friend of papa's, for instance,—only last week, it was whispered about he had had a slight paralytic shock, but his family denied it, and said he was only confined to his house with a cold, and his daughters came out as usual. But it was true for all that, for he had another shock, and died in it, and he has left scarcely anything, though they were people who lived in the best style.

"However, I am thankful to say, we shall be soon off for our holidays. Papa and mamma, and brother Dick, are to go to the States. They intend to visit Canada, and to see Niagara, and San Francisco, and Chicago. They have heaps of introductions among the American lawyers and all the best people. While mamma is over there she thinks she will try one of the 'rest-cures,' which are becoming so famous. You go to board with the doctor who keeps the establishment, and he sees you, and judges your case, and prescribes how many hours a day you are to sit still and silent, and whether or not it is to be in total darkness or only in half light. Isn't it a funny idea? But we hear it works wonders in some nervous cases. And the poor, dear mater does really get very low-spirited sometimes, and the least little thing puts her out dreadfully, nowadays. So I think she is right to try any fad which she fancies may do her good.

"As for me and my sister Mabel, we are going on the Continent with an aunt, and she is to give us what the



Yankees call a 'real good time.' First, we take a fortnight at Folkestone, and then we go to Switzerland, never settling anywhere, but passing on from place to place, and seeing everything. We mean to ascend one or two mountains, so as to bring home alpenstocks marked with the names of our peregrinations. We two girls would so like to visit Monte Carlo; and we think we shall be able to bring Auntie round to consent. I mean to save a sovereign or two to stake, just to experience this wonderful 'gambler's excitement' that one hears so much about. Of course, I shan't mind losing; and if I win, I shall give my gains to some charity, so I'm sure there cannot be any harm in my doing it. I shall be so interested in seeing all the terrible people who frequent the tables. They say there are many more suicides than are ever made public. Very awful, but fascinating. We are to return by way of Paris, and my aunt's son, Captain Wilton, joins us there, and will take us everywhere—even to the Morgue—though it would give Auntie fits if she knew that; and I dare say we shall have bad dreams for weeks afterwards. But I really must conclude. I have written this letter with Mabel and the dressmaker in the room, discussing our travelling dresses and appealing for my opinion, so if some of the sentences do not wind up well, you will understand and forgive, won't you, you dear, steady old darling?

"From your ever loving ETHEL."

"That is by far the saddest of these letters," said Alick. "It is sorrowful to see life wasted to secure the means to live; it is pathetic to see life struggling to be pure and happy against an overwhelming tide of adverse conditions; but it is awful to contemplate a state of being in which all that is shallow and unrestful and destructive is deliberately chosen. It is like watching a man throw away a loaf of bread and greedily devour sawdust! Think what a beautiful life these Janeways might have if their father was content to earn but a quarter of what he does, and they knew how to spend that quarter wisely! Lucy, the sight of maddened souls is more terrible than the sight of starved or weary bodies. And I fear it is the very existence of these maddened souls which involves that of the starved and wearied bodies."

"I wonder sometimes," I mused, "if the vastly increased facilities for locomotion, and all the other scientific inventions of this age, are really blessings? It seemed as if railroads would take some of the benefits of country life nearer to the town. They seem rather to have caused the curse of cities to overrun the country. Even workmen's trains, which seemed so promising at first, only increase a competition from whose scanty wages they deduct, while they add to the toil and fag of the labourer's working day, and render possible, down to the humblest class, that comic-tragical rushing to and fro at cross purposes in which poor Susanna is so helplessly involved. Even too wholesale methods of philanthropy tend to swamp all that is sweetest and most hopeful in struggling lives—witness Sir John Lubbock's Bank Holiday! And there are many wise people who look with very restrained approval even on our Board Schools! But if one ventures to air these views one is silenced by being told one is unprogressive and unpractical, and foolishly attempting to go against the 'spirit of the age!'"

"I think one is often sorely tempted to make a wrong statement of these views," said Alick, thoughtfully. "It is not the mechanical inventions and improvements which are to blame, but man's mistaken and foolish use of them. Physical

science has made such gigantic strides in this last century that she has managed to get ahead of moral and mental science; and so machinery has become man's tyrannical master instead of his useful drudge. Because a man can travel fast, if it is necessary, it does not follow that he need travel fast for his pleasure. Because he can send a sixpenny telegram, he is not forbidden to write a letter. Because he can go round the world in so many days he is not compelled to do so. But the most singular thing of all is that many men seem to have let something of the soulless, unrelenting restlessness of machinery enter their own spirits, so that the rich wear themselves out in what they call 'pleasure,' and force the poor to do the same for bread. I must read you what Ruskin says on this matter, for I think when one knows another has spoken wisely on a certain subject it is always right to give his very words rather than any garbled report of them. He says:

"No changing of place at a hundred miles an hour, nor making of stuffs a thousand yards a minute, will make us one whit stronger, happier, or wiser. There was always more in the world than men could see, walked they ever so slowly; they will see it no better for going fast. . . . We shall be obliged at last to confess, what we should long ago have known, that the really precious things are thought and sight, not pace. It does a bullet no good to go fast, and a man, if he be truly a man, no harm to go slow, for his glory is not at all in going, but in being."

"Somewhere else he writes:

"To a person who has all his senses about him, a quiet walk along not more than ten or twelve miles a day is the most amusing of all travelling, and all travelling becomes dull in exact proportion to its rapidity. Going by railroad I do not consider as travelling at all, it is merely 'being sent' to a place, and very little different from becoming a parcel."

"I remember the difference between deep insight and mere oversight struck me forcibly once," I observed. "It was when I discovered that the men who made the great art and literature of Greece, which have dominated all subsequent art and literature, knew nothing of the world beyond a section of it scarcely larger than some of our northern shires."

"What does such travelling as that of the Janeways teach about the world, either of nature or human nature?" asked Alick. "They fly from point to point in first-class railway carriages; they put up in first-class hotels, 'convenient to the railway station,' all much more alike than they are different, and presenting none of the characteristic features of each country. They get the very minimum of change and interest at the maximum of expense, fatigue, and excitement."

I went to the bookcase and took down the "Life of the Rev. Horace Bushnell," a famous American divine. I soon found the page I wanted.

"Alick," I said, "the Janeways and a great many other people—ourselves included, though our special temptations may not lie in that direction—would be the better for hearing that this



good man actually congratulates his daughter on her involuntary winter sojourn in an obscure western town, because he trusts it will teach her 'how to extort enjoyments and pleasures out of common places.' He advises her: 'Stir up, touch off, dramatise, and make alive, everything. The very poverty of your sights and conditions will thus become your riches. . . . It is a great thing to have eyes! A winter spent in getting eyes will be worth more than all the hundred eyes of Argus filled gratis with pretty sights.' You see this is the same advice which Ruskin gives in his lovely 'Letter to Young Girls,' when he bids them 'never seek for amusement, but be always ready to be amused. The least thing has play in it; the slightest word, wit, when your hands are busy and your heart is free. But if you make the aim of your life amusement, the day will come when all the agonies of a pantomime will not bring you an honest laugh.'

"The conclusion of the whole matter," said

Alick, "seems to be that there is one apostolic counsel which should be engraven on every heart in this nineteenth century, to wit, 'That ye study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands.' I think everybody, when 'prospecting' for his own future, and for that of those dear to and dependent on him, should consider, not where the rate of wage is highest, or the chance of 'making a fortune' is greatest, but rather where the best things of life—domestic happiness, health, sunshine, fresh air, and leisurely peace—are most readily to be procured. The pressures and the fashions of modern life drive some and allure others in an opposite course; but if each would do his utmost in his own place and according to his power, to resist these forces, there would be, presently, hope for all."

"Well," said I, "I do think my old friends, the Hatchetts, are doing their utmost; and they have not only abundant will, but considerable power, and that is why I have kept their letter to the last."

## A LOOK AT NORWAY FROM THE SEA.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.

### PART III.

AFTER visiting Bergen, we made our way into the Sogne fiord, and spent a little while at a characteristic Norwegian village—Batholmin—off which we came to anchor. There are several of these places where tourists make a stay of weeks, and very pleasant it must be. While there we wandered about on shore, our party dispersing itself to botanise, sketch, photograph, fish, or simply prowl. The "Swissy" inn at Batholmin is a fair specimen of many wooden hotels and *pensions* which have sprung up of late years all over Norway, notably by the sides, and in the bays or inlets of the fiords. Here can be had manifold walks and views; sea-fish may be caught in the fiord, and trout in the streams which flow into it. So some of my fellow-passengers found, though they had but a little time to let down the deepline or throw the fly. Plenty of small boats may be hired, with lads ready to get bait and do as they are bid.

The local steamers, moreover, regularly navigate these deep salt inlets, touching here and there, so that the tourist can easily shift his quarters from one centre of excursion or repose to another. The botanist and entomologist, as well as the sportsman, find, they say, much to enjoy; but the insect hunter is sometimes embarrassed by the abundance of the collection which awaits him. For instance, farther north, midges abound in a profusion which is almost as incredible as it must be intolerable. A friend of mine, who called on me just as I was leaving for this little trip, said that when he last visited Norway in a yacht they

had a black cook. The weather being very hot, this man one brilliant night was sleeping on the deck with some of the white crew, but his face could not be distinguished from theirs by reason of the midges which had settled upon them. I must say that we did not see one. But my friend's experience was gained farther north, where these pests are found to abound; and prolonged sunshine—or, rather, a day some three months long—provides an exceptional opportunity for the breeding and life of ephemera. No wonder that the short-lived gnat enjoys himself in the north of Norway. Besides the midges, of which I only heard, there are other viler insects which are provided by this country, and found in the older lodging-houses, however dark the night. But as we carried our beds with us, like sea-snails, we knew nothing of this Norwegian product. When our day's wandering on shore was done, or the procession of carriages had returned to the waterside from some inland excursion, the steam launch of the yacht was ready, with its busy little screw, to carry us back to a good dinner and a roomy sleeping-cabin.

The Sogne fiord is not nearly so thickly hung with waterfalls and threads of spray as the Hardanger. But it shows, I think, more villages in the gaps between the hills, and a greater number of white wooden churches with their stumpy spires. I cannot say that I was impressed altogether favourably with the sanitary appearance of the country people. They are often tall, and seemingly muscular; but the sallow faces of many tell

of something essentially wrong in their food and surroundings. The sourness of some interiors I entered had, indeed, a rancid flavour of its own; and one is not wholly astonished to find that leprosy lingers in Norway so stubbornly as to fill a large hospital at Bergen, and another at Moldø, with its miserable victims. The people are notably courteous, as two or three times a man has gone out of his way, not merely to point out a road which we were seeking, but to conduct us for some distance along it. Before leaving the Sogne we went up the Fjorland fiord (some of those places seem to be spelt on neither phonetic nor any principle), and there realised the nearness of the water to glaciers. This fiord is reckoned to be one of the most characteristic in Norway, with its steep borders and its ice finish, but for narrowness it is not to be compared with the Geiranger, to which we next went, after waking the Fjorland echoes with gunpowder. This, however, could not be reached without putting to sea for a few hours in order that we might pass from one big fiord to another.

Our short sea flitting, however, has helped to impress upon us the apparent repulsiveness of a coast which plants advanced guards of barren rock all along its line. In reality the worst lee shore a mariner can have is not one full of indentations, for he can escape for shelter among these. An unbroken wall of stone is the most deadly to the troubled ship. Nevertheless, the look of these bare islets and black jutting points which "watch" at low tide make the most deterrent impression on a landsman's eye. This was deeper to us as the daylight was disappearing; though it had not left us at half-past ten. But presently our pilot swung the ship out of a long northern swell into sudden calm behind an utterly black promontory, when the anchor was dropped, and the deck made once more level. Thus the ugly shore gave us handsome rest.

It was Sunday, and we had had two services, in which both passengers and crew joined with much devotion, the more so as we had suffered from a grievous accident or disaster with loss of life in the first fiord we had entered. When we started the next morning our path was quite flat, but then it lay behind a fringe of manifold and multiform islands, some almost level with the water, and showing many houses, others steep and bare as the top of the Matterhorn sunk up to its chin in the sea. Beyond these, to our right, hill grew into mountains and snow began to cover peaks towards the great central range of the country, all together showing a variety of group outline and tint nowhere, perhaps, more striking than on the Norwegian coast.

At length we reached the Geiranger fiord, which appears on the map as a little horn growing out of a big one thrust some sixty miles into the land. This little horn on the map is a water gorge so narrow that when the ship, which is over three hundred feet long, had reached its inner tip, there seemed at first no way of retreat except by ignominiously backing out stern foremost. The rocks, some three thousand or four thousand feet high, on either side are wholly bare, and so

steep that in places they descend into the water like the side of a dock, without a ledge wide enough for a cat to walk upon. Here again, at the end of this fiord, water and ice meet together, and the position seems curiously unfit for a great three-masted ship, which, in the eye of any one standing on its deck, appears to be wholly land, or, rather, "rock"-locked. Here we lay for some little while; but, close as we were to the shore, no anchorage was possible, by reason of the enormous depth below the flat lead-coloured surface that reflected the black sides of our prison. Presently we churned this up with some complicated understanding between the screw and the rudder, whereby we slowly turned upon our centre—we could not have steamed round—and set our faces towards the body out of which this sharp little horn of water had been pushed. It is fringed with small cascades as well as headed by a large terminal ice-fall, and in one place half-a-dozen streams, which start from the same edge close together, weave a broad scarf of water-lace down a sloping precipice nearly two thousand feet high.

It is along this valley that perhaps one of the bitterest struggles of the people for subsistence may be seen. In the narrowest part of the gorge there is no margin whatever at the foot of the rocks, no narrow fringe of soil formed by their slowly-accumulating crumbs, on which the peasant can settle and raise a few potatoes or a scanty crop of rye. Nevertheless, now and then, high up on the face of the cliffs, may be seen a scrap or ledge of soil holding a hut where a family lives and tries to force its daily bread from the patch on which it sits. There is a saying in the country that these children of the cliff are tied to the doorpost when they go outside to play lest they should fall over. It is a pity that they can't fly, for human habitations are nowhere more like martins' nests than such as are stuck upon the face of the rocks which shut in the Geiranger fiord. What a life these people must lead, especially if the narrow hillside-door and little square of casement looks north, and they get no glimpse of such sun as finds its way into these water-floored clefts when the long summer day has gone and an equally extended winter night has come. Even where a hut is built on the scant level border at the water's edge, whence the peasant can step into his little brown boat and let down his net or hook into the fiord, it seemed as if these people must live far more lonely lives than such other mountain dwellers as I have seen. Their houses, *e.g.*, are more scattered than those in Switzerland. There is seldom any cluster as in an Alpine village, whose crowded chalets create society in the midst of January snows. Moreover, their winter, which is northern as well as Alpine, has the blackness which their summer lacks, and two or three months of midnight sun are ill-bought, if they are worth buying at all, at the price of so much unbroken midday gloom.

If the Swiss peasant leads a hard life in some of his deep valleys as the slow winter months pass by, and the memory of the last harvest of tourists and climbers begin to be blunted by the struggle



A NORWEGIAN FIORD.



with Alpine frost, what must be the yearly strain of the Norwegian who fodders his little cows by the glimmer of a lantern through cold days and nights, almost equally dark, month after month, when nature is sealed with ice or buried in silent snow, and there is not perhaps a human soul to speak to or see within dreary miles from his hut? I suppose that he tries to make his soul merry if he does foregather with any of his acquaintance. I bought a little sort of brass "clog" almanack, exactly a hundred years old, at Moldö. It has all the saints' days clearly marked, and others which I cannot make out; but Christmas-time is distinguished with (it would seem) as many horns of plenty, or ale, as the artist could introduce.

sure, sooner or later, to perceive that it can lead him to other coasts. So the ancient Norsemen mixed their blood with the dwellers on British land, and the modern settler thrives on still more distant soil. The first Viking ships and the last Atlantic steamers have helped these green-eyed "gentry" (the Norwegian peasants and fishermen are the aristocracy of the land) to a better taste of the earth's fruitfulness than can ever be known here. "Hans Tomasen," who lives in that little hut stuck upon the face of the cliff, possibly possesses documents which show that his sires have held its land or rock for centuries, but they have not sat upon it easily; he has distant cousins of his blood on English coasts, and near friends



A NORSEMAN.

Well, I hope they enjoy a short rest when they get it, and am glad to believe that the due allowance of their festivals has not been pared down to a couple of grudging Bank holidays. Not that these are to be despised. I only wish that they were oftener to be had by those who need them most, and that the countryman's visit, say, to London in the autumn resulted in a belief that he had better stay where he is, and (having no special ties or calls there) help, by keeping away, to check the further growth of an overgrown city. But, to go back to the Geiranger fiord, we must not wonder that the emigration from Norway has been so great as to tempt the interference of the Government. They say that the love of country, deepened by an hereditary possession of the soil, has always been strong in Scandinavia. But when once a man realises that the water which laps against his inmost inland shore, and on which he looks from the rim of his martin's nest, is briny with the salt of the nation-bearing ocean itself, he is pretty

on American farms. An ancestor harried Whitby, and a nephew is settled in Massachusetts.

From the Geiranger fiord we presently entered the arms of another, to reach the outlet of the Romsdal valley, though first we had to turn towards the sea and thread more of the border fringe of islands of which I have already spoken. The steamer stopped at "Naes," in the spelling of which word the same liberty must be allowed as is taken with both pen and print by everybody in writing anything about Norway. In a phonetic sense the tourist is here geographically free. A boat took a party of us ashore, and we were soon transformed into a procession of carriages and stolkjarrs (sulkies and gigs), which might have been a hundred miles away from our ship, for all we saw of it, or, indeed, of the fiord in which it lay. The sides of this valley are in parts singularly precipitous, the sky-line being jagged with seeming towers and spires. These have been left by the hot and cold (sun and ice) process, which is



disintegrating the rocks. But if their upper edges are ragged and rise into manifold "aiguilles" their corners and elbows show more signs of ancient ice than any I can call to mind. Huge surfaces (where the valley turns) are deeply scored as well as rounded by old glaciers, and our road lay over a succession of moraines. In the midst, though widening here and there into likely looking pools, a brilliant river flashes down towards the fiord, and many turf-roofed chalets mark the presence of a busy, though scattered, population. The crops on the tops of these houses are sometimes so valuable as to be mown, and you may see a man thus cutting the hair of his cottage with a scythe. The Norwegian peasant prizes every bunch of grass, and climbs to gather it in many little spots which are reached with about as much difficulty (or ease) as the maintop of a frigate. Divers of these exalted patches are fitted with a strong wire, which (like the stay of a ship) reaches down to a chalet. Hans cuts his little crop, ties it in a bundle to the wire, and lets go, to undo and garner it when he has descended at his leisure. The absence of small land birds on the shores I have skirted and up the valleys I have traversed is most remarkable. Perhaps this partly accounts for the fact that cherries furnish the principal fruit crop of the country. I saw trees thick with beautiful large "white-hearts;" but no thrushes nor blackbirds were to be seen or heard, and there was no rag or rattle set up among the branches to fray them away. There were none to scare. The other fruit is not so good as it looks, having probably grown too fast on the disappearance of the snow and the arrival of the insistent summer sun, which, by night as well as by day, gives no rest to the spring bud and summer blossom. Though the currants and cherries have been red for some time, the small grain crops were mostly quite green, and much of the hay in the bottom of the valley was only just cut. Peasants (with no more sign of national costume than market gardeners at Tottenham) were weav-

ing the newly-mown grass into tall hurdles, like clothes-horses, to be dried; and tow-headed children silently offered white plates of raspberries for sale by the roadside. Potatoes seem to be a chief ingredient of native diet.

Our limited experience of Norwegian food (none the less distinct—perhaps, indeed, the clearer—because it was not prolonged) revealed the manifold preparations of preserved, pickled, or raw fish which are set upon the table; and the pungent brown cheese (as close-grained and sticky as Windsor soap) supplied, with the herb-scented butter, new flavours to such as chose to seek for them. Even in a chief Bergen inn (I beg pardon—hotel) you have some unmistakable native food. We saw herrings in varied excellent but unfamiliar forms while away from England on this little trip, and a very small scrap of raw salmon goes a long way. It reminded me of some testimony in favour of a particularly hard Suffolk cheese offered to a visitor by one of our East Anglians. "That fare," he said, "to stay where you put it." We had no experience of thoroughly country food, but for acuteness of sour smell I commend my readers to the interior of a rough Norwegian chalet. The outside air is not fragrant, by reason of contiguous dung-heaps, but that inside is often laden with such a combination of vile ancient and modern odours as no inexperienced nose, however imaginative, could conceive of in the thought of its nostrils. The fields were intensely green, and at last we saw a few cows (tethered, as in Switzerland), the bulk of them being away on the seters, and some jet-black sheep. But I failed to notice a pig anywhere, in city suburb or in valley farm. The spinning-wheel is still in use, but the clothes of the people looked as if they had been bought (some time ago) in Houndsditch. The women, broad-backed and sallow-faced, work in the fields with the men, but seem to be the chief artists in weaving the fresh-cut hay into (apparently) large rough doormats on the screens I have mentioned.

## MUSICAL KITES.

THE art of constructing kites is much cultivated in the East, especially amongst the Chinese, who have at hand the bamboo, Indian paper, and thin silk. In China, Annam, and Tonkin it reaches a form of artistic and scientific industry quite unknown in other countries. Musical kites, kites simulating the forms of various animals, real or imaginary, and scientific kites, in which the stress and tension caused by the wind on different parts of the surface afford most interesting illustrations of physical laws, are among the cleverest trophies of the art. Some of these forms have recently been described by M. Gaston Tissandier in the columns of *La Nature*, to which we are indebted for the following information.

The musical kites are provided with a bamboo

resonator containing three apertures, one in the centre and one at each extremity. When the kite is flying, the air, in rushing into the resonator, produces a somewhat intense and plaintive sound, which can be heard at a great distance. The transverse rods of the frame of this kite are connected at the extremities, and give the kite the aspect of two bird's-wings affixed to a central axis. This kite sometimes reaches large dimensions—say, ten feet in width. There are often three or four resonators, placed one above another over the kite, and in this case a very pronounced, grave sound is produced.

The musical kite is very common in China and Tonkin; hundreds of them are sometimes seen hovering in the air in the vicinity of Hanoi. It is

believed among the superstitious to have the power of charming evil spirits away, and with this object it is often tied to the roofs of houses during the prevalence of winds, where, during the whole

frame covered with India paper. These discs are connected by two cords that keep them equidistant. A transverse bamboo rod is fixed in the long axis of the ellipse, and extends a little

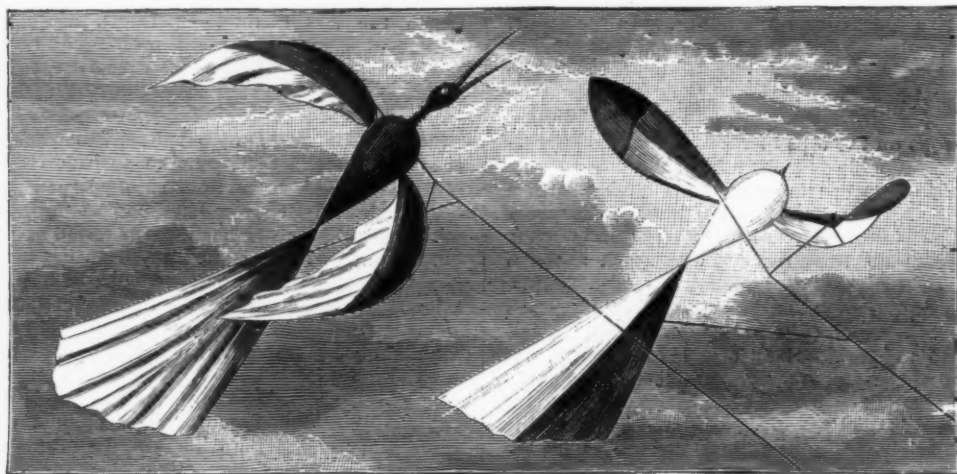


Fig. 1A.

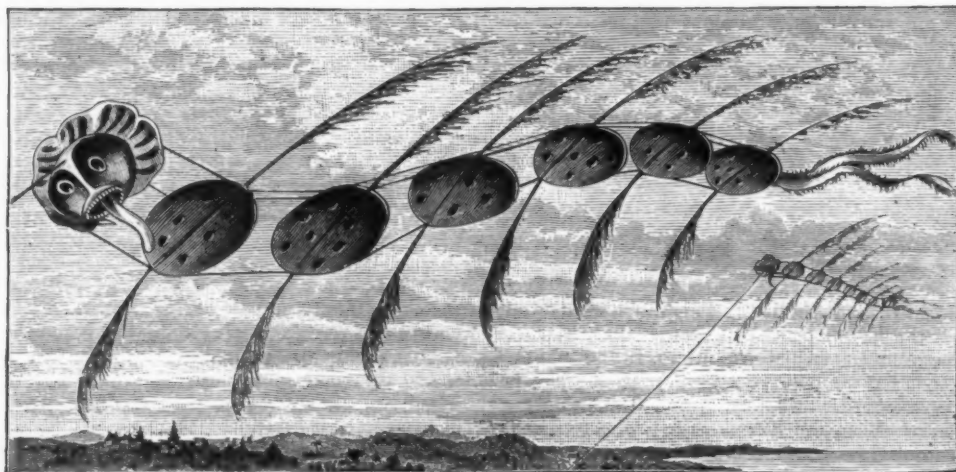
A CHINESE BIRD KITE.

Fig. 1.

night, it emits plaintive murmurs after the manner of Æolian harps.

Another bird-like kite is shown in Fig. 1. Sometimes the framework is unclothed, as in the model at the right; often it is completed by the addition of a bird's head fixed in front, and light paper attached to the wings. These papers, when the kite is flying, simulate the flapping of the

beyond each disc. To each extremity of this is fixed a sprig of grass, that forms a balance on each side. The surface of the foremost disc is slightly convex, and a fantastic face is drawn upon it, having two eyes made of small mirrors. The discs gradually decrease in size from head to tail, and are inclined about  $45^\circ$  in the wind. As a whole, they assume an undulatory form, and give



A DRAGON KITE.

wings. The model thus equipped is pictured in Fig. 1A.

The most curious style of Chinese kites is the dragon kite. It consists of a series of small elliptic, very light discs, formed of a bamboo

the kite the appearance of a crawling serpent. The rear disc is provided with two little streamers that form the tail of the kite. It requires great skill to raise this device from the ground into the air.

## MY BEST SHIPMATE:

### A SEA-OFFICER'S REMINISCENCE

BY GEORGE CUPPLES, AUTHOR OF "THE GREEN HAND," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER I.



AS HE TURNED UP HIS FACE I SAW IT WAS POWELL.

JUST after my four years' apprenticeship at sea was about finished, under an extensive Liverpool firm on the New York line of trade, their business unfortunately broke down. I then—from an east-coast port near home—made two or three short Baltic trips, chiefly to Copenhagen; and reached home again at the age of barely twenty. The question became whether first to try some big eastward-bound ship as regular foremast hand; or whether to stand the Board of Trade examination for junior mate's certificate, as my friends at home wanted. I returned to Liverpool with the intention to please them, but circumstances drew the opposite way.

Walking one day along Prince's Dock, still rather doubtful, I came across a thoroughbred young foreign seaman astray thereabout, and took him in hand to show round. He was in quest of a ship or steamer that would leave soon for North Australia direct, his intention being to visit some near relations in Queensland; and was prepared to go either as an A.B. foremastman for the voyage out, or else take steerage passage, according to circumstances. He proved to be of Danish birth, belonging not far from Copenhagen, where I had been myself. By name Jan Ericson, he was as fine a frank manly fellow as one could meet in a summer's day, tall, straight, handsome, and of uncommonly powerful build. Being considerably my senior, though scarce looking it, he had gone through far more variety of

practical experience afloat; and his knowledge on points of navigation, or the like, went much beyond anything I could then pretend to. We tried the whole harbour on different days, but could find no suitable vessel ready to sail, and had the Dane been left alone he would most likely have gone straight overland to Hull for the next Baltic steamer home; but I had been keeping an eye on the London news, where advertisements of various large Australian vessels from Blackwall seemed likely to suit us both. My own mind was made up toward seeing more of the world, and as this could not be better done than through a voyage southward, nor in better company than Ericson's, I at once proposed to join him. He was strong against my going, but seeing I was determined, agreed to my plan, and we both, after writing to our respective friends, set off together without further delay for Blackwall, London; at which port, trade being brisk and good hands in extra demand, no difficulty lay against engaging on fair terms among numerous southward-bound craft, anxious enough to leave soon.

Our choice ere long fell upon a new sailing ship, a White Ball Liner of nearly 1,400 tons register, the *Odalisque*, Captain David Evans, which was loading at the main East India Dock wharf, under notice to sail direct for Brisbane in Queensland the following week. Nothing in the way of a port of destination could have suited better; Captain Evans's reputation stood A.1.; the ship's looks



spoke remarkably well for her, so did those of some of the officers we saw aboard, especially the chief mate—a pattern of what any chief mate should be. Also, besides these, we saw several prime foremastmen engaging or intending to do so; not to say how lively things promised to be, with the number of poop-cabin berths that were being seen after by ladies and other shore-people. It was not long before we sailed accordingly. The ship was at once taken hold of by a tug and brought round to Plymouth. There several more first-class passengers came aboard, and, as not a few of our men had failed to join us, we made up our full complement at that port, there being no lack of discharged man-o-war's-men at the time. From thence we had favourable westerly wind, and got well clear of the Channel, our ship proving herself a good one.

It was fine, clear weather, with a moon coming to the full, early in June; one day seeming to run into the other, the daylight lasted so long; the wash of the milk-blue swell doing little more than cream at her forefoot as the water lifted her along to the breeze, with all canvas set that would draw. That first evening, when our ship's-company's men mustered at the starboard gangway, to be divided into watches, you would have thought every soul in the ship was up on deck, fore and aft, to enjoy themselves together. And a wonderful fine show they made; ribbons and laces all flutter, the captain out abaft on the stern-gratings with some ladies he took special charge of; an amateur band playing, with everything else that heart could desire for signs of a lucky voyage. Somehow it often comes back on my recollection as clearly as if it had been yesterday, though now many years ago. Indeed, as regards the *Odalisque's* own good fortune, all things considered, she may be said to have carried wonderful "luck" along with her throughout.

The choosing of the two night-watches, as any sailor knows, is the most important business that a ship has to manage after leaving harbour. And it is no less a matter for all aboard of her, seeing how much depends on the men pulling well together. It settles the question of who are to be your nearest neighbours in every duty on deck or aloft, blow high or blow low, at any troublesome job or trying occasion throughout the whole passage. Not only so, it goes to decide who are to be your closest comrades when off duty, or which men you are likely to have a chance for a quiet yarn with, when walking the weather side of the fore-castle of a night, if you want company. There were no fewer than five-and-thirty "hands" of us gathered amidstships, all told; and in front of us stood our handsome mate, Mr. Dill, ready to choose for the "port" or larboard watch. Beside him our second mate, Mr. McAdam, who had first turn to pick for the captain's or starboard watch. The third mate, a good-looking, dandyish young fellow, Mr. Turbiter, had the ship's muster-book before him, from which he read out the names as each man answered when chosen. Mr. McAdam looked us all over, then picked out Anderton, a regular merchant A.B., the very man whom Mr. Dill had fixed his hawk's eye upon; although Anderton looked

well-nigh the dirtiest and most bedraggled of the whole lot, who had been tumbled aboard from a river wherry as we left Blackwall behind. Next choice coming to Mr. Dill, he at once pitched upon Ericson. The starboard watch then got one of the discharged man-o-war's-men, a well-made, brawny fellow, with an honest, mahogany-coloured visage, but with a singularly doleful look in his eye, by name John Jones, who afterwards always went by his navy nickname of "Happy Jack." The other side took another man-o-war's-man — Bill Powell — a square-built, bull-necked, beefy-faced man, rather past his prime, and evidently more so from fast living; though he looked like some thorough-paced "bruiser," as he proved, in fact, to be. By this time Ericson and I were looking at each other, both afraid of getting into different watches; but Mr. Dill, after picking others, did the same by me. After that I did not much care who followed. Our joint wish had come true, so we walked out the first night-watch together, talking away about things bygone, present, or to come, in first-rate spirits; with a fair breeze still handing the *Odalisque* along, almost nothing to do but look at the trim of her canvas up aloft, and see how the bells and bubbles went shimmering past her side under the moonlight.

"Did you notice, Jan," said I to him, "how that fellow, Powell, eyed you when Mr. Dill called you out before him?"

"Well, and if I did," answered he, "what of that, Tom?"

"Mark my words," I said, seeing him smile in his pleasant way; "as sure as my name's Waynard, that fellow'll bear you a grudge; and he's just one to carry it out, too!"

Ericson only smiled and passed the matter off. Presently we went below and turned in to our hammocks, which we had got slung side by side. Ready as I was to sleep sound, still I could not easily get rid of a queer misgiving because our companionship there had been due to me, and it kept me dreaming and waking up by starts; whereas, on the other hand, to hear him breathe, you might have fancied he was asleep in his cradle, rocking gently with the ship's heave, whilst the fore-castle slush-lamp wavered near hand, where it hung midway from under the top-gallant fore-deck. Underneath us was a half-circle of the men's chests, where every now and then two or three of the other watch would slip in to fumble for something or to get hold of some stowed "grub," not taking extra care to avoid giving us a shove from below. The Dane did not heed them at all; but for my part, on feeling a more than common bump, I looked over, with a somewhat crusty word or two. As the fellow turned up his face, with a scowl and an oath, I saw it was Powell, whom I took to have been sound asleep in his own bunk forward, as he belonged to our watch. The chest did not belong to him, but he had evidently found liquor somehow. What with his close-shaven jaws and Spanish-like moustache, not to speak of a flattening he had got on the bridge of his nose, he did look to my mind uncommonly ugly as the swing of the



lamp cast shadows over him; but the worst part of his scowl appeared to turn in my companion's direction. I seemed, perhaps, too much of a youngster still, to trouble Powell; yet there could be no doubt about his bearing the grudge I had guessed at.

On the very first evening that brought both watches together at supper, in the second dog-watch—from six to eight o'clock—this temper of Powell's began to show. He threw out more than one broad hint about "cheap Dutchmen coming in before true British tars." Ericson quite well understood what was meant, for this had been the cry throughout Liverpool while we were there; but he treated it with perfect indifference. As soon as Powell made it plain whom he meant, an answer was made by "Happy Jack," who said, "*He's* not Dutch at all, he's Danish."

"It's six o' one an' half-dozen o' t'other," said Powell; "he's a foreigner, anyhow, and cheap, too."

However, any quarrel was at once put down by Anderton, whom few would have dared deny. Anderton had been a whaler, a collier, a fisherman, and nobody knows what else besides; he spoke little, but what he did speak he spoke in a way to be heeded; and at such times he quite domineered, so much so that he was what is called "King of the fo'ksle mess," being altogether without fear, and double-jointed, big to match, and as strong as a horse. Moreover, when once fairly roused, he became like a creature possessed, until he would not have been daunted by the captain himself. "Stow all that, mates!" growled he, with a thump of his sledge-hammer fist on his sea-chest, and the row at once stopped accordingly. It was Saturday night, with the toast of "sweethearts and wives" going round. Bill Powell turned off into one of his detestable accounts of how he behaved at home as a lad, whereupon Ericson and I straightway took ourselves off upon deck, preferring the wind and rain and spray, "lest there should be a danger," as Jan told me, "of breaking out against that man!"

It was a blowy twilight, with fits of rain, plenty of stars out, but no end of clouds to windward; with considerable sea on, the ship heading south-westward, under all whole-sail, and two weather topmast-studding-sails besides, which carried her handsomely along. She had by this time got well down, almost through the Roaring Forties—as old "salts" call those stormy latitudes between 50° and 40° on the way south, until you are nearly off Madeira. Nothing had taken place as yet to try her qualities as a sea-boat, only just enough of swell from the Gulf Stream to clear her whole upper-deck of her passengers, both cabin and steerage people—the last of whom, in fact, were down with sea-sickness ere passing the Bay of Biscay. However, she was not going to be let clear into warmer latitudes without a tussle for it. Our watch had first turn of deck-duty that night, and our four hours did not end without active work, getting in her "flying kites" and all her light canvas. As for her topsails, Mr. Dill was not the man to touch them an hour too soon, for

he always knew to a nicety how long it was safe to carry sail; while at the same time he would not have held on with it like some officers, if it was to bring up the other watch needlessly before they had had their share of rest. Our time having come to go below, we were sound asleep in a twinkling. Mr. McAdam, the second in command, was quite a different man, for no sooner did his topsails begin to strain, the breeze freshening gradually, than "All hands reef tops'ls!" was the cry. "Tumble up, you larbowlines, d'ye hear! Look alive about it, too!"

Mr. McAdam's cautious Scotch style had cost us at least half of our four hours' sleep, whereas the wind was nothing extra as yet, and all he need have done was to ask Captain Evans to let the ship's course be altered a little. The captain himself evidently thought he had been roused too soon, and Mr. Dill at once got full command, roaring in his own angriest way, "Reef all three of 'em! Round-in on the weather braces, there! Send another man to the wheel—luff a little! You've got the canvas flat aback!" So they had; of course making our work all the harder, whatever the wind itself might do.

All these topsails were taken in hand at once, by Anderton leading to the main one, with "Happy Jack" close after him. It was a regular run up the weather fore-rigging, headed by Ericson and Bill Powell, the two of them trying which should gain the post of honour and danger, merely to "pass the earring" at the weather yard-arm, in order to get the sail reefed. They were neck-and-neck for a minute or so, until the steep back-slope of the futtock-shrouds gave Ericson the advantage, he being as active aloft as man could be, whereas Powell's heavy build told against his speed; but on the yard together, ahead of the rest of us, still at it they went, Powell actually trying to pass Jan on the foot-rope, at no small peril to both their lives; but it was no use, for the Dane sprang clear up to windward and caught the earring-rope, and began to pass it, leaving Bill to share our inferior part; whilst another man took the lee-earrings at the opposite end.

It was before the day of *double* topsail-yards, which lighten the labour for a small crew; accordingly each sail had to be taken as a whole, right against wind and wet, and no light job it was, the canvas being new, and the night as dark as pitch. In a minute more, however, "Haul out to leeward!" sang out Ericson cheerily, as he sat astride of the upper yard-end, making his turns fast; we all straining towards him at our reef-points, and the same with those on the other side of the mast; whilst away aft of us, on the weather main-topsail-yardarm, Anderton was still hard at it, tooth-and-nail, like a tiger, as he always looked in such cases, all the more so with his striped guernsey; and "Happy Jack's" impatient red face, at their leeward end, was enough to show how they were put to it. Down we scurried by the backstays forthwith, having done our work first, and yelled out, as we hoisted our topsails, to let it be known that we were ahead of them.

When all was snug again, the ship brought to her course as before, and the stewards serving out grog:

to the men amidships, "Happy Jack" asked Powell, with one of his queer looks—half doleful, half humorous—"Where's your cheap Dutchman now, eh?" Jack, being one who could always hold his own, was by no means afraid to speak when need be. "You keep quiet!" growled Powell, and gave a meaning gesture toward the Dane's back, though he did not raise his voice too near Mr. Dill's hearing. "See if I don't pretty soon serve the beggar out!" added he, under his breath. He had quite counted on "his lead" of our watch, having in fact been a leading foretopman—if not actually a captain of the foretop—aboard H.M.S. Conqueror, 101-gun two-decker, which was then refitting at Plymouth for what proved to be her last cruise, as she was lost two or three months afterwards off Bermuda, being probably, take her all in all, about the finest ship that ever sailed the sea. Little wonder if the fellow thought—as his friend Jack expressed it—"no small beer of himself." Here, notwithstanding, he had counted without his host.

Rough weather continued for two or three days, the gale still increasing, so that we had too much to do to allow of our bold man-o'-war's-man venting his temper, except by trying hard to justify his past repute. Still it would not do, Jan was always too active for him, and the other men not only yielded him his due place, but mostly enjoyed to see his rival "chawed," as some of them put it. It could be well seen that something was brewing with the latter, and as soon as the gale had blown over, out this came.

One fine morning, shortly after eight bells, all hands in the forecabin mess had just finished breakfast. It was our turn to stay all forenoon below, so the other men left us at our various occupations inside. Ander-ton turned in at once to his bunk, and in a minute or two was snoring like a porpoise. Some began to look up their clothes or fancy-work, or to follow Ander-ton's example, and Jan Eric-sen, who had been last at the wheel, and had not quite finished his breakfast, sat on his chest in the middle. I noticed Bill Powell shifting about, fiddling at trifles, evidently with his eye towards Eric-sen, but waiting till he had finished his meal. That was no sooner done than Bill quietly turned up the slush-lamp light in the middle, walked to the sliding-door of the berth—which opened forward on deck—shoved it close to, stuck his knife in to keep it fast, and came back in front of Eric-sen. Putting himself in a hostile attitude, with his teeth set, and fury in his eye,

"Now," said he, "now we'll have it out between us two; we'll soon see which is the better man!"

Eric-sen's hand had not so much as moved from his knee, nor one foot from over the other, but he was looking the fellow straight in the eye; and somehow there was that about him altogether which kept me quite easy as to the upshot.

"I understand what you mean," answered he; "you want me to fight. No," he said, very seriously, but quite coolly, and much to my surprise, "I will not fight."

"You mean, white-livered, foreign hound, you!" snarled Powell, "I thought as much—but that won't do—stand up, or —!" and with that he was going to dash the dregs of Jan's own tea-pannikin in his face, when some of the elder men got hold of him.

"Hush, Bill," argued old Ben, our senior hand. "Ye'll bring the bo'sun in on us—mind ye, here's none o' yer common trading barkies—reg'lashions is strict ag'in fighting." "Woe be to ye if ye wake up Ander-ton!" put in another. However, among us there were several who rather liked a fray than otherwise, not to speak of youngsters who had no objection to see mischief raised.

"No fear, men," said Eric-sen himself, "there will be no fight. I once vowed never again to strike a blow in anger, and strike it I will not."

Powell flung off the men, right and left, with no common strength. "Vowed, did ye?" cried he, mimicking Jan's foreign accent scornfully. Then he spat into the palm of his left hand and made an



HE THREW HIM BACKWARDS, NEVER ONCE HAVING CLOSED HIS HAND TO STRIKE.

open slap with it at the Dane's face, which he just dodged by a quick turn of his head, and was up in a moment. One heavy blow he parried

cleverly, and stopped the force of another, though getting enough of it to streak his face with blood, by which time he had Powell by the throat as firm as if he had been caught in a vice, whilst at the same time he threw him backward over a chest, never once having closed his hands to strike. There he held him down, though Bill struggled like a madman, until others of the men, seeing there was nothing else for it, passed their belts round his legs and arms, after which he was laid in his bunk to make the best of it there. So it ended for the time. Powell got a broad hint from the boatswain—who had found the door fastened when he tried it on hearing this row—not to play any such pranks in future aboard the *Odalisque*; nor did he afterwards attempt venting himself in that way.

That said gale, having been but a rub from the tail end of the north-east trades at its worst, had done the *Odalisque* no small benefit before it left her, as she was thus put all the faster forward on her due course. By giving Madeira a wide berth, and keeping well to westward, she had scarce lost the regular trade-wind before she got favourable light airs from that quarter, of which every advantage was taken. Captain Evans himself was a first-rate navigator, well known for long experience on the White Ball Line, with a most commanding way about him. The company wanting their fine new ship specially well reputed, it seems they had induced him to take this voyage in hand when he was just on the point of retiring for good, after no common length of service. He had made some of the quickest passages on record, both to China and Australia and home. He was famed for what is termed "great-circle sailing," which required the ship's course to be altered to a nicety almost every watch, giving Mr. Dill all the more to do in trimming yards and setting or taking-in sail, not always quite to the latter's approval. But Captain Evans was none of the sort that need to see islands by the way for a new departure, or to speak other ships which might certify his longitude and latitude. We had, in fact, run all that distance down into the Variables—a slant of some fifteen hundred miles, though done in little more than a week—without sighting a single strange sail or a speck of land, yet he knew to a shade where we were exactly, and had laid his account for making Brisbane after the

same fashion, and that before three months were out; and I may as well say beforehand that he kept his word, even to a day *within* it. The truth being that to him the ship's course over those seemingly trackless waters was almost like a beaten road; so much so, that his old steward, Price, declared "the captain recognised various marks



THE CAPTAIN.

about the seaweed in the bight of the Gulf Stream," and actually "knew pretty well how the lie of the clouds went faster along in the month of June thereabout, more by token at sundown." There can be no doubt he was now slanting south-eastward to cross the equator between w. longitude 19° and 22°, where it had been his experience, when outward-bound, to catch steadier airs for crossing him over that troublesome region. Here, too, his knowledge was afterwards proved correct.





## FISH-HOOKS.

MANY of the useful objects of our everyday life are of much greater antiquity than we are apt to suppose. In all probability the fish-hook was one of the first inventions of mankind; not the mankind spoken of in history, but man who lived in that distant prehistoric period which we call the stone age. This period, as all students know, is divided into two recognised epochs—the old stone age and the new stone age. The former is recognised by its rudely-chipped flint implements found in river gravels, whilst the latter is known by its more highly-finished weapons of flint and polished stone.

Amongst the relics of this age of stone none have puzzled collectors more than certain curved and pointed flakes of flint which in themselves seemed of but little use. These flakes were often found associated with other worked and chipped flints, but usually near or beneath water. For example, a great number have been obtained from the mud of the River Thames, others from a cave-dwelling in the granite cliffs of Jersey. These were in all probability fish-hooks, for they all offered facilities for being attached to shanks, after the pattern in vogue by savages of the present day, though owing, of course, to the decomposition caused by age, the shanks and lashing have long since disappeared. Fig. 1 represents one of these old flint hooks from the bed of the Thames, with its wooden shank restored to show its probable mode of finishing off. These hooks do not appear to commend themselves to us as being useful to catch fish with, but it must be borne in mind that they were used by savages, and we shall presently see how savages of our own day fish, and also how they make their hooks, for it is only by such comparison that we are able to throw any light upon those distant ages about which history is silent.

Many years ago some remarkable discoveries were made in Switzerland in the beds of many of the lakes there. These discoveries brought to light enormous quantities of relics which proved that during the latter part of the stone age in Europe there existed on the Swiss lakes villages built on piles and connected with the mainland by a sort of bridge or pier somewhat similar to what has been observed by travellers on the Central African lakes and the shores of islands of the Malay Archipelago.

The inhabitants of these very ancient Swiss lake-dwellings were not only hunters, but they also kept domesticated animals, and grew cereals and fruits, for the mud of the lake-bed has carefully preserved this valuable evidence in the shape of seed fruits, beside a host of miscellaneous objects of use—such as stone axes, flint knives, and bone and stone tools generally. But these old stone age men were also fishermen—and they naturally would be, living as they did over the water. And some of the most wonderful of their relics are various fish-hooks, which are perhaps

the oldest perfect fish-hooks ever heard of, for they do not require any restoring like the earlier stone age examples to explain their use. Here they were found lying at the bottom of the very lakes in which they had probably caught many a fish. They are made of bones and teeth of animals, the latter lashed to a shank, as were also the mandibles of birds. One particularly interesting hook was carved out in one piece from a boar's tusk, showing a considerable amount of ingenuity. From the appearance and deposition of these old lake deposits, it seems that the villages were at times destroyed by fire, as would be probable considering that the buildings were constructed of very combustible material; but other settlements were erected over the same areas afterwards; and therefore a fairly long period of time is covered by the whole series. The result is that in the later or upper deposits objects in metal begin to appear, mingled with stone weapons, showing the dawn of the metal age in which we now live, and the decadence of the stone age, which still actually lingers in the gun flint and tinder-box flint. It is amongst these later deposits of the Swiss lake-dwellings that the first metal fish-hooks are found, and they so much resemble the deep-sea hooks in use by our fishermen of to-day that we see there has really been no practical alteration in the shape since then, which may probably be reckoned as about four thousand years ago. What common object of every-day use can boast such an antiquity? Fig. 2 represents one of these metal fish-hooks; it is of bronze.

Fish-hooks of similar shape and material have also been found in Egyptian explorations, but these may not only be of the same age, but from the same source as those of the Swiss lakes, for it has been proved that these lake-dwellers were in communication with the East, and obtained materials such as nephrite for their axes, which they could not have got in Switzerland. What, therefore, prevented their obtaining metal fish-hooks from such a centre of civilisation and invention as Egypt?

Whether the Romans obtained their ideas from earlier races, or whether they made fish-hooks of their own design, we cannot say, but in all probability they only copied that which had already existed for so many years before the foundation of their great empire, for the Roman fish-hooks are almost identical in form with those of the early Egyptians and the Swiss lake-dwellers, but they are of iron, and they therefore mark the final stage in this interesting development. Many of these hooks of Roman piscators have been found in the bed of the Thames and in various excavations in London and elsewhere. Besides the large plain hook, like our own deep-sea tackle, there are many double hooks, like the pike or jack hook in use at the present time.

Of steel fish-hooks now in use nothing need be



# FISH-HOOKS OF PREHISTORIC AND UNCIVILISED RACES.



[E. Lovett, del. ad Nat.]

1. Prehistoric Flint Hook; bed of Thames (Restored).
2. Early Bronze Hook; Swiss Lake-dwellings.
3. Shell Hook; Society Islands.
4. Fijian Hook; shell, wood, and bone.
5. Shell Hook; New Hebrides.
6. Shell Hook; Society Islands.
7. Turtle-shell Hook; Fiji.

said, as they are so well known; but it will be interesting to refer to the hooks in use in countries where iron was until recently unknown, and where, therefore, the natives were compelled from sheer necessity to manufacture such objects as they required from the materials at their disposal, such as stone, shell, bone, or wood. There are now very few spots on the whole earth where iron, in some form or another, is not known; and such is its value that as soon as the natives of a locality obtain iron goods they cease to work any more in stone, shell, and other inferior material.

In the Fisheries Exhibition of 1883 there were a number of curious fish-hooks, obtained from the natives of Arctic North America; these were chiefly of bone and ivory, simply because these two materials are plentiful in that latitude, and shell is not, at any rate, not the stout, heavy shells suitable for carving into strong hooks. These Arctic hooks are very curious in form, and are also very curious in the way they are used. One kind is known as a polybarb hook, and consists of a central shank, around the base of which are lashed a number of sharp-pointed bone spikes like a miniature grappling anchor; this hook is used for fishing through holes in the ice, and for that purpose it is covered with blubber and weighted with a sinker. As soon as a fish bites the line is hauled rapidly in. Another form of Arctic hook consists of a central sinker, from which radiate four small anchor-shaped hooks of reindeer bone attached by means of thin strips of whalebone. Another is made in the form of a fish, in bone, through which is driven a common boat-nail, curled upwards to serve as a barb. A specimen of this shape, from the Franklin Search Expedition, is shown at Fig. 3.

This interesting example shows the dawn of the iron age in these remote regions, and it also shows the great inventive genius of the Eskimos, who turn such unpromising material to such a good account.

In some instances, stone, bone, and iron are used in the same hook, thus including three ages, so to speak, in one illustration.

As bone and ivory are characteristic of Arctic regions, so shell is the representative of the islands of the South Pacific, for no mammals of any size or importance occur here; but shells of massive

growth and great size abound in the coral groves and tropical inlets and bays. The natives of these islands, therefore, make their fish-hooks chiefly of shell, and very beautiful objects they are; some from New Guinea and the adjoining islands are formed by using a curved piece of the glittering *Haliotis* shell as a shank, backed by a piece of wood, to this is lashed a small bone or shell barb, or point, see Fig. 4. Others, from the New Hebrides, are cut out of beautiful mother-o'-pearl shell, with a piece of turtle-shell as a point, see Fig. 5. Some, again, are entirely composed of mother-o'-pearl shell, and very delicate they look. Fig. 6 is a plain hook of pearl shell, and Fig. 7 is an outside-barb hook of turtle-shell. Both are beautiful objects. The big shark-hooks used by the Fijians are made of a tough root of some tree, curved, and pointed with a sharp bone, or sometimes a bird's beak. Indeed, so clever are these South Pacific Islanders that nothing comes amiss to them when they want to make their implements.

These hooks are never baited, but their natural brilliancy is sometimes added to by a few European glass beads, to which fish seem particularly partial, see Fig. 5.

At first sight such hooks as these would appear useless for catching even very big fish; but when we know how they are used it does not seem so difficult, for these hooks are trailed behind a slowly-paddled canoe, and when a fish bites the line is pulled rapidly in. These lines are often made of human hair, beautifully plaited, and of great strength; they are heirlooms, and each succeeding family adds to them. The first metal hooks in the Solomon Islands were made by the natives from the wire off a wine case; the bait in this instance was necessarily artificial, and was actually *tied on* with fibre.

Implements of stone, bone, and shell now are but seldom seen, for iron and steel have penetrated to the uttermost parts of the earth. We shall soon hear of the natives of Fiji or the New Hebrides sending to London for the best salmon fly-hooks that can be obtained; for a salmon fly, being unlike anything that ever lived anywhere, enjoys the reputation of being the most perfect hook that has been made since the days of the old flint-chippers of the stone age.

E. LOVETT.

### CECILIA VERNER'S FORTUNE.

IT was a hot day in July. The grass looked like Indian matting, it was so brown, and there were great thirsty cracks in the ground. The air was simmering with heat, but everything else was quiet under the burning noonday sun. There was a cool retreat—as far as anything could be cool—in the lime avenue at Oldham Court, and here two people sat together, while the bees murmured drowsily overhead, and a little hot wind stirred the topmost branches every now and again. They

were not talking much; it was too hot for animated conversation; and besides, both these people were out of spirits. They had been engaged seven years, and as matters now stood there seemed every chance of their waiting seven more. Cecilia Verner was the squire's eldest daughter. She was slight and fair, with a sweet, gentle face. She had been thought very pretty in the county when she first "came out" at the Hardingbourne ball, and had been greatly admired. Then she had

engaged herself, a year afterwards, to her penniless cousin William Walmer, and no one had taken any further interest in her. The pretty roses had faded from her cheeks as the years went by, and a grave careworn look had replaced the bright smile.

"How poor Cecy Verner has gone off!" people said. "It's that stupid engagement, and Will Walmer never can have any more means than he has now, and I don't see who is to give him a living."

Nor were Mr. and Mrs. Vernon well pleased. The Walmers were certainly cousins, but in a lower social position, and, except Will, there was no member of the family with whom they cared to be intimate. Will was a hard-working young curate in a big, neglected country parish not far from Oldham, and in an evil hour (as Mrs. Verner afterwards considered) he had been asked to spend Christmas at the Court. To every one's consternation the two cousins had returned from skating one afternoon, and had announced their engagement. They had persisted in it, in spite of the opposition they met with on all sides. Cecy gave up her share of "going out" to her younger sisters, and studied the question of domestic economy. "Directly you can both of you make up £700 a year together, the wedding shall take place," the squire had said. Alas! so far they could only make up £400, and that included the £150 which the squire had promised to allow Cecy.

Poor people! No wonder that they felt depressed, for in addition to the dreary prospect of waiting indefinitely, Will had been obliged, by the death of his vicar, to give up his curacy near Oldham, and to take one in the north of England, "hundreds of miles away," as Cecy sadly observed. It was their last day together for many a long month, and that very morning Will had had a harassing interview with Mr. Verner.

"It's for you and Cecilia to consider whether you had not both of you better make up your minds to give it up. It was a silly business from the first, and to speak my mind out, my boy, you are both wasting your time."

The same thing had been said to Cecy many hundred times—with variations.

Cecilia was poking the point of her parasol into a crack in the baked earth, and Will, with his hat over his honest square face, was lying flat on the ground. At last Cecy spoke.

"Will, I've been thinking." Her voice was very tremulous.

"Well?"

"Only this. Perhaps I am a drag to you. If it's better—for you—that we should consider it hopeless—I am ready."

Will's voice came out gruff and muffled from under his hat.

"It's you that it matters about. What odds can it make to me, beyond being a hope and a bright spot in my life?"

"Ah, Will!" cried Cecy, with conviction, "for me it is everything in the world."

So matters remained as they were, and they agreed that they would wait and hope, even if they

waited and hoped for another seven years. But when Will was gone there were many dreary days in store for Cecy. Her younger sister Amelia, who had married a rich neighbour—"over Miss Cecy's head," as the village people said—used to drive over in her pretty little pony-cart to see her, and would talk in the brutally prosperous and unsympathetic way some people employ to their less fortunate friends.

"You see you're throwing your life away. All your youth is passing, and what have you to show for it? It's so different with me, you know. I certainly do have the best time of any woman I know. Frank would give me anything I fancied. And then, of course, my position is a very pleasant one. I can entertain as much as ever I like, and just the kind of people I like. Now, you know, my dear Cecy, if ever you are able to marry Will (and I am sure, poor dear, I wish it would come all right, though I don't see how it ever can) you would be shut up in a little poky country parsonage for the rest of your life, with only those dowdy Walmer girls and that vulgar Tom Walmer and his wife as your visitors. Of course Will is a dear good fellow, and we are all very fond of him. But it's all this waiting, and then the odious poverty, I think of."

Then Amelia would press Cecy to come and stay with her. "It will distract your thoughts, and we are always having people. Next week there are two good archery meetings, and a big garden party at the castle, and I shall have a house full for it; but I dare say we shall be able to squeeze you in somehow. You wouldn't mind the little box-room next the nursery, would you?"

Or she would go over and over all the difficulties in Cecy's way, until gentle, desponding Cecilia would ache all over.

"I wish I could see, my poor dear Cecy, any hope of any sort or kind, but Frank has no church patronage. Who on earth is likely to give Will a living? It isn't as though he were a wonderful preacher. You won't misunderstand me, Cecy, and think I am running him down, for I am sure we all look upon him as a most excellent parish clergyman. Frank says always that Will is one of the most hard-working men he knows, and just suited for some country place. But then, in these days talent is so much thought of."

Meanwhile, Will was working in his new curacy. It was in the outskirts of a manufacturing town in that part of England where all the country seems a great network of towns and suburbs. Everything was black, and the air was charged with noisome smells. The river was a turbid, discoloured flood between barren banks, on which were here and there a dying oak or a soiled willow.

The people were rough, but kind-hearted. However, Will was blunt and plain enough himself to understand rough and ready ways. He was an honest, simple, good-hearted young fellow, brilliant in no way, but always trustworthy, very humble, and with a strong sense of duty. People are sometimes taken at their own valuation. Will's estimate of himself was very low, and, with

the exception of Cecy, his cousins and the county society round Oldham had looked down upon him. But the sick and poor in his parish, and the children in the village school, thought there was no one in the world to equal him. Bit by bit Will gained ground in his new parish. There was plenty of work to be done, and it was very different work to that he had been accustomed to in the south. The principal landowner in the parish was a lady—a widow, Lady Honoria Wyngate—but she was away when Will arrived. He went, however, one day to the Hall, to speak to the housekeeper, who was Lady Honoria's almoner in her absence, and dispensed soups and jellies to the sick and needy at the clergyman's request. The house was a great pile of grey stone, stained with soot. It faced a huge gaunt avenue of tarnished trees, leading to a large artificial lake full of black water. The park was dreary enough. The once fine trees were dying inch by inch from the effects of the neighbouring chemical works. But the shrubberies were extremely beautiful, and the lawns were carefully kept, and brilliant with geraniums and calceolarias, vivid spots of colour in the dull scenery.

The housekeeper, Mrs. Yerrin, was a stately old lady, who at once promised that every sort of nourishing food should be sent to the sick child on whose behalf Will had come. "Her ladyship," she said, "never would allow any poor person in the parish to want for anything."

She asked Will whether he would care to see the pictures, and led him through great dismantled rooms, where hung a beautiful collection of works of art. Will knew little, and cared less, about pictures; but he could not help feeling that there must be priceless gems among those that were now shown him. When they were in the great drawing-room, and Mrs. Yerrin was pointing out in a dignified manner the beauties of a Van Dyck, they heard a carriage drive up to the door, and then the peal of the bell. Mrs. Yerrin stepped to the window to see whom it could be. She uttered a little scream. "Oh, sir! it's her ladyship herself!"

And she bustled off, leaving poor Will irresolute in the middle of the room. He heard an opening of doors and a hum of voices, among which he distinguished some full, deep tones, and rightly concluded them to belong to Lady Honoria. He debated in his own mind whether he should endeavour to escape at once, but he reflected that he should probably meet her in the front hall on his way out. Then the door opened, and a tall, dark woman, dressed in some cool grey material, entered the room, followed by Mrs. Yerrin, who was saying some confused sentences in an apologetic tone.

Lady Honoria was very handsome; she was tall and stately, with an erect figure and a rigidly dignified carriage. There was a weary expression of discontent on her face that marred the perfect beauty of the clear-cut features. No one who ever saw her could fail to understand that she was a proud woman, who had suffered cruelly. Yet it was possible to conceive that the hard, dark eyes

could light up with tenderness and affection, and that the drooping, melancholy lines of the mouth might break into a very sweet smile. However that might be, Lady Honoria was, at all events, a very alarming person to meet for the first time. She had that scorn for the majority of her fellow-creatures which cannot be concealed, but betrays itself in every look and tone. She had, when a girl of eighteen, been married, almost against her will, to an enormously rich man, who had treated her shamefully. He drank himself to death after five years of brutality and cruelty towards his wife, which she endured with contemptuous courage. Such a life would have broken the heart of another woman. It turned Honoria to stone; she was harsh, bitter, and unforgiving. She laughed scornfully at the paraphernalia of mourning which in the first years of her widowhood custom imposed upon her.

"Why should I wear black?" she said, with a hard laugh. "I ought instead to have worn it all these five years if mourning is any sign of wretchedness. But now my deliverance has come. It would be far more sensible if I had worn black when my poor old dog died—he always was good to me; or when that cripple-child in the lodge died. I loved her, and she loved me. But from my husband I never received anything but insults."

Mr. Wyngate had left her all his property unconditionally.

"No money," she said, "in the world could ever make amends. If I only thought he could know it I would not touch one single penny of it, but as there is something to be done for the people on the estate and the charities in the town, which might remain undone if I refused to take the money, I accept it, though I despise it—and him."

Her friends had hoped that time would soften the remembrance of her suffering, but years went by, and at two-and-thirty she was still as hard and bitter as ever.

Will was by nature very shy, and had a habit of stammering. But he pulled himself together, and said, frankly, "I hope I'm not in the way, but I came to ask Mrs. Yerrin for some soup or jelly for a consumptive child in the town, and she was kind enough to show me the pictures."

And he was going to bow himself out, when Lady Honoria stopped him.

"Pray finish looking at the pictures," she said, frigidly. "I wish some time to speak to you, Mr. Walmer, or to the rector, on the subject of a school-treat, if you will be good enough to spare me a few minutes."

"Any time you like will do for me," answered Will. "The rector is ill, so it is out of the question for him. When should I come? As to the pictures," he added, honestly, "I know nothing about them, and I don't care particularly about art either. So I needn't trouble you to-day by staying to see them now."

Lady Honoria was amused at his frankness. "If you have the time at your disposal," she said, a little less frigidly, "perhaps you will stay and discuss the matter with me. But if the pictures



are no object, there is no need to stay in this dismantled room. We should be more comfortable on the lawn under the beech-tree—and tea can be brought out there."

Accordingly, they sat under the beech on the lawn. Will was astonished at the knowledge Honoria displayed of the individual needs of the parish. Her voice and manner softened when she spoke of the sick and needy. Once Will fancied there were tears in the proud, dark eyes when he talked, in his simple, outspoken way, of the consumptive child on whose behalf he had come to the Hall.

"He's only a little chap," he said, "about five—but I don't think he can live long. Not that one could wish him to, with that cough that keeps him awake all night. It's a wretched house, too—a drunken mother, and almost all the furniture out at pawn. And the heat is dreadful in the low, stuffy room."

A little breeze was just ruffling the trees, and bringing with it the scent of the heliotrope and the mignonette in the beds. The pretty tea-table before them was laden with delicate china, glistening silver, hothouse grapes and peaches, and golden honey. The thought of the sick child, deprived of all except the barest necessities, in the hot, comfortless room, rose before Honoria, and she sighed. Her troubles had never hardened her heart to the poor. It was her own class—"Society"—that she despised and hated.

"I will go and see him," she said.

A week later, a heavy, thundery evening, when Will chanced to look in on the sick child, he found Honoria seated by the bedside talking to the boy. She had a big bunch of choice flowers in her hand and there was a large basket full of good things on the table. As the young clergyman entered, she resumed her proud, chilly manner.

"I'll come again another time, as Tom has company already," said Will.

But the child raised a piteous cry at this and stretched out his little wasted arms.

"No. Don't go," said Lady Honoria more kindly, "Tom wants you." And she made room for him. In another moment Tom had one of Will's big hands between his little transparent ones, and was softly patting it.

"That's what he always does," said Will, apologetically.

When Lady Honoria and Will left the house together, she asked him in that imperious way of hers which made a request sound like a command, to walk part of the way back with her to discuss parish matters.

Great masses of tawny clouds were rolling up the sky, and from time to time there was an ominous growl of distant thunder. When they reached the edge of the shrubberies there was a dazzling flash, quickly followed by a deafening clap, and then by large, heavy drops of rain.

"We'd better run for it!" said Will; and they started off in time to get in before they were quite drenched. The hurried movement had brought the colour to Lady Honoria's cheeks, and a bright-

ness to her eyes. She looked almost girlish, and it seemed as though her icy manner had thawed for the time. She pressed Will to stay for dinner, as there seemed no chance of the storm clearing for some time, and he passed a very pleasant evening with Lady Honoria and Miss Chapman, her old governess, who lived with her. Miss Chapman was a mild old lady with weak blue eyes and tight flaxen curls. Lady Honoria was always gentle and considerate towards her. In the drawing-room, after dinner, Honoria sat down to the piano and sang song after song in her deep, rich, stirring voice. She had "tears" in her voice; a vibrating tone of pathos that seemed to search the inmost recesses of the heart. All that was tender and good in her seemed to speak in those pure, powerful notes.

And so an intimacy sprang up and ripened between these very dissimilar people. It became at last an understood thing that Will was a privileged person at the Hall. He was always a welcome guest, and gradually Lady Honoria showed her better side to him, and he learnt to know and to admire the real tenderness, the depth, and the loyalty of the nature which had been so cruelly warped. His whole heart was set on Cecy, and it never occurred to him there could be any danger in such an intimacy. There was none for him, and he was far too modest to think there could be any for Lady Honoria. He never spoke of his engagement to Cecilia, but this was only from a reticence that was habitual to him. He concluded that his engagement was generally known, but he had never supposed that his affairs could interest other people. Once or twice, when Honoria had been specially kind and friendly, it had crossed his mind how pleasant it would be to speak to her sometimes of Cecy, but he checked the thought by remembering how boring the rhapsodies of lovers are always said to be. He never suspected the strange, unacknowledged sweetness, and the new interest in life, and belief in happiness and in goodness, which his friendship had given to Lady Honoria. It may seem curious that so ordinary a young man as Will Walmer should have called forth feeling in a nature like Honoria's, but no one can foretell what chance movement in a room will set a musical instrument vibrating. In some such strange way Will had struck unawares the dormant human chord in Honoria's heart, and had drawn perilously sweet music from it.

It was impossible that the intimacy should pass unnoticed by the neighbourhood. One day the rector's daughter, a sour, disagreeable old maid, handed to the young clergyman, with an acid smile, a newspaper which announced that a marriage was arranged between the Reverend William Walmer and Lady Honoria Wyngate.

"I am dying to know whether it's true," she said, "and whether you have thrown over Miss Verner?"

Will read the paragraph, turned scarlet, indignantly contradicted the report, and fled home. What was he to do? It was most annoying. No doubt Lady Honoria would be very much vexed, and their pleasant friendship must come to an

end. He avoided her and the Hall for about a fortnight, at the end of which he received an invitation from her to dine any evening that week that suited him. He had no choice but to accept it. Indeed, he was pleased to see that Lady Honoria was evidently not displeased with him, and he resolved to be as little constrained in manner as was possible.

It was a bitter December evening. There was a black east wind that threatened snow; it seemed to freeze the blood in your veins, and it was a pleasant change to come in from the dark ice-bound world outside to the great, stately rooms, warmed by blazing fires, and sweet with the scent of hothouse flowers. Will thought he had never seen Lady Honoria looking so beautiful, or indeed so kind. She was dressed in some rich soft material of a delicate peach colour, high to the throat. Many-coloured opals shone in her dark hair, fastened the clouds of filmy lace, and secured the spray of pale hothouse roses on her breast.

"I shall talk to her about Cecy; she looks so friendly, I don't think it will bore her," thought the misguided man, as she came to meet him with a bright look on her face.

No one spoke much at dinner. Miss Chapman seemed agitated, and Will fancied she wished to convey to him something she was not able to express. When they met once more in the drawing-room, Miss Chapman rose hurriedly from her chair, mumbled something about fetching some work; and then, carefully looking round, to see that Honoria was not observing her, she fixed her eyes piteously on Will's face.

"Oh, my dear—" she said, imploringly, "oh, my dear young man, you will be considerate"—and she was gone.

Lady Honoria was standing by the fire, with her back turned to Will. She was shading her face with a large hand-screen made of the brilliant plumage of some tropical bird. At last she turned to him, but with her face still hidden.

"Mr. Walmer!"

He came to her, wondering, and was still more surprised when she lowered the screen, and he saw that her eyes were full of tears. Her voice sounded very gentle. You might almost have caught the sound of a sob in the deep, low tones.

"Why have you never been to see me for so long? Was it on account of the report? *That* need not part us."

"I'm so glad," said Will, blunderingly; "you've been so kind to me, I could not bear to be the cause of annoyance to you. I don't know what I should have done without your kindness, for I

didn't know a soul here when I came. And now, if you say we can be friends as before—"

"Friends as before, Mr. Walmer." Her voice was now constrained and forced.

"Yes—then it's all right," concluded Will.

There was a long pause.

It is astonishing how sometimes the proudest people will humble themselves. Honoria turned away her face; and then, in tones in which love and pride contended:

"It was not—not—because I was rich that you didn't come?"

Ah! the blindness of our honest, simple-minded young clergyman! It was only afterwards, when he thought it all over, that he guessed her meaning. As it was, he answered:

"Well, I thought you would be vexed by the report, and would think it was my fault. You know, Lady Honoria, I have been engaged this long while to my cousin, Miss Verner, and whoever put that nonsense into the papers ought to have known all about it. It's no secret. We've been engaged nearly eight years now, and we are only waiting until I get a living. I do wish you knew Cecy. You couldn't help liking her."

Lady Honoria had turned very white, but she listened quietly, and even apparently with sympathy, to his story, and his praises of Cecilia. But when he took her hand at parting, it struck him that she looked ill and tired.

There was, however, a letter awaiting him at his lodgings, which soon put everything else out of his mind. It was an offer of a small country living in Wiltshire, from an old college friend. His marriage with Cecy was now possible; and in a few months he was happily settled in his rectory, with Cecy for his wife. One day, when Will took up the newspaper, he saw, with a start of surprise, the announcement of the death of Lady Honoria Wyngate. There had been an outbreak of typhus in the town, the paper said, and after nursing the sick in the most devoted manner, she had succumbed herself to the illness. Will was much grieved, but it was just in the early days of his marriage, and it seemed almost impossible to think long of anything else except his and Cecy's happiness. However, the next morning brought him news that concerned him nearly Lady Honoria had, with the exception of several legacies, left him all her enormous wealth.

Cecilia is now very rich, richer, far, than Amelia; but Amelia says: "Nothing could ever make Will and Cecy smart. They will always be dear good creatures, given up entirely to good works, and all that sort of thing; but dreadfully dowdy, you know!"

ANNE FELLOWES.

## MORE ABOUT NEST-BUILDING.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD.

I HAVE read with much interest Mr. C. Dixon's account of the chaffinch as a nest-maker in New Zealand. See "Leisure Hour," May, 1888.

That the nest is very dissimilar to that of the ordinary European chaffinch is beyond all possibility of doubt. But, that the dissimilarity is owing to lack of instruction I cannot believe. No one, I hope, will accuse me of any desire to detract from the rational and intellectual capacities of those animals which live upon a lower plane of existence than our own.

Yet, I cannot accept Mr. Dixon's assertion that "a bird's song, as well as the language of mankind—the art of fabricating a bird's-nest, as well as that of building a dwelling—either by savage or civilised man, has all to be *learned*. The desire to make a nest may be instinct pure and simple, but instinct can go no farther; imitation, memory, and tuition then become the all-guiding impulses."

This assertion seems to me without an atom of positive proof. Did any one ever see the elder birds making a nest for the instruction of the young and ignorant? On the contrary, experience tells us that the young and their parents diverge from each other as widely as possible as soon as the former are fully fledged and able to shift for themselves. That the parents should undertake the task of tuition is not only incredible, but impossible.

Perhaps it may be said, that although the young may not actually be taught by their parents, they can learn the business of nest-making by observing the workmanship of their elders before they begin to make nests for themselves. No one, however, who has watched the proceedings of birds when nest-building, would advance such a theory. No birds would tolerate the presence of spectators on such an occasion. Only fancy a pair of old and experienced chaffinches building a nest, surrounded by a group of young pupils, who are engaged in watching and treasuring in their memories the proceedings of their tutors! Was such a sight ever witnessed? Or, can we imagine newly-fledged chaffinches saying to themselves, "Next year we shall want to build nests for ourselves, so let us find out how papa and mamma made the nest in which we were hatched. We know that the inside was made of hair, feathers, and down—but we must examine the outside, and see now that was made?" So, they investigate the exterior of the nest, and treasure up the result of their investigations. "Next year we must look out for a nicely-forked branch in which the nest can be snugly concealed, so that it cannot be seen from below. Then we must make the body of the nest of grass, moss, hair, and similar materials. We must line it as our nursery was lined, and we must get plenty of spider-webs, and lichens, and

fasten them on the outside of the nest, so as to make it resemble the bark of the tree, and deceive the eyes of weasels, vipers, and bird-nesting boys."

Even granting that all this educational process were possible, the feathered pupils would be obliged to retain all their newly-acquired knowledge in their memories through the winter until the following spring, and then to reduce it to practice! Why, not even man could achieve such a task as this. The birds would have had no actual practice in the art, and could no more learn to build nests by seeing others do so many months previously than boys and girls could learn how to build a house by watching the workmen. An apprenticeship of practical work, involving many failures and much waste of material, is required before a bricklayer or carpenter is allowed to handle a trowel or chisel on his own account; and if a bird were, like man, to learn the art of house-building by instruction from others, it would be obliged, like man, to practise its craft under the eye of its master before it could be trusted to make a nest for itself.

Man, even with all his intellect, must pass through years of training, whereas the chaffinches have no such opportunity. They do not practise nest-building for several years before they found a family, but are hatched in one year and build in the following spring. If birds learned their business as man does we should find plenty of nests in various stages of perfection, the fourth or fifth nest being far better than the first, and the sixth or seventh more highly finished than the fifth. Now during my young days I have invaded as many nests of various birds as any one, and I never yet saw a single chaffinch or goldfinch nest which could be set down as the imperfect work of a young and inexperienced bird. The first nest which a bird makes is as good in point of structure as the last. At first the bird will sometimes make a mistake in the locality of the nest, and leave it in too exposed a situation. But the structure of the nest is just as perfect as that which it will make after an experience of six or seven years.

Tuition is therefore impossible. As to imitation, supposing an egg of a flycatcher to be placed in the nest of a swallow, and there hatched and nurtured, are we to believe that the young bird, when it attains maturity, will make a mud-nest like that of its foster-parent? We might as well say that young ducks learn the art of swimming by imitating their parents, and that if the eggs were hatched under a hen, in some place from which all other ducks were excluded, the young ducklings would be unable to swim, and as afraid of the water as the hen which hatched them.

Let us pass for a while from the birds to creatures which can have no opportunity of being taught by their parents or other instructors, and



which never see a nest which they could copy. I will take only three such examples out of any number which might be cited—namely, the common silkworm, the little-ermine moth (*Hyponomeuta padella*), and the emperor moth (*Saturnia pavonia-minor*).

Neither of these creatures has seen its parent, nor has it been brought up in a nest which it might copy—"the result of memory—the dim remembrance of the little home in which they first saw the light," as Mr. Dixon puts it. Their fathers died before their mothers laid the eggs from which they were hatched, and their mothers died before the young caterpillars "first saw the light." No experienced moths existed by whom they could be taught the art of nest-building as practised by themselves when they were caterpillars. Neither did they ever see a nest which had been made by their predecessors. They had to start without teaching, and without a copy which they might imitate.

Yet no sooner were the little-ermine caterpillars hatched than they simultaneously set to work in spinning a common web of extraordinary complexity, divided into chambers, and supplemented by threads of wonderful strength, extending for many yards in various directions, and acting as convenient paths on which the black-spotted caterpillars can travel. In the very heart of London I have seen an entire tree enveloped in the silken web of this insect, the whole of the little court in which the tree grew being traversed in every direction by the tough thread-tracks, so that it was not possible to cross the court without clearing away the threads.

As to the silkworm, we are all of us familiar with the cocoon which it spins, and most of us are aware that upon the perfection of this cocoon depend the lives of millions of human beings. Yet the silkworm never makes but one cocoon in its life, so that it cannot attain perfection by practice, neither can it learn from other silkworms how to construct its temporary home.

The pear-shaped cocoon of the emperor moth is even more wonderful than that of the silkworm. As may be seen when it is severed longitudinally, it is a double cocoon, the mouth of the inner structure being guarded by short, stiff, bristle-like threads, all converging to a point over the opening at the smaller end, and effectually debarring the intrusion of any foe, while they yield to pressure from within, so as to permit the insect to emerge when it has attained its full development.

That these nests are the result of pure—not "blind"—instinct, without the least admixture of reason, there can be no doubt; and such is the case with the birds, as long as the normal conditions remain unaltered. But, when man interferes with nature, and either imprisons a bird in a cage, or transports it to a strange land, its instincts are insufficient for the due performance of its ordinary tasks, and it is obliged to supplement instinct with reason, and to make the best of the altered conditions in which it finds itself. So, a weaver-bird, if supplied with thread, will twist it in and out of the bars of its cage, just as a beaver which was kept in a furnished room made a dam with

sticks, brooms, and other household articles, for the purpose of securing the desired supply of water, in which he found the room deficient.

In like manner, the chaffinches which were turned loose in New Zealand found themselves suddenly placed in conditions of which they were wholly ignorant. The trees did not grow like those of England. Not a plant even resembled those from which they obtained the materials for their former nest "in a Surrey orchard." The seasons were different from those of England, and so were the native birds. Native beasts there were none, so that there was no need to hide the nest from the weasel, or marten, or polecat. No viper exists in New Zealand, and the bird-nesting boy is unknown. So that three of the bird's worst foes were wanting. In point of fact, it had no foes at all against which it was necessary to guard its home; and even if it had desired to build a nest like that of the Surrey orchard, it had no materials which it could employ for the purpose. Had the bird remained in England, instinct would have been amply sufficient for its purposes. But, when it was transplanted into a strange country, and brought into contact with an unknown fauna and flora, it must either accommodate itself to the new conditions or perish. It was therefore obliged to abandon its natural instincts, to fall back on its reason, and make the best of surrounding circumstances.

Only last year a pair of wagtails acted in a very similar fashion.

Soleure, in Switzerland, is a noted watchmaking locality. Every one who is acquainted with clockwork is aware that all mainsprings are liable to snap without giving warning and without ill-treatment. Consequently at Soleure great numbers of broken springs were removed from watches and thrown aside as useless. The wagtails, however, thought that these springs would make a good nest and save them the trouble of hunting for the usual materials. So they made their nests of watchsprings, their reason having superseded their instinct, just as was the case with the New Zealand chaffinches, but with less cause. The nest, which is about four inches in diameter, may be seen in the museum at Soleure.

Insects, when deprived of their usual materials for nest-making, will employ their reason, and substitute materials which they would not have touched under ordinary circumstances. Some years ago I put into a box a larva of the common gold-tail moth (*Liparis auriflua*). It happened to be full fed, and at once began to spin a web in which it might undergo its change into the pupal state. Under ordinary conditions it would have spun the web among the foliage of its food-plant, the delicate threads being strengthened by the leaves and twigs, which are interwoven with the web. No plants, however, were in the box, but it happened that I had placed in it a fine specimen of one of our large dragon-flies. Being at a loss for materials wherewith to strengthen its web, the caterpillar fell back upon its reasoning powers, cut the wings of the dragon-fly into little pieces, and wove them into its nest.

Again, during the Crimean war, the investing



armies about Sebastopol stripped the whole country of trees and shrubs, the larger portions being used for fuel, and the smaller being woven into gabions and fascines. Now, all the true wasps make their nests of wood, which they first nibble into small filaments and then masticate, mixed with saliva, until it forms a pulp, which, when dry, is in fact a rough kind of paper. Some species prefer sound wood, while others use that which is partially decayed; but wood of some sort they must have. It follows, therefore, that all the wasps of the district were deprived of their usual materials for nest-building, and were reduced almost to the condition of the New Zealand chaffinches.

More fortunate, however, than the birds, the insects found plenty of paper ready-made. They seized upon the empty cartridge-cases, which were strewn by thousands over the scene of con-

flict, masticated them, and with this new material formed their cells. I examined one of these remarkable nests, and was interested to see that the wasps had availed themselves impartially of the French and English cartridge-cases, one being blue and the other white. Each cell, therefore, was striped horizontally with these two colours, so that the whole group presented a most extraordinary appearance. Here again, the insects abandoned their usual instincts, and made use of their intellect. But, for the reasons that have already been given, neither insect could have been taught to make its nest, or could have learnt the art by imitating nests which had been made by its predecessors. Were it not that my allotted space is exhausted, I might have something to say regarding the song of birds, which, certainly, may owe something to imitation, but, as certainly, is not "all to be learnt," as has been suggested.



## NOTES ON CURRENT SCIENCE, INVENTION, AND DISCOVERY.

### THE GREAT RED SPOT ON JUPITER.

ONE of the most interesting and promising studies of the newer astronomy is that of the surface-markings of the planets. Certainly the most notable event in the annals of this branch of the science is the apparition during the past ten years of the now famous Great Red Spot on Jupiter.

Before proceeding to a detailed notice of a phenomenon which has made so great a stir in the astronomical world, a word or two may be said on the significance and value of planetary markings generally. The aim of the study is to discriminate such markings as may be permanent and pertain to the solid body of the globe on which they appear as against those which are more or less changeable and fugitive, although these latter may yet have considerable value as clues to the nature of the planetary surface below. Already, in at least one of the planets as seen from the earth, there is no difficulty in broadly discriminating between the fixed and the changeable markings in question. Astronomers are agreed that in Mars we see with the telescope the actual surface of the planet, its polar ice-caps expanding and contracting as winter or summer comes on, and the general outline of its larger continental features. Here the task of the observer, equipped with a moderately powerful telescope, has become in recent years comparatively simple. Mars is not permanently veiled with dense and impenetrable clouds, nor does it dazzle the eye and utterly defeat our scrutiny by the kind of glitter which baffles us in Venus. Mars possesses a rarefied, and, for the most part, transparent atmosphere, probably more transparent than that of our own earth. His observed lineaments are beyond dispute those of permanent ground-markings. As

a world comparable with our own, Mars is open to observation to a degree which has greatly contributed to the views at present entertained with regard to the sequence of events in the physical history of the planets.

The case is very different when we turn our eyes to the giant planet Jupiter. Here the scene and the problems presented are of a far more complicated kind. We have no direct view of the planet's fixed surface, if, indeed, it has any surface at all. Atmospheric phenomena of a stupendous character fill the view. Jupiter is loaded with vapours so dense that our telescopes fail to tell us with certainty what is below them. In the huge and rapid production of vapour of rapidly variable forms, we seem to be in presence of a grand igneous laboratory of Nature, in which a seething world in its earliest stage is being slowly prepared.

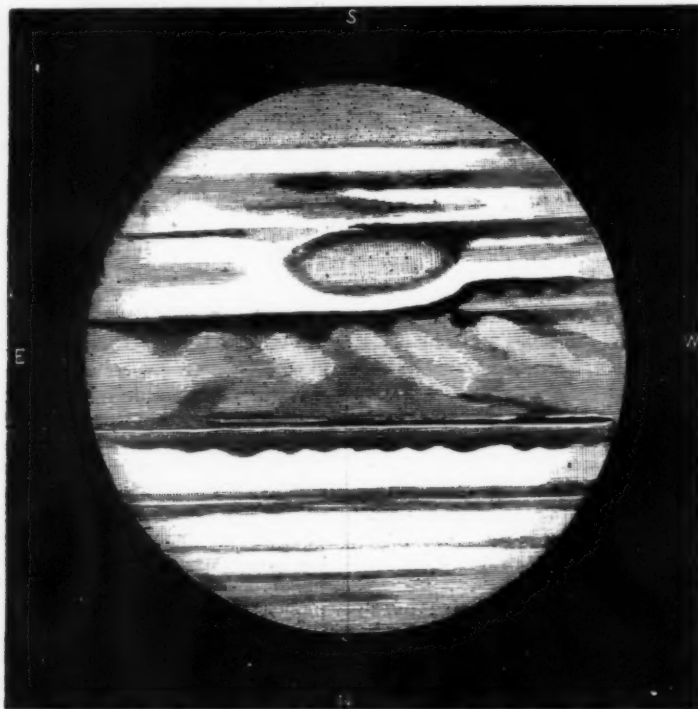
Jupiter's atmosphere is not simply a few hundred, but many thousands of miles in thickness. His enormous atmospheric envelope is loaded with vaporous masses by some influence at work far below it, sending up continuously enormous masses of cloud, to be filtered into bands under the action of the swift rotation of the first planet. If Mars and the earth may be fitly called, in a physical sense, "finished worlds," it may not be unreasonable, in the present state of our knowledge, to conceive that in Jupiter we see an example of an "unfinished world"—a world still in the making.

The Great Red Spot on Jupiter is the most notable of the phenomena which seem to speak of Jupiter in the character just mentioned. It is, indeed, the most startling feature which has yet confronted the new science of the atmospheric markings of the sun and planets. It first began to receive systematic attention from telescopists

some ten years since, and the numerous observations of Jupiter's atmosphere to which it has led unquestionably indicate that this planet will be the centre of some important discoveries in the future. Its position on the planet, its oval figure, and relative dimensions are represented in the accompanying woodcut. In the year 1878 Professor Hough, of the Dearborn Observatory, Chicago, took its measurements, and assigned it the enormous length of 29,600 miles, and a maximum breadth of 8,300 miles. Its area is about two

sphere—that of a uniformly elliptical outline. The belts on Jupiter may close up in a few hours, so tremendous are the atmospheric forces at work there; but amid all the convulsions which may rage around it, the Great Red Spot preserves its fixity of outline undisturbed.

This remarkable phenomenon of course revolves with the planet, coming to the same meridian about every ten hours. The question now arises, looking at the stability of the feature in question, Can the Great Red Spot be simply an



Mr. W. F. Denning's drawing of Jupiter, showing the Great Red Spot, February 12, 1888; 18h. 35m.  
(The Spot, oval in outline, is seen south of the great equatorial Cloud-Belt.)

hundred million square miles, while it is about fifty times as large as that of Europe—that is, about equal to the entire surface of the earth. It is situated in about  $30^\circ$ , or somewhat less, of south Jovian latitude.

When first it excited the attention of telescopists (in the autumn of 1878), the Great Red Spot was of an intense rose-colour, presenting a strong contrast to its white, luminous background. Other observers, employing a refracting telescope, described it as of a brick-red colour. From the year 1878 to 1881 this startling appearance attracted the widest notice and exercised the ingenuity of our most accomplished physical astronomers. The colour of the Spot began to pale in the year 1882, and since that period it has remained of a faint, though perfectly obvious, pinkish tinge.

The more important fact has yet to be mentioned. During the whole period of its existence it has maintained its shape in the Jovian atmo-

spheric phenomenon? Or is it an opening in the atmosphere through which we see the dominant hue of the low-lying regions of the actual surface of the planet? Are we, in other words, watching something like the gradual formation in these lurid regions of a huge continent upon Jupiter? This was the view which at first suggested itself to several good observers, who still, with very slight modifications, hold to that opinion. Professor Hough and Mr. W. T. Lynn are amongst those who consider that the position and persistence of the Spot are most likely determined by some formation on the actual surface (so far as it has such) of the planet.

The chief opponent of this view, Mr. W. F. Denning, who is one of the most eminent telescopic observers of the Great Red Spot, has recently seen reason to modify his objections. Mr. Denning formerly held that the Spot was a purely atmospheric phenomenon. His later views are given in the *Journal of the Liverpool Astro-*

nomical Society. "My own opinions," Mr. Denning writes, "have changed during the progress of observation." And he has been led to believe that the Spot is much more closely connected with the surface of Jupiter than he had imagined. This more intimate connection may be inferred from its rotation period, which very nearly coincides with the rotation period of the planet itself. "True, of the physical nature of the Spot we know nothing. What agency produced it, and moulded the definite elliptical outline it has always preserved, and what forces induce its oscillations of speed, are matters of theory. My own opinion of the Spot is that it represents an opening in the aerial envelope of Jupiter, through which, in 1879-82, we saw the red denser vapours of his lower strata."

Mr. Denning goes on to remark that the lighter tint of the Spot during the past few years is probably due to the filling in of the cavity by the encroachment of the clouds in the vicinity. It must again be remembered that a dark veil of vapours surrounds the planet. These are subject to violent derangement that may arise from the evolution of heated material or gaseous fluids from the surface below. Extensive fissures are probably formed in the atmosphere, in the first place by some corresponding centre of activity on the surface of the planet. These are quickly distended in longitude by the natural effect of the planet's tremendous velocity of rotation. It is hardly possible to conceive that this oval feature in the atmosphere of Jupiter should be able to maintain a durable outline for at least ten years (it is now believed that the same Spot has been visible in the same form for perhaps a century, although obscured at intervals by the interposition of clouds at greater height), unless there were some corresponding local source of energy below, directly related to Jupiter's more solid or viscous body.

Such is one of the wonderful aspects presented by an "unfinished world." The Great Red Spot still remains visible. The picture of it here reproduced was taken by Mr. Denning on February 12 of the present year; and such is the fixity of the markings, both as regards the Spot and the belts, that it requires an experienced professional eye to distinguish the picture from that taken by the same astronomer in December, 1881. During the next few oppositions of the planet, it is hoped the southern observatories will employ their resources in those observations of the Great Red Spot and its associated markings, for which they are so favourably placed.

#### GAS SPRINGS IN ENGLAND

The prevalence of natural gas springs or geysers in the great mineral oil regions of Pennsylvania and Ohio has already been noticed in our pages, and a former issue contained an engraving of one of these huge jets rising to a height of more than two hundred feet,<sup>1</sup> its accidental ignition lighting up the country at night for many miles round. In

some cases these geysers are utilised to supply villages and towns, so that the residents are spared the expense of erecting costly works for gas manufacture. The capacity of the Mammoth Karg Spring at Findlay, Ohio, is estimated at forty million cubic feet per day. The discovery of similar sources of supply in the British Isles has naturally been a matter of speculation, although geologists well know that the rocks which contain huge natural reservoirs of petroleum must in this area be of very limited extent. Still, the oil stains frequently seen in sandstone around Edinburgh and Glasgow; the beds of bituminous shale and gas springs in Lancashire, Shropshire, and Derbyshire, warranted the belief in the existence of such subterranean supplies; and last year expectation was verified in an interesting manner. In June a "blower" of natural gas was struck in the underground workings of the Hebburn Colliery, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, and remained for fully six months a source of annoyance and danger to all in the pit. At the commencement of the present year—as the flow seemed likely to be permanent—it was decided to utilise it by running a 6-in. pipe from the "blower" to the surface, and burning the gas in one or more boilers. On the 26th of February the gas was successfully lighted in a large Lancashire boiler which has continued to work steadily ever since. It is believed that the flow is sufficient to supply four boilers, and three others are accordingly to be connected with the gas main. The gas is introduced to the boiler flue by an annular burner, the flame being afterwards broken up and spread by a brick bridge placed about seven feet from the front end. The arrangement, when complete, is expected to result in a saving for fuel and labour of about £3,000 per annum.

#### CONQUERING A QUICKSAND.

Whilst boring with a diamond drill for the foundation of the Quaker Bridge dam for the new extended waterworks of New York City, the process was embarrassed by striking a quicksand, which prevented the engineers from obtaining a section of the geological structure of the earth beneath that level. Chief Engineer Church, who was in charge of the work, withdrew the drills, and at once dealt with the difficulty by an ingenious expedient. A very fluid grout of cement was prepared under his direction; this was poured down the bore, and allowed a few days in which to harden before resuming work with the drill. The cement proved successful, completely filling and hardening the passage-way across the quicksand deposit, and the drill, forcing its way through the cement, proceeded without any difficulty through the quicksand, the sides of which had been hardened so as to fix the running sand and form a solid cylindrical lining for the bore-hole.

#### DEEP MINE PUMPING BY ELECTRICITY.

The problem of coping with the inflow of sub-

<sup>1</sup> This we gave in an article for 1886, page 568.



terranean water in deep mines has long been a serious one in commercial enterprise, the measure of success obtainable often determining the question of any further extension of the workings. Much is now effected by engines from the progressive application of electric pumping. In December last the largest underground electric pumping plant in England was at the South Wales Tralfgar Colliery, in which the capacity of the plant in water lifted exceeded ten horse-power. Since then, however, further progress has been made in the application of electricity to deep mine pumping, and the plant laid down by Messrs. Immisch and Co., at St. John's Colliery, belonging to Messrs. Lock and Co., is designed to cope with a salt-water feed of 5,100 gallons per hour, at a vertical depth of nearly 900 feet below the surface. The water is raised at one lift, and at the rate of 7,200 gallons per hour, so that the pumps need only work eighteen hours out of the twenty-four in order to cope with the full quantity of water. The plant consists of thirty nominal horse-power compound semi-fixed engine, by Messrs. Robey and Co., driving an Immisch dynamo of fifty-three horse-power. The circuits for this plant were laid in seven hours. The danger of sudden inundations promises to be considerably reduced by the more expeditious manner of pumping. Mines which have been abandoned owing to the excessive inflow might still have been in work with the aid of the electric pump.

#### OILING THE WAVES.

In a recent issue<sup>1</sup> some interesting instances were mentioned of the use of oil in smoothing ocean water in rough weather. Testimonies to the value of this simple expedient continue to be supplied by the captains of vessels and others, not the least important being that of Mr. J. C. Beckett, master of the Superintendence of Pilotage, Liverpool. Mr. Beckett writes:

"I experimented with a five-gallon drum of oil on the 20th March last, off Point Lynas; wind, E. N. E., force 7, with heavy sea running and broken water. The following are the results, viz.: First boat hove to, end on to sea, head reaching about one mile per hour; the sea for about 50 ft. around the boat was literally smooth, that is, sufficiently smooth to launch or lower a boat without any danger. I then ran the boat before the sea, and with the oil going astern, I saw that the sea could not break over the stern of the vessel, as the sea, after coming in contact with the oil, became immediately smooth. I then ran towards No. 2 pilot boat, and saw that the sea was breaking over her bows in heavy spray, while we were in perfectly smooth water. There were several pilots on deck to testify to the above statement. The oil continued to run out for forty minutes."

#### THE SOIRÉE OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

At the first of the two annual *soirées* recently held by the Royal Society, Mr. Lockyer exhibited the spectra of different bodies at certain temperatures, the significance of the demonstration resting on an hypothesis which regards the element hydrogen as the base of all matter.

<sup>1</sup> "Leisure Hour," November, 1887.

Less ambitious and more conclusive were some experiments in another branch of science by Mr. Shelford Bidwell, F.R.S., who showed his marvellously delicate apparatus for measuring the changes produced in the dimensions of rods and rings of iron and other metals by magnetisation. The instrument exhibited is a masterpiece of delicate workmanship, being capable of measuring changes of length to the one-millionth of a millimetre, or one-twenty-five millionth of an inch. Mr. C. V. Boys, the new F.R.S., showed his radiomicroscope, which is undoubtedly the most sensitive instrument for measuring radiant heat that has yet been devised. Without entering too much into technical detail, it may be said briefly that it consists of a minute thermo-electric couple, composed of antimony and bismuth, having at their juncture a little plate of copper, upon which the beam of radiant heat is allowed to fall. The free ends are connected together by a copper wire, bent in the form of a long loop having parallel sides, and the upper end of this loop is attached to a stem carrying a galvanometer mirror. The whole system is suspended in a magnetic field by an exceedingly fine fibre of quartz—so fine, indeed, that if magnified eight thousand times the fibre would still be finer than spun glass. When radiant heat falls on the junction of antimony and bismuth a thermo-electric current is set up through the wire joining their opposite ends; which, under the influence of the magnetic field, causes its conductor to be deflected; and this system, carrying the mirror with it, causes its deflection to be measured in the usual manner by the movement of a spot of light along a scale. Mr. Bidwell never lacked an admiring audience, but undoubtedly the palm of the evening, with respect to attractiveness, must be awarded to Mr. C. V. Boys's most beautiful series of experiments with soap-bubbles, their object being to demonstrate the influence of an intervening film of air in preventing two bubbles, both of the same material, from coming into actual contact. But the experiments went further than this, illustrating as they did the questions of diffusion, of density, and of surface tension, as well as the effects of electricity, magnetism, and mechanical vibration upon bubbles. Of the bearing of these experiments upon current physical problems we may have something to say on a future occasion.

Geologists were interested in the series of photographs illustrating Mr. Cadell's experiments on artificial mountain building. Electric safety-lamps for miners were shown by the Edison and Swan United Light Company, and by the Schanschiff Electric Light and Power Company, the former being worked by portable storage batteries, and the latter by primary batteries of the form devised by Mr. Schanschiff.

Spectators who were interested in the more subtle effects of electricity had a great treat in some experiments shown by Professor Rücker and Mr. Boys, which conclusively proved that "electric tension" and "electric stress," of which so much is heard, are no mere figures of speech. A very delicate optical experiment is necessary in order to prove this proposition, and the scientists in



question proved themselves equal to the occasion. In the path of a beam of polarised light was placed the medium to be operated upon—a glass trough filled with the highly-refracting bisulphide of carbon. Upon an electrical charge being communicated, light was seen radiating from an angle of the bisulphide, which, just before, was all darkness; the explanation being that the stress imparted to the highly refracting medium had so altered the molecular arrangement of the bisulphide as to form a new path for the beam. These and other effects were shown projected on a screen on a

scale which showed admirably the character of the electrical stress of the dielectric. The borings of the Delta of the Nile, exhibited by Professor Judd, attracted much attention. The researches promise to throw light on the date of excavation of the Nile Valley and the physical conditions of North Africa at that remote period; questions which have been lately treated with much ability by Sir J. W. Dawson, F.R.S.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> "Egypt and Syria: their Physical Features in relation to Bible History." Religious Tract Society.

## Varieties.

**The Late Emperor of Germany.**—The late Emperor William had so far overstepped the ordinary years of man that it is no wonder that he should have outlived his contemporaries. He had seen the end of no fewer than eight Emperors—two of Austria, two of France, and four of Russia. Muscovite Autocrats are notoriously short lived, though the reign of Nicholas was not a very brief one. The two French Emperors were, of course, Napoleons, but there were a few intervening kings as well. As for the elder and greater Republic, William of Germany saw the close of every President's career, from the death of George Washington to the retirement of Arthur. His extended experiences of the pleasures and perils of power probably convinced him that Autocrats and Presidents ran equal risks. To make the list complete, six Popes replaced each other in the Papal Chair, under the eyes of the old Kaiser.

**Rowland Hill's Last Sermon.**—Among the audience at Surrey Chapel on the occasion of Rowland Hill preaching his farewell sermon, in his 89th year, was Sir William Knighton, Bart., the physician of George IV. In a letter a few days after, dated the 8th May, 1832, he wrote:—"I heard poor old Rowland Hill's last sermon on Sunday morning. It was very affecting when he used the painful word, 'Farewell!' He reminded all those who were the true followers of Christ, that their separation was but temporary—that they should all meet again in heaven. The sobs in the chapel could then be heard, and they were very general. The good old man used this remark: 'I do think,' said he, 'a young idle clergyman to be numbered among the most wicked upon earth; and, to tell you the truth, I should have been ashamed to have lived so long if I had not worked hard, and done my utmost, and used all my strength in God's service. I am now in the valley, but in all my travels I could never see the top of the mountains till I got into the valley.'"

**Shakespeare's Tombstone.**—Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps has a fancy that the present stone in the chancel of Stratford-on-Avon Church is not the original one which covered the grave of Shakespeare. Mr. Kite, the custodian of the grave, thus refers to this matter in the Stratford newspaper. "Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps says:—'We know, that at one or other of these so-called restorations the stone that had originally covered the poet's grave was replaced by another purchased from the yard of a modern stonemason.' He gives us no authority for this assertion. We know that Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps is acknowledged to be a great authority in all Shakespearean matters, but in this instance, I think, his judgment has erred. When Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps first mentioned this theory in his 'Outlines,' he stated the date to be about forty years since it was removed. Now, he has shifted it back to ninety years, thus placing it beyond the recollection of any person now living to refute. At the various times indicated by Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps Dr. Davenport

would be Vicar of the parish, and Mr. R. B. Wheler, who was Vicar's churchwarden for a number of years, would also be living at the same time. Is it possible that these two gentlemen would have consented to such a removal; or could such an event have taken place without their knowledge? Mr. Wheler wrote his History of Stratford at the beginning of the present century. Would he not have recorded such an important occurrence? But not a word about it is mentioned: nor did I ever hear it hinted at till Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps broached it in his 'Outlines.' My grandfather was custodian for about half-a-century, and died in 1823. My father succeeded him, and I succeeded my father, so that it was in the custody of our family nearly a century, and if such a change had taken place during that time, surely I must have heard something of it. My own personal conviction leads me to conclude that the stone now covering the grave has been there the last seventy years, and I have no doubt as to its being the original, placed there at the Poet's death. Such a theory, if allowed to pass uncontradicted, is calculated to cast a stigma upon the inhabitants of the town which they do not deserve, having always shown the greatest veneration for everything connected with Shakespeare."

**Emin Pacha's Estimate of General Gordon.**—Letters from Emin Pacha to his friend Dr. Felkin, in Edinburgh, seem to reach the coast safely, although it is so difficult to reach him. In one of his letters, what he says of Gordon might very well be said of himself, so far as his own province is concerned:—"Thanks to Gordon Pacha's eminent talent of organisation; thanks to his three years' really superhuman exertions and labours in a climate which very few have hitherto been able to withstand; thanks to his energy, which no hindrances were able to damp—the whole country from the 9th to the 1st degree (Sobat to Mruli) is so well organised and so entirely secure that a single traveller can wander through the length and breadth of it with all the comfort that is here attainable, and can carry on his studies in peace. Arms and ammunition, except for the pursuit of the chase, are certainly not required. Only one who has had any direct dealing with negroes, and has been dependent on them for the transport of goods, the supply of provisions, etc.; who has seen and experienced the glowing sun and the fever-exhaling swamps of the territory; who knows what it is to be for long years shut out from all society, and to dispense with the most ordinary comforts of life, can form a true estimate of what Gordon has accomplished here. He was obliged, moreover, to create for himself the material with which to do his work, and upon negroes he had to rely." This was so long ago as 1877, and had the good work gone on uninterrupted till now, what would the gain to Africa, to Egypt, to commerce not have been?

**Irish Emigration to America.**—Emigration tends to flow in channels already made for it, as is shown, indeed, by the

persistent preference manifested by Irish emigrants for the United States. Of these no less than 87.6 per cent. were bound for the States in 1887. In the 35 years from 1853 to 1887 no less than 4,222,377 emigrants from the United Kingdom went to the United States, and of these 2,165,532 were Irish. In the same period 647,974 went to British North America, 1,228,176 to Australasia, and 271,600 to all other places; but whereas the Irish, as we have seen, contributed more than half of the total emigration of the United Kingdom to the United States, they contributed in the same period only 168,349 to British North America, only 283,331 to Australasia, and only 19,639 to all other places. The effect on the population of the United States of this persistent and continuous immigration from Ireland is shown in the fact that the number of Irish-born inhabitants of the United States is estimated at no less than 3.70 per cent. of the total population, or only a fraction less than the total German-born population of the States, which is reckoned at 3.92 per cent. "It may assist," says Mr. Giffen, "in realising the meaning of these figures to remember that the total number of foreign-born residents in the United Kingdom at the last census was only 135,640, or rather less than .39 per cent. of the population." On the other hand, "in the city of New York itself, out of a total population (in 1880) of 1,206,299 there were 237,935 returned as born in the British Isles—viz., 30,657 in England, 8,683 in Scotland, and 198,595 in Ireland; the Irish element thus amounting to 16.5 per cent. of the population of the city." There are, in fact, upwards of 50 per cent. more Irishmen in New York than there are foreigners in the United Kingdom, and there are also very nearly as many Irishmen as there are Germans in the whole of the United States.

**Origin of the Magdalen College Hymns on May 1st.**—Every one knows of the annual custom at Oxford on the 1st of May when the choristers of Magdalen College ascend the magnificent tower, and at 5 A.M. join in sweet song, which delights the ear and the soul of every hearer. There has been controversy about the origin of this custom. The hymn is said to have been instituted as a chant or requiem for the soul of Henry VII. The money which rewards the singers is paid from the rectory of Slymbridge, in Gloucestershire, the patronage of which living is vested in Magdalen College, that parish, like the rest of the Manor of Berkeley, having passed into the hands of the Crown. Dr. Demaus has proved that Slymbridge (and not Hunt's Court in North Nibley parish) was the birthplace of William Tyndale. Mr. William Tyndale of Hunt's Court was alive in 1542; the translator of the Bible was martyred in 1536.

**Precedence by Courtesy.**—M. de Rothschild the elder and an archbishop met at dinner at a house where some distinguished guests were present. They had been talking till dinner was announced, and on entering the dining-room there was the customary readiness to give precedence to each other. The archbishop, waiving his rank, insisted on M. de Rothschild going first, as being senior in years. "Mon-signor," the layman said, "I obey you, and I precede you by virtue of antiquity, as the Old Testament is placed before the New."

**Olive Growing and Trade.**—The olive-tree is one of the chief sources of the wealth of Italy. Its total value to the kingdom is not less than £30,000,000 per annum. The home consumption is enormous, and the export of oil alone is above £3,000,000. The value of the pickled olive export is also large. France also produces a large quantity, but not enough for exportation; also Greece, Spain, Austria, and Asia Minor. Much is consumed in these countries, but little is exported. The culture of the olive has been successfully commenced in Australia, some parts of which are, in soil and climate, peculiarly suitable. At Adelaide the yield of olive oil on one farm was last year about 100 gallons per acre, worth from 8s. to 10s. a gallon. It promises, therefore, to be a profitable industry.

**Manu's Law-Book.**—Mr. Monier Williams, Boden Professor of Sanskrit, at Oxford, has thus written recently about the ancient legislation of India. He refers to the tendency to make moral considerations subservient to political expediency, and the testimony as to the Indian early laws is valuable: "I am an old student of Manu's 'Law-book,' written in

Sanskrit. It is one of the sacred books of the East, and old enough to be consigned by modern sciolists to the limbo of antiquated rubbish; but may we not learn a valuable lesson (worthy of our own sacred book of the East) from its word for 'law,' *dharma*, 'that which is held fast,' and its declaration that 'law is rooted in religion, morality, and the practices of good men'? Let us not forget that Manu's 'Law-book' is still the basis of Hindoo jurisprudence, and that a work, which is certainly as old as our New Testament, and probably older, is from beginning to end saturated with the doctrine that the holding together of the body politic depends on two mainstays—the fear of God, and a deep reverence for the fundamental principles of morality.

**Emigration Inquiry Office.**—The Emigrants' Information Office, 31, Broadway, Westminster, is doing good and useful service to the people of Great Britain, as well as to the colonies. The amount of correspondence during last year may be taken as a proof of its usefulness. Besides above 6,000 personal visits at the office for making inquiries, 10,000 letters from country places were received and answered. These answers, with circulars and notices, sent from the office, were at least 35,000 in number. An immense amount of valuable information and practical advice has thus been afforded to intending emigrants. The whole expense incurred by Government is about £2,000, nearly half of which is returned by sale of publications.

**Practical Sympathy.**—The Earl of Aberdeen, addressing a large assembly of railway men at Exeter Hall, said he was "a railway man himself, as for many years he had sought to make himself practically acquainted with everything connected with railway work, having ridden, with or without leave, on the footboard of engines and in the break-van, as well as in all classes of carriages, and having spent much time in signal-boxes, or on the line with platelayers, and the result of it all had been, not merely to interest him in the work, but to create a hearty sympathy with the men so employed." The meeting was in connection with the railway mission, which devotes itself in every way to the welfare of the men and of their families. One branch of the mission work is the circulation of pure literature, of the importance of which Lord Aberdeen spoke warmly.

**A Fitting but not Fit Reason.**—When the Rev. Mr. Morison had been translated from a country parish to a church in Glasgow, a friend of his, visiting the old parish, asked the beadle how he liked the new minister. "Oh," said the beadle, "he's a very good man, but I would rather have Mr. Morison." "Indeed," said the visitor, "I suppose the former minister was a better preacher?" "No," said the beadle, "we've a grand enough preacher now." "Was it the prayers of Mr. Morison, or his reading, or what was it you preferred in him?" "Weel, sir," said the beadle, "if you maun ken (must know) the reason, it is because Mr. Morison's auld claise (clothes) fitted me best!"

**A Father's Last Words to his Son.**—A letter written by that noble patriot, the Earl of Argyll, to his second son, dated "Edinburgh Castle, 30th June, 1685"—the day of his execution, written in a clear and firm hand, ran as follows:—

"Edinburgh Castle, 30th June, 1685.

"Dear James,—Learn to fear God. It is the only way to make you happier here and hereafter. Love and respect my wife and hearken to her advice. God Bless you.—Your loving Father, "ARGYLE."

**Agricultural Revolution.**—Sir Lyon Playfair, in his address on Fiscal Changes, at Leeds, gave a scientific man's views as to the chief causes of agricultural depression in England. This depression must be continuous and permanent while other countries have wheat and other produce to import under existing conditions. "If our landlords and farmers want to know the names of the three persons who have knocked out the bottom of our old agricultural system I can tell them. Their names are Wheatstone, Sir Henry Bessemer, and Dr. Joule. The first, by telegraphy, has changed the whole system by which exchanges are made; the second, by his improvements in steel, has altered profoundly the transportation of commodities by sea and by land; and the third,

by his discoveries of the mechanical equivalent of heat, has led to great economy of coal in compound engines. By those changes the United States, Canada, India, and Russia have their corn crops brought to our doors. The effect of these discoveries upon the transport of corn will be realised when I state that a small cake of coal which would pass through a ring the size of a shilling, when burned in the compound engine of a modern steamboat, would drive a ton of food and its proportion of the ship two miles on its way from a foreign port. This economy of coal has altered the whole situation. Not long since a steamer of 3,000 tons, going on a long voyage, might require 2,200 tons of coal and carry only a limited cargo of 800 tons. Now a modern steamer will take the same voyage with 800 tons of coal, and carry a freight of 2,200 tons. While coal has been thus economised, human labour has been lessened. In 1870 it required forty-seven hands on board our steamships for every 1,000 tons capacity, now only twenty-eight are necessary. All these changes going on in the economy of fuel and of labour have led to increased production at a small cost. Three men in the United States working for one year in the growth, milling, and transportation of wheat can produce flour for a year's consumption of a thousand other men, allowing one barrel of flour to each adult. I need not elaborate this point further, for you will all see how this has acted upon agriculture. It has made the grain market one all over the world. Formerly we looked to the United States alone to supply any deficiency in our crops, but now the transport of grain from Bombay to England by the Suez Canal has been reduced, between 1880 and 1885, from 1s. 4d. to 8d. a bushel."

**An Atlantic Jubilee.**—This spring the 50th anniversary occurred of what must be regarded as one of the decisive events in the world's history. On April 21, 1838, the two steamships *Sirius* and *Great Western* arrived in New York Harbour from England, being the first steamers that crossed the Atlantic. The *Sirius* sailed from Queenstown on April 4; the *Great Western* from Bristol on April 8. Both arrived at New York on the same day, the latter vessel being behind the other by only a few hours. New York papers of the time gave vivid descriptions of the enthusiasm with which the vessels were received, and the crowds which witnessed their arrival. Captain Roberts, who commanded the *Sirius* on this eventful voyage, was three years later transferred to the ill-fated *President*, which was lost on her first voyage out, without leaving the faintest trace of her fate.

**Europeans in Tropical Climates.**—Among authorities who maintain that Europeans are capable of becoming acclimatised within the tropics, M. A. de Quatrefages holds a foremost place. He maintains that the Aryan race is capable of accommodating itself to every climate, although a victory over nature may be secured only at heavy sacrifices, and in the course of generations. Many explorers, including Livingstone, Stanley, Pogge, and Felkin, hold the same view. The arguments advanced in support of either of these views are, however, inconclusive, for there are no trustworthy statistics which would enable us to assert that European families have survived in tropical countries for more than three generations. On the other hand, it cannot be denied that the death-rate among Europeans residing there is exceedingly high. If an attempt should be made to establish European colonies within the tropics, only individuals physically and mentally qualified should be selected, and they should, previously to starting for their destination, be furnished with hygienic instructions suited to the tropics. In order to enable this to be done effectively, a comprehensive and systematic study of the hygienic conditions of tropical countries is called for. It has been estimated as to the progress of European colonisation since the time of Charlemagne, that of eighty million Europeans and their descendants, who lived at the present time in other continents, no fewer than ten millions had found a home within the tropics (or rather within the isothermal lines of 68° Fah.). Of these ten millions, fully nine millions lived in tropical America.

**Steamers of the World.**—Recent statistics show that the number of steamers existing in the world in 1886 was estimated at 9,969, of an aggregate burden of 10,531,843 tons. In the previous year the number was stated at 9,642, of an aggregate burden of 10,291,241 tons. The world's steam

shipping in 1886 was thus distributed:—Iron steamers, 8,198, of an aggregate burden of 8,911,406 tons; steel steamers, 770, of an aggregate burden of 32,820 tons; and wooden steamers, 822, of an aggregate burden of 380,655 tons. Of the steamers afloat in 1885, 5,792 were owned by the United Kingdom and its Colonies, their aggregate burden being 6,595,741 tons. The other countries of the world owned steamers in the following order:—Germany, 579; France, 509; Spain, 401; the United States, 400; Norway, 287; Russia, 212; Denmark, 200; Italy, 173; Holland, 152; Brazil, 141; Japan, 105; Greece and Turkey, 82 each; Belgium, 68; Chili and the Argentine Republic, 43 each; China and Portugal, 27 each; Hawaii, 21; Mexico, 15; and miscellaneous, 50. From the above figures it appears that, notwithstanding the great depression prevailing in the steam-shipping trade, the number of steamers afloat in 1886 increased to the extent of 327 as compared with 1885.

**Similia Similibus.**—An incident in Boswell's narrative of the Tour to the Hebrides with Dr. Johnson might have been quoted in recent discussions on Homœopathy. Boswell got very drunk one night, under the too pressing hospitality of the laird of Corrichatachin. Next day he had a fearful headache, and had to receive Dr. Johnson while yet in bed, from whom he received a lecture, which he has had the honesty to record. Before Johnson was done speaking, Corri, Col, and other friends gathered round the bed. Corri had a brandy-bottle and glass, and insisted on Boswell taking a dram. "I took my host's advice," he says, "and drank some brandy, which I found an effectual cure for my headache." What follows may be seen in the book, under date September 26th, 1773. It was Sunday afternoon, and the culprit took up a Prayer-book in the housekeeper's room. On opening it his eyes fell on the words, "Be not drunk with wine, wherein there is excess." About which coincidence he says, "Some would have taken this as a Divine interposition." Poor Boszy!

**Peace of Mind.**—You may assuredly find perfect peace if you are resolved to do that which your Lord has plainly required, and content that He should, indeed, require no more of you than to do justice, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with Him.—*Ruskin*.

**English Plantations.**—How is it that young Englishmen go planting to so many other countries—even to Ceylon or Borneo—when, comparatively at their own doors, within a fortnight's sail of Plymouth, there are islands immeasurably more fertile than either, and more healthy?—*Froude's West Indies*.

**Science Enlarged by Theologians.**—The Rev. J. H. Lupton, Surmaster of St. Paul's School, Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge, takes exception to the charge frequently made that the Church opposes the progress of scientific discovery. He recalls the fact that many of the most important scientific discoveries have been made by men of Christian faith. Copernicus was a Church canon; Kepler was a Christian preacher; John Rae, Cartwright, Whately, and Whewell occupied themselves with theology. The same was emphatically true of Newton and Harvey, and the most prominent founders of the Royal Society were clergymen.

**Wellington Statue at Hyde Park Corner.**—"An Old Soldier" pleads for a better apportionment of the "typical British soldiers" whose figures are to surround the new Wellington Statue. He says the public have been informed that they are to consist of four infantrymen, viz., a Foot Guardsman, a Highlander, an Irishman, and a Welshman, that is to say, presumably, of one Englishman and three Celts. This is hardly in fair proportion to the population of the United Kingdom or of the composition of Wellington's armies. The Highlander does not even represent a majority of the Scotch soldiers, while the uniforms of Irish and Welsh infantry differ little from those of the rest of the Line. But why should the cavalry, the engineers, and the artillery be altogether omitted? And why her Majesty's Indian forces? The great Duke's reputation was first made in India, where he made a march not inferior in difficulty or fertility of resource to that of Roberts from Cabul to Candahar, viz., from Seringapatam to Poonah, and fought battles almost



desperate with the most triumphant success and signal results. I would submit that if the number of figures be limited to four they had better represent one infantry soldier, say a Foot Guardsman, one cavalry, say a Scots Grey, one artilleryman, and one Sepoy.

**Abraham Lincoln's Eloquence.**—Although the President was noted for homeliness of speech under ordinary circumstances, he could rise to loftiest eloquence. Here are the closing sentences of his speech at the consecration of the battle-field cemetery at Gettysburg, which the "Times" reviewer of the recent biography well calls "a magnificent peroration." "But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

**David Hume.**—Boswell says, "I mentioned to Dr. Johnson, that David Hume's persisting in his infidelity, when he was dying, shocked me much." JOHNSON.—"Why should it shock you, sir? Hume owned he had never read the New Testament with attention. Here, then, was a man, who had been at no pains to inquire into the truth of religion, and had continually turned his mind the other way. It was not to be expected that the prospect of death would alter his way of thinking, unless God should send an angel to set him right." BOSWELL.—"I have reason to believe that the thought of annihilation gave Hume great pain." JOHNSON.—"It was not so, sir. He had vanity in being thought easy. It is more probable that he should assume an appearance of ease, than that so very improbable a thing should be, as a man not afraid of going (as, in spite of his delusive theory, he cannot be sure but he may go) into an unknown state, and not being uneasy at leaving all he knew. And you are to consider, that upon his own principle of annihilation he had no motive to speak the truth."

#### Shaving All Round.

The barber shaves with polished blade,  
The mercer shaves with ladies' trade;  
The broker shaves at twelve per cent.,  
The landlord shaves by raising rent;  
The doctor shaves in draughts and pills,  
The tapster shaves in pints and gills;  
The farmer shaves in hay and oats,  
The banker shaves in his own notes;  
The lawyer shaves both friends and foes,  
The pedlar shaves where'er he goes;  
The wily merchant shaves his brother,  
The people all shave one another.

**Mischievous and Doubtful Proverbs.**—For the most part the proverbs of any country are embodiments of wisdom and shrewdness applicable to common life. But they are not always either wise or useful. For instance, "In for a penny in for a pound," is a saying that may have a very bad meaning. It is as if one said that a big crime was little worse than a small fault. It has thus kindred meaning to the saying, "As well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb." Here is another bad proverb: "Hang a thief when he is young, and he won't steal when he is old." Apart from the Hibernian flavour of this proverb, it is a heartless base advice, which the benevolent spirit of our times has ignored by efforts to reform juvenile offenders. Another selfish heartless saying is, "Devil take the hindmost," applying the *sauve qui peut* principle, or, "Take care of number one," rather than striving to save and succour others. Many are the doubtful proverbs, good or bad according to the spirit in which they are used. Thus, "Anything for a quiet life" may imply a worthy wish for peace and rest, or it may become a lazy and

*laissez faire* motto. So also "Nothing venture nothing have" may stir to generous action and noble ambition, or may encourage rash and reckless speculation, and risk losing substance for shadow.

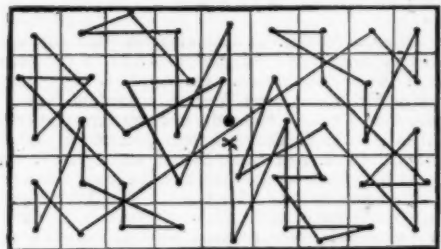
#### Symmetrical Puzzle.

It is required to produce a symmetrical figure by a series of lines and dots indicating the order in which the following syllables should be read to form a well-known quotation from Cowper. As an example we give a puzzle complete with its answer which, it will be seen, is a true symmetrical figure. To unravel the quotation begin from the star.

#### EXAMPLE.

bid	fore	there	need	part	more	once	nor	sad
nor	hold	view	we	joys	re	nest	in	heart
for	nor	den	not	come	of	and	this	thy
es	pow	sue	in	turn	ful	guest	down	y
I	rich	pur	er	peace	mind	light	de	make

#### KEY.



Now let the reader supply the key to the following collection of syllables. It must be in the form of a symmetrical figure drawn as in the example. The first correct KEY received will be inserted.

#### PUZZLE NO. II.

more	might	ful	ful	suc	on	where	i	of
never	me	cess	war	un	gu	der	shade	ty
reach	or	of	cess	mour	bound	ti	ness	a
and	pres	suc	ceit	con	some	wil	for	lodge
sion	de	op	of	less	vast	some	in	Oh

In working out the problem, paper divided into squares by means of ruled lines will be found a great help.

#### Astronomical Almanack for July.

1 S	5 SUN. AFTER TRINITY	17 T	21 rises 4.5 A.M.
2 M	6 rises 3.50 A.M.	18 W	Daybreak 0.15 A.M.
3 T	7 greatest distnc. from ☉	19 T	8 least distance from ☉
4 W	Mars sets 11.46 P.M.	20 F	9 Twilight ends 11.50 P.M.
5 T	Clock before ☉ 4m. 23s.	21 S	10 sets 8.2 P.M.
6 F	Dividends due at Bank	22 S	11 SUN. AFTER TRINITY
7 S	12 sets 8.15 P.M.	23 M	12 Full ☾ 5.45 A.M.
8 S	13 SUN. AFTER TRINITY		13 ☾ partly eclipsed. 4 A.M.
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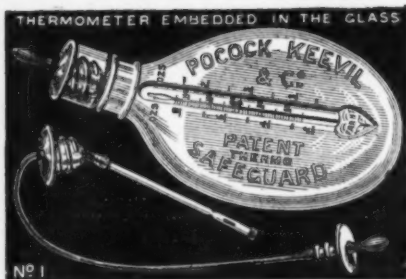
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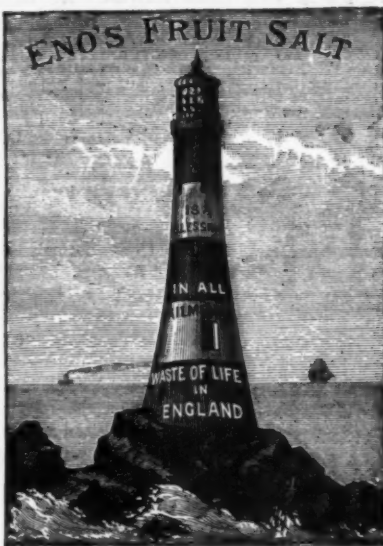
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CHAPTER XXV.—LETITIA HAS HER INNINGS



"HAS HARRY GIVEN YOU A RING?" LETTY ASKED, SUDDENLY.

THEY went upstairs together to Judith's room. Judith would by preference have seated herself as remotely as might be from the window, but Letty seemed to derive a great deal of pleasure from the spectacle of the group still lingering on the lawn.

She was filled with a lively curiosity about everything and everybody, and had insisted on peeping into all the rooms before climbing to the chamber on the third floor. Once shut in that retreat, she divided her time between her sister's wardrobe and the spectacle to be seen from the window.

Harry was held a long while in parley by the chair; it was not difficult to guess the nature of the discourse to which he was compelled to listen. Letitia gave a very neat rehearsal of it for her sister's benefit. She acted with quite as much spirit as if she had the curate or young Smee for an audience.

"Poor Harry! Why don't you go and defend him?" she cried. "He is yours now. You ought to take his part."

"Against you?" questioned Judith, half wondering, half pained by the levity of her sister's mood.

"Why, do you mean that you love me best?" asked Letty, edging nearer Judith, who stood by the window-seat, where the widow had curled herself up. "Do you really really love me best, Judy?"

Her eyes sparkled, she was smiling and gay. To be loved best was always a triumph.

"Do you need me to tell you that, Letty?"

The sister's voice had a gentle reproach in it. Were not her solitary resignations and unspoken sacrifices all for the little sister who was more to her than a dozen Harrys? She yearned to understand Letty, and she shrank as if it were an infidelity from the small chill doubt that sometimes crossed her mind too sadly for its peace. A moment ago Letty had been tearful and downcast, faltering over her dead husband's name, pleading for mercy since he was no longer present to protect her. Now she was laughing as if it had been a battle in which she had come off victorious.

"I don't think grandmamma had the best of it, though she secured the last word." She congratulated herself good-humouredly on all the stings she held in reserve. "Our granny won't always find me so meek, but I will spare her to-day, my dear, since I am to be turned out at eight o'clock, and we have so many other things to talk of."

Which was the real Letty? The weeping widow or this gay little person making satirical comments on her kindred? Winter would have voted for the little woman in this later mood, of whose thrusts he was half conscious as he stalked off under the trees. Judith clung to the Letty who had so artlessly and simply shown all her heart; and probably both of them were right. We all of us change our rôle at times, and have our evil moments as well as our good. As for Letty, she was a born actress, and so threw herself into her part that it became herself for the moment. Doubtless when she let her tears fall on the arm of grandmamma's chair—no harder than Lady Severn's heart—she was as truly regretting Dick and mourning her solitary state as if she had not tossed aside his pearls for Harry's diamonds.

Judith had none of her brilliance or her versatility. She had elected to play the martyr, and she did it with a certain sternness of resolve and loftiness of purpose, but it was without grace. Even to Letitia, her twin, her other half, for whose sake she bore many rebuffs bitter to her pride, she would not own that she was happy in her present home, or that she looked on the future as a release. She gave no response to that suggestion that she should go and console Harry, and Letty had not failed to notice that no greeting had passed between the lovers, though they had met after two days' absence.

When she suffered herself, at Letty's instigation, to look out of the window, the group on the lawn had melted away as if it had been a dream or an illusion. Old Mr. Mun's rheumatics and his ear-trumpet had been wheeled home in the bath-chair; the other bath-chair with its attendant nymph had disappeared too; a faint aroma floating up to them suggested that Harry was soothing his ruffled feelings with a cigar.

As the sisters looked down in silence a little figure flitted out of the copse and spanned a belt of sunshine, crying in an imperious treble,

"Judy! Judy! where are you?"

"That child seems very fond of you," said Letitia, in a half-injured tone.

"I am very fond of him. He is my dear little comrade."

"That's very good of you, my dear, seeing he stands in Harry's light."

"What do you mean?" Judith spoke austere, with the old faltering doubt.

"Don't annihilate me, please! When you look like that I feel crushed. I'm a very practical little person—it's my one virtue—I can't help seeing things as they are. If anything were to happen to that little man, Harry would be a baronet, and a good deal better off than he is now."

"I don't like that phrase, 'If anything were to happen.' Please don't speak of it even in jest." Judith's voice was pained.

"I don't see why you should object; a phrase never yet killed anybody, and I haven't an evil eye, my dear, nor so much as a wicked desire in my heart. I am simply stating a case."

"If I could think that Harry also stated a case—" Judith began darkly, but Letty struck in airily.

"Don't trouble yourself to choose his punishment. He is quite as illogical and unpractical as you. You are very well matched in that respect. It is left to an unromantic person like me to make all these unpleasant discoveries."

"You are too hard on yourself," said Judith, trying to heal a vague ache at her heart by the kiss she stooped to give.

The afternoon passed away very quickly, to Letty, at least. She had a thousand questions to ask, some of which Judith found it difficult enough to answer.

"Has Harry given you a ring?" she asked, suddenly.

"No," said Judith, flushing deeply; "he has spared me the pain of refusing it."

"Would you have refused it?" questioned Letty, with her head on one side. "A ring, so long as it isn't a plain gold band, doesn't commit you to anything, and it's a very pretty ornament. That's another of my practical views;" she ended with a laugh, but she said nothing of the diamonds on her own finger. She could safely wear them openly, for Judith's dark eyes were unobservant of such small details.

"A ring, when it is given in sign of an engagement, is generally a token of something else. Harry and I want to be honest—please do not let us talk of it."

"Very well; I will try not even to smile at your very original way of conducting a courtship, but give me something to keep me out of mischief. Haven't you anything to show me?"

She flitted about the room, making that investigation which women love; peeping into her sister's bandboxes and fluttering over all her scraps of ribbon and lace. It was a very poor show in the widow's estimation.

"What do you do with all your money?" she



demand. "I believe you are going to turn miser, and hoard it. Or is our granny so stingy that you can't manage better than this?" She flicked at Judith's black lace dinner dress with finger tips of disdain.

"Grandmother is most liberal," Judith corrected her, willing, of all things, to be just. "But there are so many nicer ways of spending money than by hanging it all over one's person in laces and ribbons."

"Tell me some of the nicer ways," said Letitia, mischievously; "perhaps you may convert me."

"I wanted mother to have more cheerful rooms."

Judith flushed as if she were confessing to some crime.

"What rooms?" the widow questioned, sharply.

"Only the drawing-room floor at Madame's. I heard it was vacant."

"Well, you will pay nicely for them! And do you suppose it will make so much difference to mamma, who is never off the sofa?"

"I asked Miss O'Brien to go and live with her," Judith went on with her confession. "Since neither you nor I could be with her, I thought she ought not to be alone."

"Miss O'Brien!" Letty screamed, with laughter. "What a choice! Why, she will kill poor mamma with her energy and her brogue!"

"I couldn't think of any one else. She is good-natured, and she knows mother's ways."

"Well, if you like to throw your money away in that fashion, I only hope mamma will appreciate your intentions. As for Miss O'Brien, if I know anything of her, she won't put too modest a value on her company."

"And, Letty"—Judith struggled with her embarrassment—"there is a little trifle here I want you to take;" she dropped a tiny purse into her sister's lap. "Don't thank me; isn't everything that is mine yours?"

Letty accepted the gift with rapture after just the delicate amount of hesitation.

"I don't like to rob you, my love; and if I weren't so wretchedly poor—" she ended the sentence conclusively by slipping the purse into her pocket.

At tea-time the girls went downstairs arm-in-arm. "I won't submit to have it sent up as if we were naughty children in disgrace," said Letty, gaily; "and I promise you I will be on my very best behaviour—the goodest child in the world."

There was no one, however, to appreciate this beautiful conduct. Mr. Winter had taken himself off beyond earshot of this family feud, and Harry was hiding himself somewhere while he sulkily digested his grandmother's lecture.

Letty took their desertion lightly enough. "We shall have our dear grandmother's society all to ourselves. What a privilege! I know what great-granny is when there are no gentlemen present!"

But while they sat with their teacups before them, in expectation of the old lady's entrance,

the door opened to admit Farthing's spare person. The maid came to announce that the young ladies were not to wait for tea, as Lady Severn did not intend to be present. There was a spitefulness in her cold eye as she made this announcement—or rather as she levelled it at the head of the young matron—that betrayed the real reason of her mistress's absence.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Letty, with liveliest sympathy; "I'm afraid your mistress must be ill, Farthing. I hope you are taking care of her, my good woman? At her age one can't afford to make light of what would be a mere trifle to us. What is it—a headache?"

"I didn't say it was a headache," said Farthing grimly.

"The hot sun, very likely, and this treacherous wind. She struck me as very fragile—and her colour—I didn't like her colour. I should feel very anxious if I were in your place. Now won't you be persuaded and send for the doctor? You don't think it necessary? Ah, well; of course it is you who are responsible."

Farthing set her thin lips and disdained any reply. Destiny, however, was against this excellent woman. Perhaps she had injudiciously carried back to her mistress Letty's poisoned shafts; perhaps the widow's advent had really been too much for the dauntless old lady, who could not always successfully defy nature.

By eight o'clock it was certain that Letty's forebodings were realised, and that Lady Severn was really and truly ill.

When Harry came in to dinner he found only Mrs. Garston to bear him company. The whole house was in confusion and disorder; Judith was busy in the sick-room, messengers had been sent flying for the doctors, and already the homœopathic gig was pursuing the allopathic brougham up the drive.

Nobody remembered to order the carriage to take Mrs. Garston to the station, and she did not repair the omission.

"I couldn't possibly think of going home while Granny is so ill," she explained to Harry.

He looked at her with lurking laughter in his eyes. He had recovered his serenity, and was glad of her companionship in the disorganised house.

"You are very forgiving," he said. "For my part, I am inclined to consider this attack as a stroke of retributive justice."

"One can't be cross with her when she is ill. When Granny does condescend to be ill, she does it thoroughly; and who knows but the poor old lady may die? I wouldn't be so heartless as to run away while we are all in such suspense."

"She won't die," said Harry, cheerfully; "it's my belief Granny will never die."

"One can never tell what may happen," said Letitia, as if she were uttering a newly-discovered truth. "James, please fetch my valise from the lodge, and ask Miss Severn's maid to make ready the blue bedroom for me. I shall remain here to-night."



## CHAPTER XXVI —IN THE SICK-ROOM AND OUT OF IT.

TO-NIGHT lengthened itself into many nights, and Letitia was still in possession of the blue bedroom. The sisters saw little of each other in those days, for Judith shone in the sick-room, and made herself invaluable there. She had found her vocation, and was happier than she had ever been under that roof. All her latent tenderness leaped out to soothe and cheer the old woman who lay in pain and weariness, and in mortal fear of death; her courage gone from her, her bitter tongue stilled, her vivacity changed into fretful peevishness. Her helplessness made a claim Judith could not resist; she felt her heart going out to the cross old woman as it had never done in the days of her health. She was like a sick child at whose waywardness one can afford to smile, and whose pouts and fancies only call out more patience and forbearance.

The cloud that had settled on Judith's brow passed with the chill on her heart; room to love and serve she had demanded, and here was need enough for all she could give. Even the hostile Farthing was conquered at last by the untiring cheerfulness and patience of this voluntary helper, who refused to be snubbed or browbeaten, and had only silence for cross words or looks.

Judith was too content to resent the slights and affronts which daily grew fewer; she had no time to think of Harry, or to brood over her distasteful bondage; she felt, without analysing the cause, that she had passed from a stifling imprisonment to the free, clean air, where she could breathe, and where to live was once more a delight.

Of her betrothed she saw even less than of her sister, and Harry, in truth, did not press for more of her society.

In the morning she would come out of the sick-room and tell them how the patient had fared in the night. Harry would sometimes take her hand and kiss it, and he had always a flower ready, which she accepted gravely and conscientiously. The young man was, perhaps, a little in awe of her in those days. She looked splendidly handsome, and there was a serenity in her face that he had never been able to call out. She seemed to thrive on disturbed nights and fractious demands and querulous complaints; her cheeks, usually pale, had a tinge of colour, and her eyes were bright.

"Judy is as strong as a horse," said Letty, plaintively. "She enjoys getting up at night and cooking messes and sitting in dark rooms; she is used to it with mother. I never could do that sort of thing; it wears me out at once."

Harry answered nothing. Judith's goodness overawed him. She breathed a purer air than he; he could not dwell on those heights with her; she was too pure, too righteous. Little Letty, with her gay cynicism, and her simple, smiling selfishness, was a fitter comrade for him, as he told himself with half melancholy bitterness.

He would, indeed, have been very ungrateful if he had not prized Mrs. Letty's society, for she

did her best to make the dull home cheerful for him.

"I don't shine in a sick-room," she said, frankly; "and I'm honest enough to own it. I don't like physic or gruel, or solemn visits from the doctors, and the fear that the great enemy may come and snatch me away in spite of them, any more than my granny does; but I think I can make the drawing-room a little pleasant when you are tired of yourself and your cigar; can't I now, Harry?"

"Indeed you can. You are an angel, Letty."

"An angel, am I? Some day I shall unfold my wings and fly away."

"I shall borrow a pair and pursue you," said Harry, finding this nonsense quite adorable.

Letitia was too wise to venture near the sick-room.

"Granny would expire at the sight of me," she said. "She hates me so cordially that a glimpse of me would finish her. It is kind of me not to kill her, isn't it?"

So she withdrew herself to the other end of the house, where there was a snug little sitting-room, much cosier than the vast drawing-room, which had been furnished in the reign of King George the Third, and was as expensively ugly as possible. She caused the piano to be moved into the smaller room, so that the sound of it might not disturb the invalid; and she played her little pieces and sang her little songs to the great contentment of Harry and herself.

It was rather inadequate tinkling, to be sure, but the listener was not exacting, and the songs were good enough for him while Letty sung them, with her blue eyes, laughing or sad, as the case might require, fixed on his. She amused him so well that he did not feel the least bored or impatient to get back to town, as he would certainly have been but for her efforts. He could not leave Richmond, since his grandmother might desire his presence at any moment. She asked for him every day, and was only appeased when she was assured that he had not taken flight.

She seemed entirely to have forgotten Letitia's sudden invasion, and no one dared to remind her of it, or to hint at the widow's presence in the house. Even Farthing maintained an unbroken silence on this agitating topic.

"I am going home whenever dear grandmother is pronounced out of danger," she announced to the household; and meanwhile nobody could deny that her presence made the house of sickness a great deal more lively. She filled the rooms with flowers, and took the stiff primness out of the furniture in a twinkling. A touch here and there, and the archaic chairs and couches took on quite a youthful jauntiness.

Even the big red bedroom, to which she had migrated, lost its sepulchral gloom, and the ghosts of departed Severns fled, routed before this jovial, laughing little widow.

Teddy, too—fickle Teddy—after the fashion of his sex, yielded to the charm, and since he could not have his Judith, was fain to content himself with this new cousin. She was untiringly good-natured, and ready to romp with Teddy and the

dogs, to visit the stables, to sing to this flattering listener, or to tell him stories, according to his demands.

And, meanwhile, where was Lawrence Winter? Not so far off as might be supposed. He had absolved himself from dining with the family on the night of Letitia's grand *coup*. He was of a retiring nature, and he shrank from intermeddling in family squabbles, so he went off and had a chop somewhere else, at the Star and Garter, perhaps, if one can have so modest a demand supplied there. When he got back the home was in confusion, and the rival practitioners were civilly consulting in the library.

Perhaps it was their business to make their patient out a great deal worse than she was. For my part, I suffer a certain scepticism over these so-called professional consultations; and it is my private belief that the physicians use the opportunity chiefly to discuss the weather and the state of the crops. This, however, is what the old lady called "meandering," and it is certain that, in what manner soever Drs. Kingdon and Cox employed their retirement, they came out of the room looking serious enough to make every heart in the establishment beat at double pace.

Winter, on his return, was very quickly informed of the state of matters, and he lost no time in making his own plans. If he felt himself an intruder during those little passages of arms that occur in most families, he was still more likely to consider himself an encumbrance when sickness had befallen the household.

"I shall only be in the way," he reflected, and he proceeded to take himself out of the way as quickly as possible. He packed his portmanteau and would have carried it unostentatiously to the station himself, slipping off without formal good-byes to any one, had he not met Judith in the corridor.

She was hastening to her grandmother on some errand of kindness, but she paused when she spied Winter carrying his valise as if it contained a burglar's outfit. He looked almost as guilty as if he had been meditating midnight depredations, but he quickly recovered himself.

"I am sorry to hear of Lady Severn's sudden illness," he said. "I hope the doctor will give you good cheer."

"I hope so, but I do not think she has been so ill before."

"I am going away," Winter went on. "There will be enough for you all to do without an extra person to bother about, and I can't do anything if I were to stay."

"Must you go?" said Judith, and her voice was kinder than it had been for a long time. There was even a wistful regret in it that pleased and touched him.

They had not openly quarrelled, but since the day Judith had announced her engagement—with a good deal of temper, it must be said—their intercourse had been purely formal. They had wished each other good-morning and good-evening, had conversed fluently on general topics, and had not refused to pass each other the salt.

They had behaved, in short, as civilised members of society, but the old cordiality had fled.

In Judith's tone he had read the first symptoms of its return, and he was quick to respond.

"I shan't go far, but I am best out of the house. They needn't have an extra bed to make, and that sort of thing."

She smiled at this practical view.

"And, Judith"—the old name slipped out quite easily—"if you should want me, if there is anything to be done that I can do, you will send for me?"

"Yes," she said, simply; "I think it would occur to me to send for you if I were in any trouble."

"Thank you," he said, gratefully; "I will let you know my address to-morrow, but I'll be here every day to ask for Lady Severn."

Winter did not go back to town, as most men would have done in the circumstances. Richmond is not so remote from the capital that he could not have fulfilled every obligation demanded by politeness and yet have enjoyed the advantages and comforts of his club.

He chose to consider himself pledged to remain within call in case his advice or assistance should be wanted, forgetting that it was Harry who had bound himself to advise and assist Judith for the rest of her life.

His was not the only defective memory, however, else why was Harry talking nonsense at that moment to Letitia in the little parlour, and why was Judith so extremely glad to be friends again, as the children say, with her guardian, that she almost scalded her patient with the poultice she was administering?

Winter did not go to the Star and Garter, or to any other inn; he sought humbler quarters where he knew he should find a welcome. He had other friends in Richmond besides the lady of the Rise—friends whom he had not thought of mentioning in that fine house, but whom he had often visited, and to whom he had shown many unobtrusive acts of kindness. These were an old man and his daughter—a simple pair who lived in the unfashionable quarter at the foot of the hill—too far from the allurements of the terrace, the park, and the river, those *pièce de résistance* of the hotel and boarding-house touters, to attract many visitors. That was reason the more, perhaps, why Winter should at once single their cottage out in his thoughts as a desirable halting-place.

"If Margaret can give me a corner to put up in," he said to himself, and he set off to settle this doubt on the spot.

Margaret Lee could and would give him house-room, and felt only too proud and glad to do it. Old Lee, a beaming, cherubic patriarch, without much mental force, perhaps, but as smiling and cheerful as a May morning, felt it an equal honour to show hospitality to so distinguished a guest. To them he was a great traveller, whom it was their pride and glory to serve. The Prince of Wales, had he chosen to honour the Rise with his presence, could not have been received with more ceremony.

Margaret, a tall, serene maiden, with rather prominent and innocent blue eyes, made ready the guest-chamber—a blameless and spotless room that his big boots and his traveller's garments seemed almost to desecrate. From this retreat he could not but be aware of other preparations undertaken for his comfort. Fragrant suggestions of frying stole in to him, and a convenient fissure in the door gave him a private view of old Lee making up the fish-balls—a clean, white apron tied round his plump person, and a paper cap set jauntily over his fringe of light curls.

The Lees occupied a little nest that overhung a row of almshouses—one of the prettiest of those old-fashioned charities with which the river-town is so liberally endowed.

The little houses spread themselves in a graceful curve, with the chapel spire for their central ornament, and they fringe a garden gay in summer with petunias and flaunting scarlet geraniums. The dwellers in this little community had all passed their bloom, and would none of them, indeed, see threescore years again; but they were as interesting in the eyes of old Lee and his daughter as if they had been sprightly lads and bonnie lasses. To watch their ways and manners behind the screen of mignonette and fuchsia in the window of Margaret's little sitting-room was an untiring delight to the smiling patriarch, her father. To note how much of his six-foot garden-plot Brown had dug, and whether Watson had sent home the waistcoat ordered by young Sparkes's mamma; to witness the meeting between Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Jones, who were known to have had a little difference over the momentous question of the boiling of greens, was excitement enough for his day, and made him feel as if he were in the thick of life.

When Winter came out of his room his host, divested of his cooking uniform, was standing on tiptoe peeping cautiously over the greenery in the window. He turned to Winter smilingly.

"We are very cheerful here, sir," he said. "That's what I call sociable, now." He waved a plump hand towards the garden without, where in the summer dusk the decayed ladies and gentlemen were exchanging civilities each from his respective doorstep. "Margaret, my dear, is supper ready?"

"Yes, father," said Margaret, serenely; and indeed it was evident to every one of the senses that the feast was spread.

Into this quiet haven Winter was thus suddenly dropped. It was a world apart from the big house on the hill-top, where Letty mocked and the old lady sent poisonous darts from those pretty red lips of hers, and yet there was a link, a point of likeness. Had not Margaret, as she moved about her ministrations, a look, a hint of Judith? Both of them were of the order that is born to serve and to spend for others.

Mr. Lawrence Winter might have been warned by the comparisons he was always making that his leisure was very much occupied by thoughts of the young person he called his ward; but, though he was a sensible, middle-aged gentleman of forty, he was not warned.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.—A PITCHED BATTLE.

AN eye for character is a gift with which one would have hardly credited Farthing, and yet her cold fish-like glance took in more than an unwary person would readily believe. We are all apt to forget how much more those who merely look on are apt to see of the game than we who are in the thick of it. The footman, the boy in buttons, the neat, quick parlour-maid—even the busy "general," who only plumps down the roast and retires again to her den—what chances they have of estimating us at our own dinner-tables; how they must criticise our talk and speculate on our actions. By what rigid standards of their own do they judge us!

Farthing was supposed to be wholly engrossed by her mistress, who grew more and more exacting and imperious as she mended in health, yet there were spare moments when she could take a survey of the lawn and the old garden and witness anything that might happen to be going on there. She was no Shakespeare scholar to have quoted—

"Look thou be true, do not give dalliance  
Too much the rein."

And yet the poet might have been very appropriately cited on the occasion when Farthing watched Mistress Letty pinning a flower into Master Harry's buttonhole. With what a wonderful pair of eyes she was looking up at him, and with what an excellent imitation of the lover he was returning her glances! Ladies and gentlemen who like to indulge in little private rehearsals of this kind should choose that side of the house where there are no envious windows. The servants'-hall had the story that night, and though Farthing would have scorned to open her lips on the subject, there were plenty of fresh illustrations to cap the tale. Footman James, who had the knack of being in the wrong place, had caught Mr. Henry one morning throwing little pebbles up at a window, and, oh! how surprised and ashamed he looked, to be sure, when Miss Judith put her head out to see what was the matter! The little pebbles were not meant for her. Jane had seen Master Harry's hand steal under the cloth to meet another hand when she was serving an impromptu meal in the little sitting-room.

Many more vulgar reminiscences, spiced with laughter and jests, were produced over that leisurely meal, when our servants pass us in review and tear us in little bits. If Letitia could have heard that talk how furiously angry she would have been.

"He is my cousin—my brother—and I am only nine months a widow," she would have said. Her nine months of widowhood allowed her to do many things that she could not have done but for their protection. She was always flaunting her rags and tags of crape, and Dick, who had not been too well loved in his lifetime, was trotted out on every occasion by his inconsolable widow as an irreparable loss.



Farthing heard the whispers and the jests of the society below stairs, and she set her lips more grimly than ever.

Somewhere tucked carefully away underneath her spare bodice was a remnant of a heart, which was stirred into new life by Judith's patience and forbearance. Farthing had felt no kindness for the intruder, and had sided with her mistress in many a sneer against Judith, but she was conquered at last. Judith had not grown weary of nursing in a day, as Farthing had predicted; she had stuck bravely to her task, and had secured the waiting-maid many an undisturbed hour of sleep. So much patience and self-restraint must win in the end. It was not Farthing's way to be effusive, but she took other measures to prove her new-born regard for Miss Severn.

When Letty was adorning herself for a *tête-à-tête* dinner with Harry one evening she was disturbed by a knock at her door.

"Come in," she said, carelessly, thinking it was Marker come to lace her bodice; but it was Farthing who presented herself.

"Dear me, Farthing, this is an honour!" said Letitia, suspending her hairbrush. "I don't think you have assisted at my toilet since you used to tug my hair when you screwed it up in curl-papers. I think you used to put all the vexations of the day into my unfortunate curls. You used the comb as an instrument of torture, Farthing; I feel half afraid you will victimise me again;" she put up her hands as if to shield her sunny hair from attack.

"Mrs. Garston," said Farthing, taking no notice of this sally, "I think it is time you went home."

"Do you really, Farthing? How kind it is of you to take such an interest in me! Have you heard that anything has happened to my little house? Has it got on fire, or have thieves got in and stolen all my pretty things?"

"I think you had better go and see for yourself," said Farthing, with awful superiority. "I have heard it said as how you haven't any establishment of your own at all, and I must own it looks a little like it, seeing how long you are willing to stop on in another person's house without being asked, as I may say."

"You may contradict that rumour the next time you hear it, my good Farthing," said Letty, meeting this rudeness with a smiling good-nature. "I have an establishment of my own, though it is a small one, and some day, when your poor mistress is better, and able to spare you, you must come and see it and me. It is not a big, grand house like this, but my husband wasn't able to give me much; he died so soon, poor fellow!" she cast her eyes down with a sigh.

"Thank you, ma'am, I hope I know my station in life," said Farthing, rebuking this invitation with an awful primness.

"I think you have a little forgotten mine, however," said the widow, with great suavity and sweetness. "I am not the little girl whose hair you used to pull, Farthing; and though it is very kind of you to be so much interested in me as to give me the benefit of your advice, you will excuse

me for thinking I know my own affairs best. That is your mistress's bell, I think, and as you pass her door will you be so kind as to send Marker to me?"

This was Farthing's first attempt, but it is not to be supposed for a moment that she felt herself baffled. She summoned her aide-de-camp, but it was to give Marker an order of her own.

"When Mrs. Garston goes down to dinner," she said, "you will begin to pack her trunks."

"Is she going away?" asked Marker, surprised. "Why, she only sent for that big box the other day, and it's not half unpacked yet; it's as full of gowns as it can hold."

"Then it will be the more easily repacked," said Farthing. "Yes, she is going away, and time too. You may leave out her night-things, but James must take her trunks down in the cart after dinner."

Before Marker had begun her task, Farthing slipped back again into the red bedroom. It adjoined the room Judith used, and many of the sister's possessions had found their way into Letty's premises. Farthing carefully collected these, the pearls Lady Severn had given Judith on her betrothal, and sundry trinkets, fans, etc., which the waiting-maid recognised as Miss Severn's property.

"She shan't take everything that belongs to Miss Severn," said this eager partisan to herself, "though she should be welcome to Mr. Harry, if he were mine."

Meanwhile Mistress Letty, all unconscious of her fate, was entertaining that young man very successfully downstairs. Judith had looked in upon the pair to say that Lady Severn wanted her and she could not join them at dinner. She scarcely ever took a meal with them, and they had learnt to do without her company, though Harry always uttered a conscientious protest, and Letty used many phrases of grieved indignation.

"You're a perfect slave," she said. "Has Granny no mercy? She will wear you to death."

"I am very strong," said Judith, with a grave smile. "I do not look as if slavery disagreed with me, do I?"

"You look splendid," cried Letty, with conviction. "Go away to your patient, my dear, you are an affront to my vanity; and I thought I had made myself look so nice!"

Letty was undoubtedly looking her best. The skirmish upstairs, in which she had come off victorious, had warmed her blood and sent the colour into her cheeks. Her dress was very becoming; she had permitted a flash of bright colour here and there to lighten its blackness, and her grief was now so far conquered as to allow her to adorn her throat and wrists with jingling ornaments of a subdued lustre. Letty was one of the people who require a good deal of ornamentation, and it seemed rather cruel that she should have been denied this advantage for so many months.

Harry looked at her with some new, indefinable feeling stirred within him. It was as if his cousin had divested herself of the married state, and had become a girl again.

She met the look with a slight smiling defiance of his thoughts.

"Well," she said, "haven't you found an adjective yet?"

"It is a superlative I am in need of. Nothing else will suit."

"So you like my gown?" She glanced down at her draperies. "It was a sudden inspiration. I wanted to commemorate a victory, Harry, and so pulled out this scarlet ribbon, which you are pleased to admire."

"Then you should always wear scarlet," said Harry, who was learning to talk as much nonsense as any boy in the kingdom.

"Because I am always victorious? Ah! not always, not always. Something reminded me to-night of long ago, when I was little—scarcely older than Teddy, and with curls all round my head."

"I wish I had known you in the days of those curls."

"I dare say you did, though it was Judith you married with the bead ring. I think I was rather a happy little thing in those days, before I knew what life was, or how cruel the world could be."

"And you went in for a good fit of retrospection, introspection, dissection, or whatever you choose to call it," he said, with his gentle, sympathetic drawl. "Oh, I can follow you there; I gloat over that sort of thing myself sometimes; I revel, I wallow in it; it makes you so delightfully miserable to regard yourself as a sepulchre of blighted hopes and lost ambitions, and all the rest of it."

"Ah! but if your troubles were real," said the widow, putting her lace handkerchief to her eyes, as if she expected to find tears there; "if you had lost the only person who cared for you, Harry—if you were as lonely as I am—"

"Letty!" cried the young man, starting up, forgetting his languor.

What was he going to say? To what folly might he not have committed himself but for the saving grace of Marker's entrance.

"What is it, Marker?" said Letitia, sharply, her handkerchief and her emotions tucked away together in her bosom. "What do you want?"

"I beg your pardon, madam," said Marker, who was very polite, "but as James has orders to take your luggage to the station I thought I would ask you what dress you desire to wear in the morning."

"James has no such orders," said Letty, starting up, two bright, red spots burning on her cheeks. "Have you lost your senses, Marker?"

"If you please, ma'am, it was Lady Severn's maid who told me you were leaving," said Marker, who began to have a glimmering suspicion of the truth. "She told me to pack the trunks to-night, and I'm sure, ma'am, I thought the order came from you."

"This is too much!" said Letty, with a passionate ring in her voice. "Harry, will you sit still and see me insulted by a servant? Who is Farthing that she is to order my comings and goings, and to turn me out of my grandmother's house at her pleasure! I made allowance for her impertinence before, but this is too much!"

"Send Farthing here," said Harry, with outward sternness to the gaping Marker.

He was groaning inwardly at the part he was forced to play, and for the first time he ungratefully wished he had gone to London, and yet he did everything that could be expected of him in the circumstances.

"Don't agitate yourself, Letty," he implored her; "if any one has insulted you, he or she will pay for it."

"She told me I must go home. She dared to say it to me to-night when I was dressing for dinner," said Letty, with a catch in her voice, suddenly realising that her victory had not been quite final after all.

"One might have thought I was that little girl with the curls," she said, with something between a laugh and a sob. "This is what comes of being alone in the world—even a servant may insult me;" she had recourse to the lace handkerchief once more. That flimsy bit of gauze would not assuage many tears, but possibly Letty had not many at command. It was anger, mortification, wounded pride, disappointed plans; who shall say what? that the handkerchief hid. All these emotions were at work within her when Farthing presented her form in the doorway. If Farthing had any corresponding emotions to contend with she controlled them very well. She looked at the widow with an awful calmness.

"What is the meaning of this, Farthing?" said Harry, his irritability giving the necessary edge of sternness to his voice. "How is it that you come to be settling Mrs. Garston's movements for her? You forget yourself strangely."

"If other people was to remember their duty, there wouldn't be the same chance of me forgetting mine," said Farthing, unable to forbear launching this shaft. "And, if you ask me to shut my eyes, Mr. Henry, it's that I can't do for you or anybody. There are some things that flesh and blood won't stand;" she glanced grimly at the little figure huddled distressfully in the big chair.

"That's exactly what I was about to remark," said Harry. "I can tell you it won't stand very much more of this sort of thing from you. As for shutting your eyes, you may do that or not as you choose, but if you want to keep your place here, you had better learn to shut your mouth. I should be sorry to annoy my grandmother while she is still ailing; but if this is to go on much longer, I'll let her know the truth."

"Very well, sir," said the waiting-woman with acid meekness, "it's not for me to dictate, and if I'm to be turned out of the house where I've served my mistress faithful these fifty years, I hope I may have support given me to bear it as a Christian woman and member of the church. But I may mention, sir, that if you want to kill your grandmother, that the doctors has just brought back from the jaws of death, you can't do it quicker or easier than by naming Mrs. Garston's being here. If you was to mention that she has slept in the red bedroom these three weeks past, sir, and used the best sheets, too, that have never been used since Sir Harry died, but

laid up in lavender in the oak chest, you would kill her just as easy as you might snuff out a candle between your finger and thumb, so to speak. And then, sir, you could turn us all out, we that were here long before you were born, and have nobody but innocent Sir Edward to answer to for it."

"This is intolerable," said Harry, with that impotent anger a man feels before the stabs of a woman's tongue. He could not knock the re-

be told you mean well when every nerve in your body is quivering with just indignation, is a bitter pill to swallow. "If I was to speak out all my mind about you, there might be more said than you'd like the flavour of."

"You have given us a very pretty specimen already; so we'll take the rest for granted. Never mind, I forgive you, Farthing," said Mrs. Letty, sweetly, levelling her little dart in her turn.

"And, Harry, dear"—she addressed her cousin—



FARTHING JOINS BATTLE.

spectable Farthing down, though he had every desire in the world to do it: he could still less fight her with her own weapons. While he was metaphorically grinding his teeth, Letty came to his aid.

There was a stirring of the laces and ribbons in the big chair, and presently she lifted a sad resigned face from the cushion. Where had she put all these naughty passions that had been written there so little a while ago?

"Harry, dear, don't mind for me," she said, sadly. "Poor Farthing means well, though she expresses herself a little bluntly."

"I don't mean well by you, Mrs. Garston; I would scorn to tell a lie about it," said Farthing, with more violence than she had yet shown. To

"Farthing is quite right; it would never do to run the risk of hurting poor, dear Granny, when she is doing us all the kindness to recover so beautifully. I wouldn't agitate her for the world, and she doesn't love me, you know," she smiled sadly. "Another sort of Granny might have understood, and allowed for the anxiety that kept me here, but our poor old lady hasn't 'l'art d'être grandmère,' has she, Harry? It doesn't display itself to poor little me, anyhow."

Letty grew quite good-natured over the pathetic pictures she drew of herself; she was a martyr, and she acted the part with a most beautiful resignation. She addressed Farthing with the kindest good-humour.



"You will help me to pack, won't you? There's a dear woman!" she said. "Ah, Farthing, if you had only hinted before that you thought my presence dangerous, do you think I would have stayed an hour? It would have been kinder to have told me gently; wasn't I your nursling long ago?"

Farthing was struck dumb with all this suavity, though she raged inwardly; as for Harry, he amazed himself hopelessly over this exhibition of a woman's caprice. What did Letty mean by it? Nobody but Letty could have told.

On one point, however, she was immovable. Nothing would induce her to occupy the red bedroom and those sheets of gloomy tradition for another night. Judith's surprised remonstrances, when she was made aware of this sudden intention, seemed to strengthen Letty's resolve.

"Think if I did anything to spoil your chances!" she said, with a little shudder. "I have been very thoughtless, but now that my duty has been pointed out to me, I hope I can follow it."

She went upstairs to superintend the packing. Marker had her choice of the gowns in the big box; there was some old lace that might have been Farthing's, if she had not indignantly refused the peace-offering. The coachman had to be torn from his family meal at the lodge to harness the horses at once. It was only a stone's throw to the Star and Garter, yet the family coach must carry her there.

"It wouldn't look well to arrive on foot at this time of night," she said. "Harry, would it trouble you too much to go with me? It is only for one night. To-morrow I shall go to my little home; I could not be so inconsiderate as to return without giving the servants warning."

So the big boxes were carried down the back stairs, and Letty tripped noiselessly down the front ones, for fear of disturbing Lady Severn, who was sitting up in her chair for the first time.

She whispered her good-byes; she feed the servants with a lavish hand, and finally went off, smiling and forgiving everybody.

Farthing had conquered, but the little widow had managed to wring all the sweetness out of the victory.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.—A MISSION FOR HARRY.

WINTER, of course, knew nothing of this sudden exodus when he climbed the hill next morning to inquire for the invalid.

He left Margaret Lee watering her flowers, while the beaming old patriarch, her father, filled her cans from a creaking pump. The old ladies and gentlemen who lived on the other side of the hedge were not visible this morning; they shut themselves up as the tulips do, at the first hint of east in the wind, and old Lee's social world was thus, for the moment, swept bare.

He bore up with wonderful resignation under the bereavement, and hopped about between the pump and the borders with the blitheness and some of the inconsequent cheerfulness of a bird.

"Couldn't get any work done if you were always in society," he nodded to Winter. "It is vastly entertaining, but it makes a man idle—idle."

He set down his replenished can at Margaret's side with an abrupt gentleness, and presently from within there came out as a reproach to the two idlers the creaking and protesting groans of a mangle.

Margaret, all her innocent graces neatly enveloped in a light cotton, leaned upon her rake and looked like an embodied bit of the May morning.

"I hope you will find the poor lady better to-day, sir," she said, for she guessed Winter's destination. Did he not go every day on the same errand? "And the young lady who has nursed her so faithfully."

"She is not ill, Margaret; sickness does not seem to fit in with her name any more than it does with yours." His glance went from her to a supple young apple-tree that had hung out all its bravery, and nodded across the hedge as if it shared with Margaret a common joy in life.

Margaret looked up with a smile in her eyes and a faint deepening of her bloom, as if in answer to the tree's pink blush. She was young, and not clever; but in one respect she was nimbler-witted than Winter, for all his philosophical complexion of mind. She had read his secret unerringly, while as yet he had not so much as guessed that he possessed one.

The household on the hill slept late on the morning after Mrs. Garston's departure. Emotions are exhausting, and Letty had managed to raise a pretty ferment in several bosoms. Perhaps she was a little missed, as even troublesome people are; she was the pivot round which gossip had turned in that merciless society below stairs, where everything that is said and done above stairs, and much that never is or could be done or said, is canvassed; her gowns were the envy and desire of the maids; her behaviour held them in a little flutter of whispers, that told disastrously on the scrubbing, and dusting, and polishing that ought to have occupied their leisure; now, with her departure all this was at an end, and everything that concerned the widow and her doings was lifted into the realm of conjecture, where speculation soon exhausts itself. Harry missed his cousin, perhaps even more than the maids. He had got used to her company, and he felt it an affront to breakfast alone. For the first time he forgot to present Judith with the usual narcissus or pansy of May, though he went to meet her, when from the open casement he spied her, with more alacrity than he often allowed himself to show.

She was walking on the terrace with that delight in the morning air that is only fully tasted after a night of sick-room vigils. Her beautiful eyes rested on Harry as he came to meet her, with a calm, impartial interest, under which he somehow found himself reddening.

"Are you very tired?" he asked, though he felt the fatal stupidity of the words.

"No, I am not tired at all; grandmother has had a very good night."

"And you? You sat and watched her?"

"I sat and watched her;" she smiled gravely. "It doesn't make a very large demand on one's powers to do that. It is rather a simple and easy thing, on the whole."

"Yet Letty could not do it."

"No," said Judith, with a new accent of tenderness in her voice; "Letty could not. But she has so many other gifts that she may spare me this one, and never miss it."

"Won't you come and have breakfast with me?" he asked, making the plea rather diffidently.

"I have breakfasted long ago," she answered; "but I will pour out your coffee if you like."

She stepped in at the open window, and he followed her. Letitia seemed the more missed because there were so many signs of her recent presence.

The arrangement of the flowers and the furniture, and the dexterous banishment of stiffness, all spoke of her; a chair carelessly pushed back from the table seemed to cry out for her return.

Judith looked about her with a curious, comprehensive glance, but she said nothing. She moved the chair a little to one side, and, seating herself on it, began to attend to his wants. She gave a careful regard to his tastes, and seemed more anxious that he should breakfast well than that he should talk. Yet when he spoke she answered with readiness and ease.

They spoke of very common things—the weather, perhaps, and the flowers, and old Lady Severn's whims and distempered fancies, and Harry, at least, possessed the art of talking about nothing very neatly, but the conventional atmosphere was never banished, and there was a subtle barrier between them which neither of them could surmount.

The gaiety and vivacity, the sweet and impudent piquancy, which gave an almost feverish brilliance to the talk when Letty led it, were all lacking. Judith did not laugh once, and Harry found himself wondering whether he had ever heard a note of wholesome merriment from her at all.

When he looked up between his bites of toast and marmalade it seemed to him as if he were assisting at a transformation scene. The knot of scarlet ribbon Letty had worn last night hung limp from a blue Japanese vase on the mantelpiece, where the finder of it had placed it for safety or identification; the saucer of pansies from which she had selected one for his buttonhole still graced the table; but she was gone, and in her place Judith had come.

So it would be for the rest of his life. For gaiety he should have gravity; for quips and

cranks a serious reasonableness. Judith would do her duty. To the utmost farthing she would pay her debt; was it to be too grasping to crave for a little more than justice and righteousness? or altogether blameworthy to find these excellent virtues a trifle ponderous as the portion of one's whole life?

"I will be virtuous too," he said. "My pound of flesh shall be forthcoming to the last ounce. With a little practice I shall soon be as mournful and sombre of mood as the Prince of Denmark. Cakes and ale shall not know our larder."

"Harry," said Judith, bending forward over the cups. She so seldom called him by his name that it had power to scatter his cynical resolves to the winds. "If you can find time (as if he had not more of it than he knew how to barter!) will you go to the hotel and help Letty? She wanted to leave by an early train, and she has not been used to help herself. She has always had some one to help her."

"She has had you," he struck in, impelled to the admission.

"She had her husband, and before that—well, there was always some one," she smiled.

"And now it is to be me."

"If you will. You have been very good to her," she said, reading the assent in his eyes. "It would have been dull for her all this time but for you."

"It would have been dull for me too; I saw so little of you." He spoke easily, but his eyes fell before hers: perhaps he desired to escape the surprised incredulity he might read in them. "I'm afraid it was a base prompting on my part to ward off the first approaches of boredom," he said, speaking lightly to hide his embarrassment. "Letty and I are a frivolous pair; amusement is necessary to our well-being."

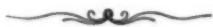
"Then you will go to her?" she asked, without superfluous comment.

"I will go, certainly, if I can be of any use. Do you happen to remember what train she meant to catch?"

"One at midday, I think."

"Then I will go presently, as I know that ladies like to make sure of catching a train by keeping an eye on it for half an hour before it starts. Can you suggest anything that I might take with me? A coil of rope, or a packing-needle, or a ball of twine? I don't quite know what form Letty's helplessness is likely to assume."

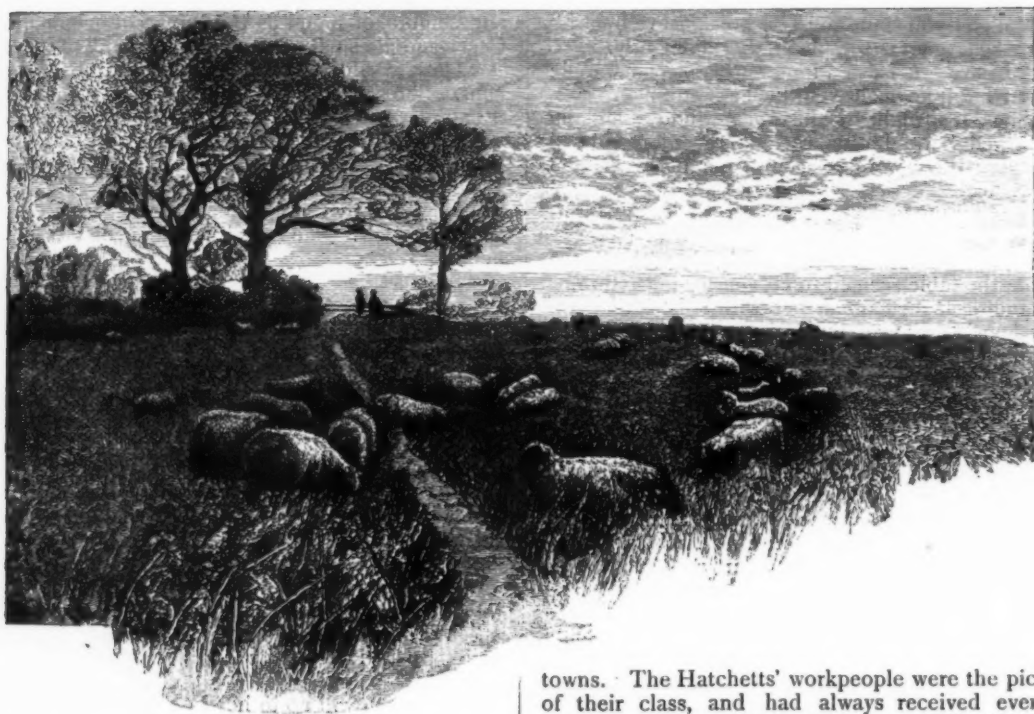
"I don't think it will overtax your resources," said Judith, who had no small change ready at hand with which she could pay back his airy speeches.



## VOICES FROM THE HIGHWAYS AND HEDGES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE"

THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE PROVINCES.



THE Hatchetts are friends on Alick's side of our house. The Hatchett family have been from generation to generation owners of a printing business of great magnitude and importance. Partly from the very nature of this business, and partly from the bias of the family temper, many of its members have been in close relation with some of the best artists and authors of the age, and nearly all of them have taken a vivid interest in social and political questions.

The family was Quaker in its origin, and the Quaker spirit of calm watchfulness for the oracles of God, and unhesitating obedience to the dictates of conscience, in small things as well as in great, has never departed from it. Some of the old Quaker names linger also, though most of the minor formalities of the sect have vanished. The present head of the firm and master of the house, Josiah Hatchett, is a man a little older than my husband, and was married at a much earlier age, so that his children, of whom he has three, are now in the dawn of youth. His wife was the only child of an eminent engraver. During their courting days she and Josiah had read much of the writings of Ruskin and Carlyle, and their thoughts had been strongly directed to the disadvantages surrounding labouring folks in great

towns. The Hatchetts' workpeople were the pick of their class, and had always received every encouragement to thrift and industry. Yet Josiah and his bride could not fail to see that the conditions of modern town life were every day driving farther from them all the graces and beauties of existence.

Josiah pondered ruefully over the increasing racket and dirt which his own huge printing presses sent into the chamber windows of the poor homes in the crowded courts huddled round his printing office. With Josiah and his wife to recognise an evil was to seek to remedy it. Why should not these presses work on the edge of some lonely moorland, while those who laboured alongside of them might live in the nearest village, yet far enough away to leave all their discomforts behind when they went home at night? To make such a change would cost a fortune. Well, the fortune was ready, for the bride was the heir of all her father's snug wealth, and longed for nothing more than to devote it to this object. And so the scheme was carried out. The workpeople did not go into it very enthusiastically at first. Most of them resolved to follow the presses, for the men were loth to leave masters whose justice and generosity they understood, and under whose fathers, in some instances, their own fathers had also served with mutual satisfaction. But many of the women in the workmen's houses looked sourly on the



change. They thought "the country would be very cold in winter." "It would be terribly dull." They hankered after the gaslights, and the shops, and even the ready-cooked viands of the city slums. If the matter could have been put to the vote, and their vote could have vetoed it, it would never have come to pass.

Mrs. Hatchett was quite familiar with the district to which "the works" were transported. It was situate only about an hour's railway run from the town, and her own father had spent much of his time there, having wisely preferred to carry on his labours in its peace and seclusion. She knew its shortcomings and limitations, and could foresee all the evils which might arise under a sudden increase of its population. Therefore, part of her husband's plan was to build a little row of simple cottages, sufficient to accommodate the printers and their families. Nothing was to set aside these cottages specially for the printers, who might, if they chose, occupy other village houses as they fell vacant. But naturally the new-comers would move into these first, and the familiar neighbours grouping together would give homeliness to the scene. The thoughtful landlord planned that the gardens should not be of a sort to daunt his unaccustomed tenants, while, perhaps, his modern sanitary arrangements might serve to awake a wholesome discontent in the hearts of the village aborigines, and stir up the old-fashioned squire into "going and doing likewise."

We may be quite sure that such a scheme was not effectually carried out without many difficulties, and even misgivings and heartburnings. There were unlooked-for expenses and complications, which cast a cloud even on the calm brow of Josiah Hatchett. Yet Alick says he never made any remark more despondent than that "it would take some time for things to work out." And they did work out at last.

The Hatchetts' workpeople soon found that the same wage went much farther under the new conditions of life than under the old. "One could not get a breath of pure air without paying an omnibus-fare, or taking it between two doses of poison on the 'Underground,'" said one woman. "Now, one gets it for nothing all day long; and I don't think I'd find it easy to go without it again." Wholesome luxuries, which had hitherto seemed but decorative items in story-books, began to appear on humble tables; honey, new-laid eggs, home-reared chickens, and salads. The children began to know the names of wild flowers, ceased to wonder that there should be other birds besides sparrows outside cages, and learned to approach horses, dogs, and cattle without fear and trembling. But the great triumph was when one poor city mother, who had buried five little babes in succession in the dismal town cemetery, actually reared a living healthy child, which was now running about her door and startling her poor nervous heart with its gamesome daring!

It has always struck Alick and me—far more I think than it ever struck the Hatchetts themselves—that the village life has gained as much

by their settlement as their people have by their removal. The Hatchett family live in a picturesque house near the village. It had belonged to Mrs. Hatchett's father, and they had retained possession of it, though they had at first intended to use it only for holiday purposes. They also keep a house in town, near the office there, to which Mr. Hatchett himself must still repair for a few hours almost daily. Mrs. Hatchett takes relays of village maidens into her kitchen and trains them into the ways of superior domestic service without exciting in the breasts of their anxious parents those forebodings which used to rise when some little ignorant damsel made up her mind to seek "a place," and too often got one amid undesirable surroundings.

And when some bright village lad, perhaps early made the main bread winner of a widowed home, conceives that he may more effectually serve those he loves by exchanging the hoe for compositor's stick, Josiah Hatchett can give him the coveted start in life without any secret demur whether he is doing the boy any true service.

Nor is it only in such individualities that the presence and power of the Hatchetts tell. The village had been somewhat of a Sleepy Hollow. A Rip Van Winkle might have taken his long nap, and awaked to find no particular change, save that of decay. The squire, a typical fine old country gentleman, was an aged man. His son was married to a lady who liked to live abroad; and his family at home consisted of elderly daughters, with the kindest of hearts and the most helpful of hands, within the limits allowed by the stiffest old-fashioned notions of place and station, pastor and master. The rector, too, was an aged man, the soul of goodness, ever ready to minister to every human need that came within his cognizance, but absolutely unaware of the existence of demons of doubt, denial, and profligacy, which, crude enough in form, had been introduced even among the rustic smock-frocks by wandering lecturers and ill-willed literature. The few other village households of superior class were all either elderly, or shadowed by grief or misfortune, absorbed in their own economies and shrinking into the shade, with little energy to move in any direction save upon grooves they found made ready for them.

The Hatchetts approached this little circle with kindly tenderness, knowing well that it regarded them with suspicion (not without excuse) as "horrid manufacturing people." It had not known much of Mrs. Hatchett in her maiden days, but it was immensely conciliated by her quiet manners, her plain dress, her little use of carriages or footmen, and her love for walking and for flowers and poultry. Why, her first public movement was the institution of a village flower and poultry show, which the squire opened, and where his daughter gave the prizes! That seemed to lead the way, quite naturally, to a village library and to a reading-room, with a few useful evening classes and an occasional lecture. Then who could object to a village choir, whose trained voices must improve the sleepy psalmody of the village church? Somehow, it seemed to be the rector himself who started the idea of a curate—but it was

from Mr. Hatchett that the funds were forthcoming—which brought down a strong-limbed, vigorous-minded lad from college, who won the hearts of the village youth by his hearty sympathy in all that concerned them, and whose words on other and far different matters they therefore (perhaps illogically) decided “must be worth a hearing.” To him fell the arguing and debating, the tramping along wet country roads, the midnight visits to dying folk, the criticism and counselling of the village schools. The old rector found that this assistance would but prolong his own strength to go in and out among his people like the “beloved disciple,” teaching them by deed and look, as much as by word, that last and greatest lesson, “Little children, love one another.”

It was out of a life, rich in promoting such influences, that Mrs. Hatchett had sent me a brief letter:—

“My dear Friend,—Will you spare your husband to us for one week? If you can come too, we shall be delighted, but we fear that ‘the baby’ will have the supreme authority of keeping you at home.

“Josiah is organising an excursion from our village to the International Exhibition at —. He particularly wants some of our best workmen to see the new machinery in action there; and he has been often struck by the waste and distress endured in journeying by those who are unaccustomed to it, and are not up to the ‘tips’ of travelling, and who always end in spending much for a little, and in missing a great deal. You know we are not far from a seaport, so Josiah has engaged a steamer for the journey to and fro; and he has ascertained how many passengers, at a moderate cost, will pay his exact outlay, and tickets are to be sold at that price. At — he has engaged the whole of a nice temperance hotel for a given number of days, and will take all his passengers there on a similar reckoning. We find that each person will have to pay but little more than half what it would cost if he travelled alone and on his own account, which means that, by this contrivance, many will be able to go who would otherwise stay at home. Josiah has carefully explained that whoever avails himself or herself of this offer, takes nothing whatever from him, except the benefit of that planning and foreknowledge which any true friend is always so glad to offer to another.

“Josiah wants to be accompanied by two or three friends who will help him to make the tour of the Exhibition instructive and interesting. He will undertake to ‘conduct’ through the machine-rooms himself. The curate will take the picture galleries, a lady from the village will undertake all the departments interesting to our sex; and Josiah hopes your husband will give his help in the geological, botanical, and chemical sections.

“The idea of all of this came into our heads through a memory of mine. Years ago, father and I were travelling in Devonshire, just after one of the former Great International Exhibitions. We stayed for a day in a little out-of-the-world place on Exmoor, where father, as was his wont, made friends with the inhabitants. The blacksmith told him that ‘the squire’ had taken all his tenants (he had but six or eight) up to London to see the show, travelling with them and entertaining them together at an hotel. Josiah’s way and the way of the hospitable squire are necessarily different in some respects; and yet the one has grown out of the other.

“Hoping to see one or both of you very soon, I am, yours in faithful affection,  
PRISCILLA HATCHETT.”

“You must go, Alick!” I cried.

“Of course I must, if you say so,” said he. “Oh, wise Priscilla, who knew where I would take my orders! When you want the husband to accept the invitation, always send it through the wife!

But does not all this show,” he went on, seriously, “how much the whole country would benefit if more intelligence and energy were given to its social cultivation in its several parts, instead of their being tempted to rush up to central quarters and expend themselves wholly there. We hear a great deal now about the selfishness and folly of landowners extracting their revenues from country places, and lavishing them in capital cities. But are there no selfishness and folly in enterprise and intelligence doing much the same?”

“And I think it may be as suicidal in the one set of cases as in the other,” I mused. “I am sure it has often proved so in the records of genius! Think of the tragedies of Burns, and Chatterton and Clare, and scores of others, who left the quiet works and ways of early life under promptings of literary ambition, as if place could serve work rather than work glorify place!”

“So few of the people who live in villages, or even in provincial towns and cities, seem to realise the value and possibilities of their surroundings,” said Alick. “The average villager, though he may rarely see a hundred people together, has relations with more grades of life and varieties of standpoint than fall to the lot of any but exceptionally fortunate people in huge cities. He is probably on speaking terms with the great titled landowner and his family. The smaller local squire knows all about him, and he knows all about the squire. The vicar and the doctor are his intimates—as they cannot be in places where they owe duty not to scores, but to thousands. The shopkeeper is his helpful though perhaps severe mentor. In short, the possibilities of his existence are limited, not by the high, dead wall of circumstance which would surround such a man in a huge city, but only by his own faculties, or the extent to which they have been awakened.”

“Yes,” said I; “let it be a Brontë family which live on a lonely Yorkshire moor, and they find there the material for a whole world of literary creation!”

“And we know well enough,” Alick went on, “that in thousands of cases the critical and observant capacities exist as strongly, though deprived of adequate power of expression. Anybody who knows aught of the peasant knows how shrewd his judgments are, how terse and incisive their utterance. I once heard a thoughtful critic say that he believes Thomas Carlyle owes much of his epigrammatic force to his peasant blood and peasant rearing.”

“George Eliot, too, was brought up among the blunt, ponderous rustics whose portraits she drew so well,” I remarked. “And I can think of a case within my personal knowledge which goes to prove what we are saying, though in a negative way. The muse found a sweet, open mind in a rough little country town, and she taught him to see and to set forth the dignity, and poetry, and pathos of the plain, stern, simple lives around him. And they made his name immortal. But then he must needs go and live in the great capital—in ‘a literary atmosphere,’ forsooth, which means where everybody thinks of him as an author rather than as a man, and where the writing of books

seems a greater thing than the living of Life. So henceforth he has not seen real men and women going about in their daily work and their daily woe, but only the simulacra of men and women posed to produce effect in the fashionable writer's eyes! So his work is no longer studied from nature; it is but a clever copy of bad works of art!"

"Yes," said my husband, "it is one of the commonest fallacies of superficial thinkers, that life is to be seen and studied by going, as it is called, 'into society.' Now, too often but one phase of life is learned there, and that is, its disguises. Life is only to be learned by opportunities of watching human qualities at work upon each other, and these are mostly found in limited groups of people, each of whom is fulfilling some inevitable human function, as of bread-winning, governing, obeying, loving, or loathing. I am inclined to think that the growing tendency to centralise—to rush towards the capital cities—is one of the gravest clouds threatening the future—mental and moral, as well as political and economic. Has it ever struck you how the leaders of nations—not the ringleaders of mobs, remember—have generally come from quiet country places or sober provincial towns? Witness Cromwell among the breweries and sheepfolds of Huntingdon. As Wordsworth says:

'Books, leisure, perfect freedom and the talk  
Man holds with weekday man in the hourly walk  
Of the mind's business, these are the degrees  
By which true sway doth mount: this is the stalk  
True power doth grow on.'

"I had never looked at it in that light," I admitted. "But it has often occurred to me that character and opinion have much more weight when defined, and, as we are too apt to think, limited in sphere, forgetting that a limit is often needed to secure and preserve what would otherwise be spilled and lost, like water whose vessel is broken. One strong character can give colour to the life of a whole village, and will tell, at every point, even in a very considerable provincial town. There is to-day a whole district in Surrey very richly and beautifully wooded, because it was once the residence of John Evelyn, author of 'Sylva,' and the traditions of his taste have been maintained in the neighbourhood. So the two or three most diligent students at the provincial book club can decide the class of books to be read by all the rest of the inhabitants, who naturally and unconsciously follow in their wake. And I think people might do a great deal more for their native places in many simple ways, if they would only make it a matter of duty. Do you know that the knitting industry of Shetland, which now brings into the islands a yearly revenue of from £10,000 to £12,000, all originated in the quick observation and tact of one man? Let those of any community who are privileged to travel, instead of coming home, as they often do, filled with re-pining after all they have left behind, seek rather to attract it to the uses of what is already there. Instead of sneering at the common-place shops, and getting their purchases sent direct from some huge central emporium, let them order the last

new etching or art fabric through the local dealer, so giving him an opportunity of setting them before his little public, and advancing the taste of the whole place."

"And, at any rate," said Alick, "let them make inquiry whether certain things cannot be got at home before sending for them abroad. And let them use all their influence to take care that, however far wares may travel, they may find their first and easiest market on the spot where they are produced. The fatuity and false taste of too many buyers are made manifest by the trade custom which finds it expedient to print the fib, 'Articles de Paris,' on boxes of goods assuredly made in Birmingham! It is not so very long ago since the corporation of a northern provincial seaport passed the rule that fish caught in its bay should not be exposed in its market at a price actually higher than the same fish would bring in London after all the costs of packing and transit. There are many country places in which milk and fruit are scarcely to be had, because 'all is sent to London!' And I must say I think the climax of those absurdities is reached in a county town not far from this, famous for a certain useful manufacture which, however, never reaches the citizens until it has first travelled hundreds of miles to the capital, whence it is returned to the local shops through the agency of wholesale houses!"

"It is social arrangements like these which justify the naïve remark of the poor lunatic, 'that there are more crazy people outside asylums than within them,'" said I.

"It seems to me," Alick went on, "that it is much easier to take a deep and sympathetic interest in the affairs of a small place than a very large one. One is able to understand how its social influences grew up, and also to grasp what their strong points are, and where they need supplementing. Its poor are, in the truest sense, 'always with one,' so that one is in no danger of mistaking unfortunate industry for hereditary pauperism. It is very pitiful to see small cities and towns intent on copying the wholesale methods of philanthropy which are simply inevitable to the exigencies of great cities, and thereby breeding in themselves the very evils which they should be most anxious to avert as long as they may. A man can be as public-spirited in a village as in a metropolis; but don't let him seek to pave the village green, let him be content to mow it!"

"I always think that the 'powers that be' in any place can do a great deal by exciting the interest of the young inhabitants in their local history, monuments, and customs," I said. "A nation loses a great deal when the memory of that which is noteworthy is allowed to perish."

"And how much is in individual power in this direction may be seen from the fact that many of our most beautiful and valuable historical relics owe their preservation or restoration to the pious care of solitary or obscure individuals," answered Alick. "We need not allude to my doughty fellow-countryman, the original of 'Old Mortality,' who made it a religious duty to 'keep the memory green' of the Covenanting martyrs. But another instance rises on my memory, that of



John Shanks, a poor shoemaker of Elgin, who was the first to appreciate the interest of his town's noble cathedral as it lay desolate. It is now acknowledged to be one of the most imposing ecclesiastical ruins in the kingdom, but under a very few more years of such treatment as it had received before Shanks's time it must have wholly disappeared. The ruins were actually treated as a quarry, out of which the town's-people procured building materials. John Shanks had no money, little influence, nothing but his own honest hands; so, with those he set to work, cleared away the rubbish, put up fallen stones, and succeeded in rousing public opinion to a better level, so that the cathedral is now not only the pride of the city, but its fruitful source of profit as an attraction to travellers. I dare say one could multiply such instances by scores; but how many more similar occasions there must have been, through the length and breadth of the land, which have lacked a man equal to them?"

"I have often thought," said I; "that I have heard few episodes more charming than that of the old family governess, spending her whole life in a stately country house in one of the fairest villages of Surrey, and then bequeathing her savings to build a quaint arch over the well on the green, and to endow a homely school for the little village maids. One cannot but believe there must have been a rare peace and charm about an existence that sought such form for its last earthly expression. And yet against provincial or village life there is always urged the indictment of narrowness, of gossip, of undue and unkindly interest in personalities."

"These are the dangers against which it has to guard," Alick admitted. "Yet extremes meet, and I have found no provincialism narrower than a metropolitanism, which cannot believe that anything good or great flourishes outside itself, and begins to imagine that the country at large exists for its capital rather than the capital for the country. As for gossip and undue interest in personalities, I think the 'society journals' prove that the old women gossiping round the country post-office have no monopoly of these! And remember there is a due interest in personalities: an interest which does not readily allow a neighbour to perish of starvation, or to go down a wrong road without a warning word. As for the old taunt against village society, 'that everybody knows what everybody else has got for dinner,' what harm need there be in that? As I once heard a witty country lady remark: 'I don't grudge my neighbours their facts, it is only their inferences which I resent.'"

"Vide our Mrs. Fraser!" said I, mischievously.

"But seriously," pursued Alick, "I wish people would begin to believe that there may be much more true variety in the life of villages and small towns than in that of great cities. People there are more free to follow their personal bents, they are not, as it were, so hemmed in and pushed along by the crowd. A man or woman's whole nature, too, has more room to grow: it is in less danger of being specialised. We have all pitied the man who had spent half a century in putting a certain

touch to certain millions of pins, but a huge city, little as many suspect it, tends to set minds, as well as fingers, in grooves quite as monotonous and mechanical. Tasks do not readily find their way to the hands best fitted to undertake them. Tastes—aye, gifts perhaps—get no chance of development, though they may peep up, like flowers in a rough place in an unkindly spring, only to wither and vanish."

"Ah," I interrupted, "I must tell you a story from one of our Scotch hillsides, Alick, which story, I think, is a picturesque parable of all we have been saying of the possibilities of rural life."

"Once upon a time—" said Alick, settling himself attentive.

"About ten years ago," I corrected in my most matter of fact style, "a poor crofter's wife found herself at her wits' end for an extra bed-covering in a specially severe winter. The family 'stores' consisted of but a few ragged shawls whose rents distressed the good wife's tidy soul. So, after sewing the shawls together to make a thick quilt, she proceeded to conceal these holes by sewing over them patches which she cut in simple forms of stars, birds, etc. She was not displeased with the result, and showing her performance to her neighbours, who persuaded her to do the same for sundry remnants of their own. Word of her skill spread into the bigger farm-houses, bringing ever more work of better and more promising material. Her artistic enthusiasm was fired. She took to copying beautiful natural forms and to studying colour. At last, a magnificent piece of antique needlework, left unfinished by a long-deceased countess, was entrusted to her hands. She did the work splendidly, and her fortune was made. Now, who can say village life offers no chance for a character—or of a career?"

Alick had opened his book of extracts, and he read from it (evidently selecting verses as he went on)—

"O artist, range not over wide,  
Lest what thou seek be haply hid  
In bramble blossoms at thy side,  
Or shut within the daisy's lid.

"The peasant at his cottage door,  
May teach thee more than Plato knew;  
See that thou scorn him not; adore  
God in him and thy nature, too.

"Remember, every soul God made  
Is different; has some work to do,  
Some work to work. Be undismayed,  
Though thine be humble, do it, too."

"Of course that is quite true," I said, "and yet in this world we may well count them supremely happy who find the task for which their hands are fittest. Do you really believe, Alick, that everybody has some one line of action or faculty, could he only strike it out, on which he could do work, good both for himself and for the community?"

"Yes, I do believe it," said Alick. "It seems to me a blasphemy against our Heavenly Father not to have such a hope for every one of His children."

## THE QUEEN'S HOMES.

WINDSOR CASTLE.



WINDSOR.

FEW persons have seen Windsor Castle in all its parts. If one might say so without disrespect, probably the Queen herself has not. William IV, as we know, went over it but once, and that on the very day of his accession. The Prince Consort probably knew the Castle better than any prince before or since his time. Certainly, the sight-seeing public, to whom, by her Majesty's permission, the State apartments are open at certain periods of the year, has not seen, nor ever will, a tithe of its interesting interior.

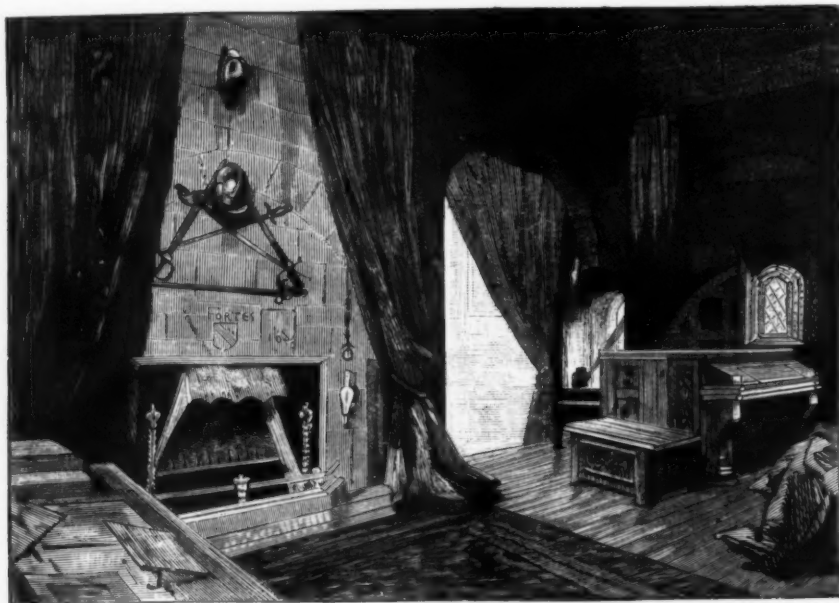
The average visitor is somewhat apt to regard Windsor Castle solely as a country residence of the sovereign. But it is the one historic palace we possess, and one, too, which commands the admiration of the world. As the Tower of London in the days of Lancaster and Tudor sovereigns, and Whitehall in the reign of the Stuarts, so Windsor in the later and present period of our history is the representative royal residence of England.

The palaces of St. James, Hampton Court, and Kensington are mere royal lodges beside it; and the Queen's town residence at Buckingham Gate

is no more to be compared with it, as a worthy palace of the English sovereign, than the famous Highland home of the Sutherlands with the newly-built country mansion of some wealthy *parvenu*. Windsor Castle is the most stately existing memorial of the ancient glory of England. It has been described time and time again, so that it needs no description. It is as familiar to English-speaking folk the world over as their own alphabet. The rude woodcut in the thumb-worn spelling-book of our childhood first makes us acquainted with its exterior outline; and henceforth our interest in it increases as the pages of England's eventful story are unfolded to us. It culminates when once we have trodden its lofty terraces, slopes, steps, and embattled towers; stood on the threshold, and gazed in admiration at the choir, of its beautiful chapel; and wandered hither and thither in its grand domain of park, forest, and lovely pleasure-grounds. But our interest never ceases nor ever will as long as England reverences the traditions of the past, and the people take a becoming pride in preserving to future generations such worthy memorials of her past history. How-

ever much men may nowadays differ in their political creeds, they are at one in a desire for healthy instruction and temperate enjoyment. No palace will yield more of each than the castle which crowns the hill of Royal Windsor.

line of kings. Need we remind the reader of that interesting relic of English chivalry, the illustrious Order of the Garter, which here took its rise in the first half of the fourteenth century, and which still, at times, in the last part of the nineteenth,



CAVALIERS ROOM.

Londoners, indeed, are so familiar with written descriptions of the Castle that few go to see it. Foreigners, Americans, and holiday-folk, principally women, are its most frequent visitors. And these probably make the pilgrimage more because the Queen chiefly resides there, and with a hazy notion that the State apartments lead into the private apartments, "where the Queen lives, you know," than from any real interest in its story. Was it not Mr. Shaw Lefevre who, taking a party of some 400 members of Parliament to the Tower of London, to view certain improvements effected there during his Chief-Commissionership of Works, found that not a fifth part of his company had ever been within it? We have talked with a servant of the Queen's household who had never had the curiosity to go over Buckingham Palace, though he had passed a third of his life there. Similarly, we make no doubt that a large proportion of the readers of this periodical, who happen to be resident in London, within easy reach of it, have never been at the pains to see Windsor Castle for themselves.

When first they do look upon it, they might fancy some grand fantastic dream of the Middle Ages, realised by magic, and a castle in which the old kings of chivalry held their court. And, in point of fact, the heart, or nucleus, is of those times. The massive Round Tower, of which the eye takes note long before you reach its foot—the old-time residence of the Constable, who once held watch and ward over prisoners of State—dates from our Saxon

in the noble hall of St. George, and the yet more famous chapel dedicated to the same patron saint, exhibits somewhat of its former pageantry?



ENTRANCE TO THE GARDENS.

So long as men have in memory such thing, so long will the castle of Windsor retain its



hold on the affectionate remembrance of Englishmen, for it speaks to them of the gallantry of their forefathers. A recent American writer, in depicting Windsor, has truly said: "The imaginative mind here wanders over vast tracts of the past, and beholds as in a mirror, in pageants of chivalry, the coronations of kings, the strifes of sects, the battles of armies, the schemes of statesmen, the decay of transient systems, the growth of a rational civilisation, and the everlasting march of thought."

We may no more rightly describe Windsor Castle as a "home" of Queen Victoria than the grim-faced Tower of London as the home of Queen Elizabeth. Windsor is the principal of the Queen's State palaces. It is the only palace in England worthy of the Queen of England; for as she to-day reigns over more than a hundred millions of people, so this Castle, rising lofty and gigantic above other dwellings that seem but pigmies in comparison, commands the admiration of the world. In this light, as an historic royal residence replete with interest, albeit the most familiar to the majority of her subjects of all the Queen's palaces, we include it in these chapters on the Queen's Homes, for it is associated with many important events of her life and reign.

Interiorly, as we have elsewhere said, there is a similarity in all palaces. A profusion of gilding and more or less of elaborate and handsome ornamentation is the common characteristic of all. We have collections of works of art, statuary, busts, vases, and tapestries, beautiful furniture and tasteful decorations, splendid rooms and stately halls, endless corridors and numberless passages. There are marble tables and costly cabinets, splendid examples of inlaid and carved work, magnificent golden candelabra and great cut-glass chandeliers, satin damasks of all shades and colours, wonderfully-worked carpets and cunningly-designed sideboards, hundreds of chairs, lounges, and sofas in beautiful upholstery; and here and there, set about for greater gratification of the eye, presents from royal guest to royal host, and tributes of victory from conquering commanders to the sovereign they serve.

All these things are to be seen in most palaces, and at Windsor Castle, perhaps, in greater profusion than elsewhere. The privileged visitor who goes there will see the Crimson Drawing-room, the Green Drawing-room, and the White Drawing-room, the Dining-room, and many other noble apartments reserved to her Majesty's private use; and the ordinary visitor will be shown the so-called

State apartments, which are more stately than any. Except in respect of size, form, and decoration, and of the colours of carpets, curtains, and tapes-



THE QUEEN'S FAVOURITE WALK.

tries, and the fashion of tables and chairs, one apartment is very much like another, though no palace save Windsor Castle can show a Waterloo Chamber and St. George's Hall.

The principal private apartments overlook the sunk or east terrace, where are the private pleasure-grounds of the Castle, tastefully laid out in ornamental flower-beds, with a pretty central water-basin and fountain, and a spacious orangery to the left. This was the favourite walk of George III, and here on Sunday evenings a military band played in the Prince Consort's time. The private dining-room of the Queen and Prince overlooks it: a beautiful and spacious room richly decorated in white and gold, and containing some very beautiful cabinet-work, with ormolu designs, in the shape of sideboards and cabinets, the value of which would amount to several thousand pounds. On a side-table stands a large wine-cooler or

punch-bowl in silver-gilt, by Flaxman, which will contain fourteen gallons; the large finely-wrought ladle that lies beside it, shell-shaped, with a rich ivory and gold handle, being sufficient to satisfy at one scoop the thirst of a giant.

In the Crimson Drawing-room, so called from its rich crimson satin damask panels and upholstery, are some very fine Sèvres vases and Florentine cabinets inlaid in mosaics. A gilt candelabra of magnificent proportions is suspended from the centre of the ceiling, with lesser lights around. The floor is of polished parquetry done by Cubitt in 1854; and the doors, solidly carved in wood and finely ornamented, are from Carlton House, the once famous town residence of the Prince Regent. The most striking of the suites is the Green Drawing-room, upholstered in beautiful grass-green damask, with borders wrought in white silk. There are several cabinets of Sèvres china, originally in possession of Louis XIV, the value of which no man knows, for the service is unique; and a magnificent and finely-painted china vase, the gift to the Queen of the Emperor Nicholas of Russia. Near at hand is one wholly of malachite, massive with ormolu mounts; and about the room are many costly works of art, including a grand piano, a recent Jubilee gift of the colonists of Ontario to the Queen. Next it, as if by way of contrast, stands an ancient and well-worn harpsichord. The White Drawing-room is a smaller apartment where the Queen usually receives her Ministers. The prevailing decorations are white and gold. On either side of the fireplace are full-length portraits of the Queen and Prince Consort by Winterhalter, taken probably some thirty years ago. The view from this room is one of the finest imaginable, taking in the whole country for miles around. The Queen's private dining-room is a comparatively plainly-furnished Gothic chamber, the most interesting features of which are the portraits of herself and members of the royal family that hang on the walls.

The corridors are full of portraits, pictures, bronzes, statuary, busts, cabinets, china, carvings, and relics and curiosities of every kind and description, including a marble bust of someone in uniform by Mr. Richard Belt, which stands on a table alone as if to invite criticism. Enshrined in a crystal reliquary, which rests on a pedestal of exquisite Venetian shell mosaic, is the Bible of the heroic Gordon found at Khartoum. It lies open (whether by accident or not, we cannot say) at the 1st chapter of St. John's gospel, and is overrun with marginal lines done in blue pencil.

Some of the objects of art in the corridors are the originals of very old friends, as, for example, many of the pictures by Winterhalter, Hayter, and others; notably the well-known Duke of Wellington presenting the birthday gift to his baby godson Prince Arthur, on the 1st May, 1851. There stands below this picture a very beautiful burnished metal casket, by Elkington, with panel-portraits in enamel of the Queen and Prince Consort, first exhibited on that memorable day at the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park. But most beautiful and interesting of all are the marble statues of the Prince (a posthumous likeness we were told) and

Queen by Theed, standing in the Pages' Waiting-room; a look of inexpressible tenderness and sadness in the face of each; the wife's uplifted as if taking a lingering, sorrowful farewell, one hand resting on his shoulder, the other clasping his hand; the husband's turned towards the wife, looking down as if in affectionate solicitude of her well-being during his absence, and earnest trustfulness in their future re-union. The sculptor has depicted the Prince in Saxon dress; the Queen in royal robes and diadem of the same period. A sword lies on the ground at the Prince's feet, and on a pedestal runs the inscription from Goldsmith: "Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

There are three striking portraits in this room of old and valued friends of wife and husband now dead—Sir Thomas Biddulph, Privy Purse; Gerald Wellesley, Dean of Windsor; and Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster. We should not pass from such reminiscences of the Prince Consort without noting the familiar statue on the Queen's private staircase of the youthful Edward VI, standing with open Bible and with finger pointed down, musing on one of its passages. This was placed here, we believe, by his command, as an object-lesson for the royal children, not less graceful than loving in design.

"When first I entered upon my work here," remarked the gentleman from the Lord Chamberlain's office, in whose company we saw all these treasures, "one of the first things I had to do was to make an inventory of the contents of the several rooms. That inventory is comprised in sixty volumes. The photographs that illustrate it somewhat increase its bulk; but this fact will give you some notion of what the Castle contains, and of how impossible it is to see everything of interest in a visit such as yours." We needed no sixty volumes of inventory to assure us of this. Eyes and feet alike begged for rest, and this we found for a brief space in the Waterloo Chamber, where we sat, if not in solitary grandeur, alone in the presence of a ghostly company of emperors, kings, princes and potentates, statesmen and generals. Here then was an object-lesson for us of vast interest, if only we might take our time in studying it, for the one story of our boyhood that never failed to enlist and keep our attention was the story of the Peninsular War, in the collateral naval issues of which our own father fought.

Over the great fireplace in the post of honour hangs the full-length of George III, ruddy-faced, clean-shaven, and grey, in the robes of the Garter. On his right George IV, with nut-brown curls and lofty brow, looking very magnificent and stately, also in the robes of the Garter; and on the left William IV, in equally splendid attire. The sailor-king looks cheeriest of all, and the personification of good-humour. It being a sultry day, one wonders how these kings could bear the weight of so much magnificence; the large gold and blue tassels about the waist of each seeming heavy enough to weigh a couple of good pounds avoirdupois, and the white satin and velvet robes having the appearance of an ample bed-quilt. In striking contrast to these, in point of costume, is

the portrait of the Emperor Alexander I of Russia opposite: a tall, proud, rather handsome, florid-faced man, with light-brown hair and slight whiskers, dressed in a dark-green uniform with silver epaulettes and grey red-striped trousers. A grey cloak with red facings and a large cocked-hat with plumes lies at his side. Next the Autocrat of all the Russias hangs the portrait of the Emperor Francis I of Austria in a white and gold uniform,

he is old, and looks about as weak a king as a king might be.

Frederick-William III, King of Prussia, a far more determined-looking prince, comes next, and near him hangs the portrait of Cardinal Consalvi, Plenipotentiary of Pope Pius VII (his picture is also here) at the Congress of Vienna. Wellington, Platoff, and Blucher hang over the eastern gallery, old Blucher pointing at something or

some one, or at the French or English or Prussians, apparently in a paroxysm of fury, dressed in a tight-buttoned military frock-coat and (may we be pardoned the reference) Gladstone collars. Brunswick's ill-fated chieftain is here in sombre black, with traditionary silver skull and cross-bones; and Charles X of France; and the effeminate-looking Duc de Richelieu, President of the French Council; and the more thoughtful-looking Russian Chancellor, Count Nesselrode; and Castlereagh, Canning, and Liverpool (one of the best in the collection); and gallant Picton, and the Prince of Orange, and the King of the Belgians, and ever so many more, including the good-natured Duke of York, not, perhaps, too favourably known in that day as Commander-in-Chief.

The story of these portraits has almost passed out of memory. In 1814 the Prince Regent (afterwards George IV) was desirous that the royal personages, the statesmen, and military officers who had aided in the restoration of the Bourbons should sit for their portraits to form a commemoration gallery, and that the opportunity of their visit to London in that year should be taken advantage of for this purpose. The commission was given to Thomas Lawrence, R.A., who soon afterwards obtained sittings in London from the Emperor of Russia, the King of Prussia, Prince Blucher, and Platoff, Hetman of the Cossacks. Then came Bonaparte's flight from Elba, and England was again at war. Meanwhile Lawrence had so far succeeded in the Prince's commission that he was knighted and appointed Court Painter. The crowning victory of Waterloo extended

the original project. Wellington and his principal generals sat to the painter, and later the allied



IN THE PRIVATE GARDEN.

with broad black ribbon across the breast, scarlet breeches, and high cavalry boots. In appearance



sovereigns and principal ministers and councillors assembled at the Congresses of Aix-la-Chapelle and Vienna. He went further afield and painted at Rome Cardinal Consalvi and the Pope, which portraits are considered two of the best of the series.

Everywhere Lawrence was received with unusual honours, and presents were showered upon him by kings, princes, and governors. He tells us how the Emperor of Russia condescended to put his pegs into his easel and to help him to lift the portrait on to it, and compared this with the well-known incident of Charles V stooping to pick up Raphael's pencil. One year's labours on these portraits brought to him, it is said, more than £20,000, at that date an exceptionally large sum. He worked exceedingly hard for some years in order to complete the series, and undermined his constitution. While making great exertions to finish the portrait of Canning, he was seized with illness which ended his life. Nineteen of the pictures in the Waterloo Chamber were wholly painted by Lawrence, and nine from drawings originally made by him. The medal and chain of gold which the President of the Royal Academy wears on great occasions were the gift of George IV to Sir Thomas Lawrence on his election as President in recognition of the fulfilment of this commission. He was paid £1,000 for travelling expenses, and his usual terms for the several portraits.

It is interesting to note that one in the collection, that of the Duke of Brunswick, was painted by a local artist, W. Corden, jun., from a miniature in possession of the late Prince Consort.

There is a joke current that, at a late interesting exhibition of the works of Van Dyck in the Grosvenor Gallery in London, an elegantly-attired lady, looking at the pictures through her glasses, asked of another elegantly-attired lady, "Whom are these by, did you say?" "Van Dyck." "Van who?" "Dyck—Van Dyck." "Oh!" was the innocent rejoinder, "I thought he was exhibiting at the Paris Salon this year." It is hardly to be expected that all ladies and gentlemen should know the history of every painter, or take much interest in it when they do know it.

We venture, then, to advise intending visitors to Windsor who are not acquainted with Van Dyck, and Zuccarelli, and Canaletti, and Verrio, to look up these names in a dictionary of painters, or to borrow Walpole's Anecdotes. Having consulted these or other authorities, they will experience the more pleasure in walking through the State apartments, which contain many good examples of these masters.

Every one has heard of St. George's Hall; many people have seen it. It is the great State banqueting-room of the Castle, and, with the exception of Westminster Hall, is the most striking of all such places—in England, at least. When we entered it, the long table still stood in the centre, at which but recently had been entertained upwards of a hundred guests of the Queen, including two kings, six heirs-apparent, some fifty princes of lesser degree, and their wives and daughters, and a number of other more or less illustrious

personages. The Queen herself presided. The Lord Steward on such occasions occupies a seat at one end of the table, and the Lord Chamberlain at the other. This banquet, splendid as it was, was not, however, in what is known as full State. On these grander occasions the buffets at top and bottom of the hall are laden with a mass of gold and jewelled plate, including many presents, the value of which is estimated at something not far short of two millions sterling. "It is a marvellous fine sight," remarked our informant, "when the hall is lighted up." As intimately associated with the Order of the Garter, the Hall is hung with the flags of the first twenty-six Knights, and decorated with the arms of those subsequently created. The vast apartment is brilliantly lighted by clusters of lamps affixed to the walls. The table is draped with white damask, and adorned with the Royal dinner-service, and neatly-chased golden candelabra, interspersed with mirrors, and epergnes, filled with the rarest flowers from the Queen's conservatories. The chairs are of white-and-gold, upholstered in crimson. The coup d'œil is singularly striking, the splendour of the scene being heightened by the scarlet and blue and gold State liveries of the pages and footmen who wait on the guests. A military band plays during dinner in the east gallery.

The ordinary "command dinners" of the Queen are given in the dining-room fronting the terrace, and are (exclusive of members of the Royal Family in residence) ordinarily restricted to one or two special guests, in addition to perhaps one or two of the Ministers and members of the Household. There is no State ceremony. Her Majesty's guests assemble in an ante-room. The Queen being announced, she passes round and says a word of kindly recognition to each; and then her guests follow her to dinner.

There are many parts of the Castle in use as residences by members of the Household, and others which are replete with interest, as, for example, the Norman Tower, in occupation of the Privy Purse, in which are some curious old rooms with chiselled writings on the massive walls, done by State prisoners chiefly (if we recollect aright) of the period of the Stuarts, brought to light by Lady Ponsonby; and the Winchester Tower, with its famous exterior inscription "*Hoc fecit Wykeham*," once the residence of Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, under whose supervision, in George IV's reign, the Castle was largely restored; and the Round Tower, where were confined King John of France, King David of Scotland, Queen Philippa, the Earl of Surrey, and other prisoners of State; the Curfew Tower, the oldest part of the Castle, now restored; and the Steward's Room below the private apartments, with its low arched roof of the period, we believe of Edward III.

Among interesting memorials of the past at Windsor Castle, which all may see, are those relating to John, first Duke of Marlborough, and Arthur, first Duke of Wellington, two of the greatest military commanders of any period of history. Their busts, in marble, stand in the alcove of the Guard Chamber, and may be the more easily recognised by the small silken, gold-

fringed standards suspended above them. The banner of Marlborough and the banner of Wellington typify the conquerors in two of the

to hint that it cannot have seen much service), and several French flags are suspended in our Military Invalids' Hospital at Chelsea. It would be well,



VIRGINIA WATER.

decisive battles of the world—Blenheim and Waterloo—the first fought on the 13th August, 1704, the second on the 18th June, 1815. On the anniversary of each the sovereign receives, at the hands of the reigning dukes, a renewal of these banners, which display the national colours, and golden lily of France.

Time may come when we shall place such things out of sight as hardly conducive to the brotherhood of man. Senator Sumner, years ago, made a gallant effort to remove the battle-flags of the Civil War from the State House of Massachusetts, because they tended, as he thought, to perpetuate animosities which might well be forgotten. There is one English flag which still, we believe, hangs in the Hôtel des Invalides at Paris (we fancy we have seen more than one, but our "Murray" says "one," and seems

however, if we might get rid of such trophies save those which belong to our own gallant regiments, and serve to perpetuate their heroism in action. When Napoleon I was at the height of his fame, three thousand flags taken in battle, including several English, were hung in the chapel of the Invalides; but Joseph Buonaparte (so it is said) commanded them to be burnt on the eve of the entrance of the Allies into Paris (March 31, 1814). This was an example not to be forgotten. The French are our most intimate neighbours, and, we will hope, friends. It can be no more pleasant for French visitors to England to see the emblems of their country hanging in our public places as memorials of French humiliation, than for English visitors to see in Paris an English flag perpetuating the defeat of a body of Englishmen.

It is not permitted every one to penetrate the seclusion of the Queen's private garden and Fishing Temple at Virginia Water. The inquisitive

stranger might possibly contrive to dodge the outposts, but the main-guard will take good care he does not get within the garden's outer gate. To "stand clear and let go" will be the inquisitive stranger's work of a moment, if Cap-

house. After forty years' service, being permitted by the Queen to retire from the navy, he was appointed to the charge of Virginia Water, and, truly, no more delightful charge ever fell to the lot of naval officer. From the breezy bridge of the



THE FISHING TEMPLE.

tain Welch sights him from the Cottage. Not that the late staff-captain of the royal yacht is an austere man beyond most men; on the contrary, he is like all sailors, unusually friendly and hospitable. But he has his commands, and he is the very person to see them obeyed. With the proper passport in hand, the stranger's reception is the reception that most of us have probably met with: at some time or another from officers of the royal navy—cordial and pleasant. But neither the suavest apology nor the sweetest and most beseeching appeal will stand in stead of the sign manual of the Privy Purse or other appointed representative of royalty.

"Her Majesty has been graciously pleased (so runs the Ranger's notice at Virginia Water) to allow the public to walk along the south and east banks." But the grounds to the north and west, which slope to the waterside, are reserved to her own private use. It is on the west bank the Fishing Temple stands, on the edge of a pretty garden, approached by a bridge from the walk which skirts the lawn of Captain Welch's

royal yacht to the sunny shelter of the Cottage is but the passage from a paradise on the seas to a paradise on land. To be laid up "in ordinary" at the Cottage is to be laid up in clover so sweet that not all the fairies of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" could desire a sweeter resting-place.

The Fishing Temple is a reminiscence of George IV. It is not the self-same house of his erecting, but in part it is. The middle room and roof are in the Swiss chalet style; the wings, or outer rooms, formed parts of the old pagoda. No one who looks at the structure could discern which is the old and which the new—nor, indeed, does it much matter. The original little golden bells which decorated George IV's celestial retreat hang over an alcove of the dining-room, but the dragons are gone. For the rest, the simple furniture and bamboo chairs may be of to-day, or they may be of some other day. The Fishing Temple answers every purpose for which it was built—a summer resting-place for royalty when royalty visits, which is seldom now, one of the most beautiful of its Windsor domains, Virginia Water. The wooden balconies still overhang the water, but no one fishes from them now. It is doubtful whether his Majesty George IV ever did so. This, we are inclined to think, is one of those little myths which



guide-books copy the one from the other, like that oft-repeated fable about firing a salute from "the small frigate, the Una, which the Prince of Wales used during his visit to America." There is no small frigate on Virginia Water, and the Una is simply a blue-painted sailing-boat, capable of carrying as many guns as a child's perambulator.

We lately came across a well-written collection of sketches by an American writer of note, who evidently has been dipping into English "pictorial guides." He says, "Virginia Water is so deep and breezy that a full-rigged ship-of-war can navigate its wind-swept curling billows." "Wind-swept curling billows" is good; but "navigate" is better. Captain Welch has pluck enough for anything, and possibly he might essay to navigate a full-rigged ship-of-war from the Wheatsheaf to the Temple, but it would have to be flat-bottomed, though, by the way, in parts, the lake is pretty deep. The model frigate which the Sailor-King launched amid the hurrahs of the scholars of Eton is no longer at hand to experiment with. Like her more famous fighting contemporaries, she has long since been broken up, and the wind-swept billows of Virginia Water lash her bulwarks no more.

Her Majesty's navy in this part of her dominions is represented by some half dozen pleasure-boats, which, with two exceptions, are in dock. The State barge of the Queen is a splendid work of art—a sort of large and sumptuous Thames wherry,

stered in rich green satin. If the "billows" of the lake should ever happen to break over the gunwale of this light and graceful craft, they would make but sorry sight of the pretty curtains, though we may trust the barometer in Captain Welch's hall to give fair warning of the gale, in face of which it would not, of course, be prudent to put to sea. A curling snake in finely-wrought brass serves as tiller to the rudder, which is sufficiently broad to "keep her head to it" in case of need.

Over the water, opposite the lawn, stands a solitary oak, old and somewhat shattered, maybe a relic of the Rangership (or was he not owner of the whole domain hereabout?) of Cumberland of Culloden. Its storm-worn under-branches droop over the lake, and in time past doubtless afforded a pleasant leafy retreat from the sun's rays. Here it was that George IV used to fish. This was his favourite place of summer pilgrimage, and the oak has come to be known as George the Fourth's Oak. No Court gossip-monger, as far as we know, ever penetrated the seclusion of that little plot of ground over against the Cottage. Greville, of the Memoirs, did once manage to dodge the lodge-keeper and get into the garden, when he saw the gimcrack pagoda and Tippoo Sahib's tent, and the Band-boat and Chinese junk, and the rest; but he never saw George IV seated under the oak angling for roach with Bachelor at hand to bait the hook! There



THE QUEEN'S BARGE.

all white and gold and green. At the stern is a canopy supported by golden dolphins and elaborate brass work ornamentation, the interior uphol-

was living some forty years ago an old and trusted retainer of the Court, who knew all about the fish that lay on that side the lake, and the illustrious

fisherman who caught them; but what he knew he very properly kept to himself, so that the world was not enriched by further gossip concerning George IV. In his day no carriage was permitted to approach Virginia Water. The paths were all strictly guarded on either side, and if the King's outposts caught sight of an intruder, the intruder, no matter what his rank, was warned away. Pike, roach, and perch are the fish that inhabit these waters, doubtless with many a portly golden carp fit for an abbot's table. That the pike grow to lusty proportions we have seen with our own eyes. There is a splendid specimen of one stuffed and varnished, with a roach of fair size in his jaws, lying under a glass case on a side-table of the dining-room of the Fishing Temple, which was caught by one of the Prince of Wales's sons.

Virginia Water is over a century old, if one may apply the expression to a sheet of water which is neither made, born, nor grown. When Cumberland, the Duke, came back from Culloden he turned his attention to landscape-gardening. He turned his sword, as it were, into a pruning-hook. It was then all the fashion to plant gardens on a grand scale in imitation of Nature; and Paul Sandby aided his Highness with his advice. There is an old print by Sandby hanging in the hall of the Wheatsheaf Hotel, showing the north side of "the Virginia River." Tradition says the place was nothing better than a swamp when Cumber-

land, who got it in reward of his services against the Pretender, took it in hand. He employed his supernumeraries of the Scottish campaign in clearing and deepening it, and forming the surrounding plantations; Wolf's regiment among the number. Forty years passed before the whole was finished, and then Culloden Cumberland was dead, and Henry Frederick reigned Duke in his stead. At his death George III came into possession, and in turn his son and successor, and, later, William IV. It was "the Sailor-King" who first opened Virginia Water to the public. Good-natured as he was, he never did a more generous or kindly thing. Who or what suggested it, or whether the privilege was spontaneously conferred, history has not recorded. Let William IV have full credit of the considerate act. The King launched his frigate and fired the toy cannons on royal birthdays, and the people looked on and applauded. We do not know that the King was any the worse for joining in these harmless junketings; any more than that George, his elder brother, was any worse a prince for occupying himself with angling. Downright Roebuck declared that in so doing he rendered the best service to his people. If that were the case, then the roach-fishing under the oak-tree was not so unprofitable a pastime as cynics and memoir-writers would have us believe.

CHARLES EYRE PASCOE.

### Il Dolce far Niente.

DEEM me not idle if I stray  
Through the green woods this summer day;  
My time, my will, my thoughts mine own,  
Happy, happy, and all alone!

The fitful winds that wander by,  
Waft balms and odours from the sky;  
And fancies fall upon my brain,  
Like flakes of snow or drops of rain.

The floating shadows on the grass  
Yield me enjoyment as they pass,  
And come, and go, like thoughts in dreams,  
In swift and transitory gleams.

And if I lie me down to rest  
On the cool sward's inviting breast,  
Lulled by the murmur of the bees,  
That swarm beneath the linden trees,

I seem to hold communion sweet  
With fern and bracken at my feet,  
And learn to bless the passing day,  
And woo its favours while I may.

I toil not, neither do I spin,  
Nor fear to lose, nor care to win,  
But tread life's pathway uncontroll'd  
By lust of power or greed of gold.

Yet I am richer, were my wealth  
Measured by Love, by Hope, by Health,  
And not by pomps and money-thralls,  
Than Croesus in his marble halls.

The restful mind, the fallow sod,  
May blossom in the Light of God;  
And mine, perchance, with favouring showers,  
May ripen into summer flowers!

CHARLES MACKAY.

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*After Julien Dupré.]*

THE BALLOON.

*[Paris Salon, 1886.]*



## ITALIAN EXPLORERS IN AFRICA.

BY SOFIA BOMPIANI.

THE history of Italian explorations in Africa during the past twenty years is an index of the vigorous life which animates the nation now united under a just and progressive government.

It was not enough to blend in one the seven states into which *il bel paese* had been divided; to wrest from the Pope his temporal power; to restore the finances; establish schools; create an army, and teach a common language to the dialect-speaking inhabitants, from Venice to Sicily; but Italians have tracked the waves of the Eastern and Western oceans, explored the icy regions of the North, tried to solve the enigmas of the Antarctic Continent, and laid down their noble lives in the malarious forests and burning deserts of Africa.

Exalted rivalry with England and America—the models of young Italy—impelled them to undertake these explorations. They knew that Africa beguiled them to exile and death; but the yet undiscovered lakes, the frowning mountains, the unknown rivers, attracted them and inspired them with ambition to plant the Italian banner and leave their own names inscribed on some part of the Dark Continent.

After the great explorations of Livingstone, Stanley, Cameron, and Nachtigal, a new phase of African exploration began; and fresh impulse was given to it by the foundation of the International African Society by the King of Belgium, which proposed to explore Equatorial, Central, and Eastern Africa, Abyssinia, and the country of the Somali.

This region between the White Nile and Cape Guardafui, including the basin of the Blue Nile, the peninsula of the Somali and Scioa, which is a part of Abyssinia, has chiefly engaged the attention of Italian explorers since 1875.

Antinori, Cecchi, Chiarini, Piaggia, Gessi, Matteucci, Bianchi, and Martini not only aimed to found a station in the Scioa and open routes of commerce from there to the coast, but to penetrate south-west to the Equatorial lakes over a region even yet unexplored.

But this was not the only sphere of action for the Italian explorers.

Long before the expedition sent out by the Roman Geographical Society, in 1875, Miani had penetrated to the heart of Africa, and left his wearied frame to repose in Mombottu. Romolo Gessi, later, as an officer of the Egyptian Army, under heroic Gordon, ascended the White Nile, and fought a knightly battle for the extinction of slavery. Piaggia lived alone among the savages of Niam-Niam; and Matteucci and Massari crossed the continent in a south-westerly direction from the Red Sea to the mouth of the Niger.

Princes and peasants of Italy gave their sons to solve the mighty secrets of a land so near that it almost touches the southern coast of Sicily, and

yet so utterly unknown; white-bearded old men went out to end their days in the enchanting wildernesses; some were enslaved, some were imprisoned and starved on the Nile by the long-armed aquatic plants; some bore the germs of fatal diseases to the borders of home, and died on the very threshold of glory.

I.

Before Speke discovered Lake Victoria, the sources of the Nile, Giovanni Miani the Venetian had penetrated to within a few miles of it, and left his name carved upon a giant tamarind-tree. Under this tree he held council with the natives, who, instead of telling him, as they afterwards told Speke and Baker, that the Nile, or Meri, issued from a great lake a few days' march beyond, gave him false information and diverted him from his purpose of pressing onward.

Speke saw the name of Miani carved on the tamarind-tree in his celebrated journey from Zanzibar to the central lakes, and from them to the Nile.



GIOVANNI MIANI IN ARAB COSTUME.

The life of Miani was one of sadness and disappointment from the cradle to the grave. Born near Venice in 1810, he was first a wood-carver, then artist, then musician; and when the events of 1848 drew him into the vortex of political life he was exiled from Italy. This was the beginning of his travels in Africa, which continued without intermission until his death in 1872.

After many journeys in Lower Egypt, Miani, in 1859—while noble-hearted Livingstone was exploring in Southern Africa—undertook his first expedition up the Nile. But all of his companions died of fever at Khartoum, and he was obliged to seek others in that city, with whom he continued the journey to Gondokoro and some distance beyond.

He encountered perils from the hostility of the

savages, from the malarious climate, from the rocks and terrible aquatic plants on the rivers, and was finally compelled to return because his escort refused to follow him.

Miani made a second and a third journey up the Nile to catch elephants, procuring money for future expeditions by the sale of the ivory. The last of these journeys, from Gondokoro to the country of the Galuffi, is one of the boldest explorations in the Nile region, as he was obliged to open the way for his people by force, through the lands of the natives, and found the streams difficult to cross on account of the rains. He lived in a continual bath; and fought a battle with a tribe of natives, killing the king. The extreme point he reached (sixty miles from Lake Albert, a small lake connected with Victoria) is marked on many maps of the interior of Africa by the tamarind-tree upon which he carved his name. Undaunted by the ill-success of this expedition, Miani, on his return to Cairo, organised another, and left for the Upper Nile, but, from unknown causes, soon returned and went to Europe, where he was welcomed by several monarchs and decorated by Victor Emanuel. At the age of fifty-nine he was nominated by the Khedive Director of the Zoological Garden of Khartoum, and might have ended his days there in peace and luxury. But the desire for exploration urged him to again ascend the mysterious river, the sources of which had, in the meantime, been in part, but not wholly, discovered by Speke, Grant, and Baker.

The journey to Bakangoi, ten days beyond Mombottu, undertaken when he was sixty-one years of age and in very ill health, considering his age, infirmities, the difficulties of the way through an unexplored region, and his limited means, is one of the boldest on record, and ranks him among the bravest of the African explorers. He left Khartoum in company with some Vekils, or agents of a commercial house, who went in search of ivory.

They ill-treated, and on one occasion even abandoned him in the midst of a cannibal tribe, and when, to their surprise, he succeeded in overtaking them, they exclaimed "Any other man would have died if left as you were." The loss of a part of the copious notes and maps of Miani in a fire, and of the remainder from the carelessness of the Vekils, was fatal to his fame as an African traveller. The few disconnected pages which were brought back to Rome by a faithful native are evidently only a small part of his observations. The region traversed by Miani had not at that time been visited by any European, as his road in going to Mombottu was more to the east than that taken afterwards by the German traveller Schweinfurth.

The lost notes of his journey of four months with the Vekils to the south and west of Mombottu are those most lamented, as in this journey he visited territory afterwards described by Livingstone and Schweinfurth.

Although Miani, deceived by the natives, failed to discover Lake Albert, to which he was so near, he yet on his map placed the source of the Nile only three degrees east of the great Lake Victoria,

discovered by Speke, and below it wrote, "If after my death some honest man shall discover the source of the Nile, to which I was so near, let him at least say that I pointed it out." Other notes reveal the travail of his soul on these lonesome and difficult journeys. "Without great sacrifices we cannot honour our country. The journey is long, weary, terrible, and requires courage, strength, constancy, means, and knowledge."

This was the last journey of the intrepid old man. Worn by the annoyances of the Vekils, and distressed by the cruelties to the slaves which he saw, Miani preferred to be left alone with only his loquacious parrots and mute dogs for company. As he lay, weak and abandoned, under the shade of the giant trees, his eyes were always turned in the direction from which he expected another company of Vekils, with whom he travelled the last few months of his life.

Miani was admired by all of the travellers who have ventured into that part of Africa. Speke and Baker mention him with enthusiastic praise, and Schweinfurth, who knew him well, even calls him a second Marco Polo. He died in November, 1872, at the village Numa, near the country of the Niam-Niam, and was buried by his escort in a grave which he himself had caused to be dug.

His last written words are sorrowful: "I am prostrated by the cough and fever, by the grief of an unsuccessful journey, and the loss of magnificent collections which the Vekils would not give me men to carry. I have no more writing-paper. My servants kiss my hands and say, 'May God preserve your life!' Farewell, bright hopes! Farewell, Italy, for whose liberty I fought! Is there a recompense for such suffering?"

The marvellous journey of Stanley, by which he discovered the sources of the Congo and identified it with the Lualaba of Livingstone, proved the truth of Miani's observations made in the same region five years before. The Sultan of Bakangoi informed Miani that at the west of his kingdom was a very large river called Birma-Maongo, which, farther south, became a lake, upon the shores of which lived the tribe Gango, or Congo.

The map made by Miani places this river in the identical locality indicated by Stanley, who found it there ten miles wide, with every appearance of being a lake.

One of the objects of Miani, Schweinfurth, and Piaggia was the collection or study of rare animals or unknown races of men. They write to each other to seek the flying-dog and the gorilla, and to bring away, if possible, pigmies from Mombottu.<sup>1</sup> The Vekils told Miani one day that they were going to the land of the pigmies in search of ivory. "These words," he said, "made me forget all my troubles." Probably the account of this journey was destroyed, but the fact of his having given his watch for two boys is recorded, and these Akkàs were sent to Italy with the relics of his papers and collections. They were adopted by a nobleman of Verona, who had them instructed in the Italian language and the

<sup>1</sup> The Akkà, called by the cannibal Niam-Niam, the "Jikki-tikki" are pigmies, said by Schweinfurth to consist of two ve tribes

elementary studies, as well as in music. They retained the characteristics of the savage—thoughtless mirth, malicious pleasure in mimicking or annoying others, hatred at slight provocation, and lying. One of these Akkàs died recently, but the other bids fair to have a long life, and to endure the cold climate of the north of Italy. They learned easily, but as quickly forgot, remembering almost nothing of their native language or country.

The German traveller Schweinfurth visited them at Palazzo Minescalchi, in Verona, and again expressed his conviction that they were specimens of a race of about the size of the Esquimaux. Many ancient writers hinted at the existence of pigmy tribes in the torrid region of Africa, near the source of the Nile, but until these Akkàs were found by Miani, and others afterwards by Schweinfurth, these tales were considered fabulous, and men of small stature were believed to exist only in the Arctic regions. It is now certain that pigmy tribes exist in the equatorial region of Africa in the midst of a luxuriant nature and beside peoples of ordinary stature.

## II.

After Miani, the most attractive character among the Italian explorers in Africa is Carlo Piaggia. His love for the natives, and fearlessness of them, and his romantic visit of twenty-six months among the cannibal Niam-Niam, rank him nearer Livingstone than any other Italian. He was a martyr of science and an apostle of civilisation, who, without special studies, succeeded by the mere force of will and love of exploration in winning admiration. Piaggia



CARLO PIAGGIA.

was born near Lucca, in 1827, in a humble condition of life, and at the age of twenty-two went to Africa in consequence of a severe domestic affliction which rendered home wearisome to his active spirit. In Egypt he exercised various manual arts, his skill in all of which was afterwards useful in his lonely life among the savages. At home he had been a miller, afterwards in Alexandria he was a bookbinder, a gardener, a hatter,

and a carpet-maker; but the chase was his delight, and he made money by killing rare animals and afterwards preparing them for sale. In this way during all his twenty-five years of travel he defrayed nearly all of his expenses, which, compared with those of other travellers, were small. He was an explorer by instinct, urged on to privations and fatigues by an insatiable longing to discover the secrets of Africa. His principal journeys were made alone, with little money, and without hope of other advantage than study and the hope of doing good to the natives, whom he loved with paternal affection. Wherever he went he left a reputation for goodness and modesty, and was as much beloved by the cannibals of Central Africa as by the learned of Europe. Although he never had the culture of schools, his knowledge was superior to that of many scientific men, and his life during the explorations was a continual study and fatigue. He made his shoes from the skins of the buffalo, the rhinoceros, or the elephant; he made his hats, coats, and shirts; sharpened his arms, made keys, repaired guns, built huts, made traps for lions or hippopotami, and collections of plants, animals, and insects to take back with him to Europe. His thin, sad, yet benevolent face, and slightly bent and weary form, told of those labours, of the tropical heats he had borne, of the agony of expected death from savages or lions, of the sadness of lonely evenings without a light. He never voluntarily looked at his emaciated arms and legs, and often said that he journeyed with less impediment than any other traveller, and that his shadow was thinner on African soil.

In the long sojourn among the Africans he had almost forgotten his native Tuscan, and having from want of company acquired the habit of thinking much and talking little, his speech was not fluent.

The adventures of a year would often be condensed into fifty words—simple, modest, but vivid and true.

All his illustrations were drawn from the wild life of the forest. "I have seen dark days, dear lady, and shed so many tears, that if they were all together it would make much mud."

This odd idea was only a remembrance of a baby elephant that, when its mother was killed by the hunter, stood still for many hours, groaning and weeping till the earth all round was wet and muddy.

Kindness was the means by which Piaggia, like David Livingstone, won the hearts of the savages, and he could at any time have returned to the places where he had lived. His voice was soft, but the heart within his fragile form was heroic. At one time the savages, thinking him a wizard, had determined to kill him. Seated upon the trunk of a tree, with a tortured heart but unmoved countenance, he reasoned with them in a strange language from early morning till evening, convincing them at last that they would lose more than they would gain by his death. They finally concluded that he was innocent, and went away without saluting; while the poor traveller crept, famished and worn, to his cabin, and threw himself on the ground in a paroxysm of tears.



The most remarkable of his journeys was made in 1863 to the country of the Niam-Niam, where he was escorted by eighty Egyptian soldiers. Having advanced, and asked hospitality of the chief, Piaggia sent away the soldiers, and established himself among these children of the forest, with whom he remained alone twenty-six months. His cabin was for days surrounded by the people, as he was the first white man whom they had seen. Their gestures and shouts of surprise when he took off his shoes and showed his white feet, when he lit a match, or sat down to write, were at the same time pitiful and ludicrous. The women especially showed curiosity, and often seated themselves in a circle around to study him.

"Where did you come from, white man? You do not belong to the earth, because you are not black. You must have come from the air!"

The gift of a piece of coloured muslin to a young girl brought all the women around him to beg for some article of dress, or even a bit of his own costume. The sleeves of his coat, the pantaloons below the knees, the pockets, the brim of his hat, they thought were useless to him, and might serve to dignify them. The time at last came when, the collections of Piaggia being complete, and the longing for home overcoming his resolution, this idyl ended.

The days of dry weather had been filled with pleasant work, and the time then seemed brief; but the sleepless nights, when the full moon lighted the woods around his cabin, and the weary droppings from the thatched roof in the rainy season, made him feel his loneliness. One night he told Tombo, the chief, that he must leave them at dawn.

But Tombo cried, "The stranger white man is going away!" and all the court was soon awake, the women jumping and waving their arms in sign of grief; and they would not let him go until he had promised soon to return. A great crowd was about him in the morning. The women begged for his long hair, which he had not cut for two years, to divide among them and tie about their waists.

From sickness and famine Piaggia on these journeys often believed his last hour come.

"I cannot tell you how often I have recommended my soul to God," he says. "All is ended. I shall die here. Good-bye to all; good-bye to everything."

But the hardy soul conquered the fainting body, and he lived when a less courageous man would have despaired and died.

Eight journeys were made by Piaggia, chiefly on the Upper Nile and the adjacent countries. The important exploration made in 1876 under the orders of Colonel Gordon, and with Romolo Gessi, was his sixth voyage, and his orders were to explore the river that connects Lake Albert with Lake Victoria, while Gessi circumnavigated the former. They were provided with two iron sail-boats, thirty feet long, that could be taken in pieces, and with an escort of Egyptian soldiers.

The Italian explorers suffered great fatigue on this journey, and at one time were several days without food. Piaggia obtained it from the won-

dering savages gathered on the shores by landing with only one servant and advancing unarmed. The natives, at first disposed to be hostile, received him kindly when they saw him caress and throw beads to their children, and provisioned him for several days.

After three months spent in exploring this river, which diverges from Lake Albert near its exit into the White Nile—three months of immense fatigue; of daily efforts to pacify the rebellious soldiers with him; of experience of earthquakes, when the papyrus on the banks of the river waved as if moved by the wind; of journeys through deadly marshes; of encounters with lions and pythons, crocodiles and hippopotami—Piaggia met Gessi, and they returned together to Khartoum.

In 1879 we find him established at Famaca, in Abyssinia, where he built a cabin and lived, much beloved, among the natives, for nine months. From thence as a base he went forward into Galla, hoping to unite with Cecchi and Chiarini then in prison there, but tidings of the death of Chiarini and the rescue of Cecchi by Bianchi caused him to return.

Piaggia died near Fadasi, at the beginning of another journey to Central Africa undertaken with a young Hollander named Schumer.

### III.

While Miani and Piaggia travelled modestly alone in Africa, with small means and almost unknown, Romolo Gessi, of Ravenna, traversed the Egyptian possessions and fought battles to suppress slavery, with thousands of soldiers under his command. Gessi was of medium stature and iron frame, with chestnut hair and beard; his eye was bright; his speech prompt and indicative of indomitable will and extraordinary energy; and his soul was animated by the noblest motives. He was one of the heroes of Italy, who, although acting as a colonel for the Khedive of Egypt, was never forgotten by his countrymen. At first a merchant, and afterwards engaged in the mercantile marine, Gessi finally threw himself with ardour into African explorations, his first achievement being the circumnavigation of Lake Albert.

While Carlo Piaggia left him at the mouth of this lake to explore the river, Gessi sailed with a few soldiers and natives around the shores of the lake discovered by Samuel Baker, but never before circumnavigated. Henry Stanley contested this honour with him, but an impartial judge, Mason Bey, accorded it to Gessi, while the Roman Geographical Society awarded him the medal of honour for this exploration and others in the Nile region.

The object which animated Gessi in all of the difficult journeys, the perilous battles, the sufferings and famine he endured, was the abolition of the slave trade. He entered the service of Ismail Pasha with this end in view, the explorations being a secondary object. He believed the day not far distant when humanity would triumph

in Central Africa, and the unhappy tribes there would be relieved from their sufferings. Added to this was the desire, shared with so many explorers of all nations, to fully solve the mystery of the sources of the Nile. The expedition sent out by the Khedive with the double aim of exploring the Upper Nile and of liberating that region from slavery, was commanded by Colonel Gordon. His staff consisted of seven persons, of whom Gessi was one, but this number was soon reduced to two, by the poisonous air, by famine, and hard-



PASHA ROMOLO GESSI.

ships. The river at times in their excursions was so narrow that the boat-wheels touched either shore, and then an immense low plain would spread far away, covered with reeds, papyrus, and aquatic plants, and strewn here and there with human bodies in a state of putrefaction. This had evidently been a wide lake in the rainy season, where the waters of the river extended. Gessi and his companions, all suffering from fever, retreated gladly from the place. Like Livingstone and Gordon, he hated the slave trade, and suppressed it wherever he went. By the orders of Gordon Gessi took possession of the trade in ivory for the Egyptian Government, this being used as a cloak for their iniquities by the slave-dealers.

In March, 1876, Gessi, accompanied by Piaggia, left Colonel Gordon, to explore Lake Albert.

Although the season was not favourable on account of the rains, and being near the equinox, he says, "I would not lose the opportunity to make this journey, as it had never been accomplished." The tropical vegetation along the shores of the lake often prevented his landing; and the aspect of the waters was frequently changed by the moving about of the islands of aquatic plants driven hither and thither by the winds. These plants were afterwards the occasion of his tragic death. The land adjacent was fertile and occupied by troops of elephants, by antelopes, lions, hyenas, and hippopotami, while the inhabitants were so hostile that he was obliged to sail a long distance before finding a friendly tribe. After his return from this expedition Gessi made another, in company with Matteucci, leaving Khartoum, on the White Nile, and ascending the Blue Nile to Fadasi, whence they hoped to penetrate into Kaffa, and there meet Antinori,

Cecchi, and Chiarini. The soul of the hero was expressed in few words as he set out from Khartoum: "We shall meet hardships and sacrifices with tranquillity. If the journey were easy it would not charm us." But they were baffled by the hostility of the savages, and by the precipitous mountain roads where camels and baggage could not pass. Within six days' march of Kaffa they were obliged, by the ferocity of the Amen-Niger, through whose land they must pass, to return. There was but one road to Kaffa, and these savages refused to let them advance. Persuasion and bribes had no effect, and finally, with the consciousness of having done their duty, they acknowledged that the expedition was impossible. Matteucci writes: "You can imagine the state of mind of Gessi, who has never known fear, and always conquered with few and brave soldiers; here, near to the goal, and imprisoned by a swollen river, and with few fighting-men, he is like a wounded lion."

The last expedition of Gessi was made in the Egyptian service. He was sent with two thousand soldiers to Bar-Ghasal, that net-like region of streams in the Upper Nile, which is the hotbed of slavery. For his services here and victories over Suleiman, the slave-dealer, and the Arab rebels, he was made colonel, and governor of Equatorial Africa. Suleiman had a force of twenty-three thousand well-armed men, but the superior military genius of Gessi conquered with a small army of three thousand three hundred men. Gessi calculated that Suleiman alone carried away from Bar-Ghasal fifty thousand slaves annually, and that not less than a hundred thousand were captured in all yearly.

The Italian soldier and explorer exclaims, "My greatest reward is to have liberated Africa from Suleiman and saved the poor negroes. I have armed them, so that they can defend themselves." But, recalled by the jealousy of the Arab merchants of Khartoum, to whom this trade is profitable, he left Bar-Ghasal on board the ship Safia, with five hundred followers, and was over three months entangled in the gigantic vegetation of the river, which stops navigation as effectually as the ice in northern regions. Rebellion and famine tortured him on this tragic journey, the sufferings of which finally cost his life. The sudd or mass of enwoven plants, a tangled skein sometimes twelve thousand feet in length, was a formidable impediment. All the efforts of Gessi to free the Safia, which was not strong enough to force its way through, were unavailing. The men worked with hatchets and spades, but the vessel made no progress, and the horrors of famine were soon added to fever and distress.

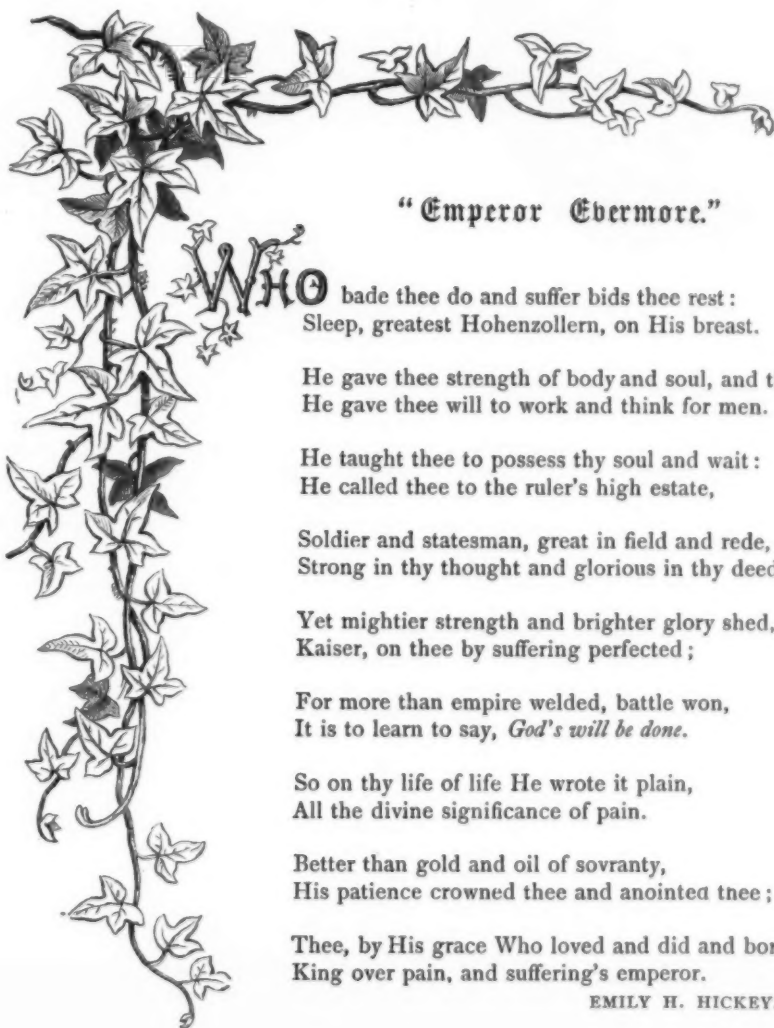
The bodies of the women and children, the weak and the old, who first died, lay putrefying for weeks on the strong branches of the dreadful plants that held the vessel in a giant embrace. Several of the dead bodies were devoured by the survivors, the moral effect of these horrors being greater upon Gessi than his sufferings from want of food. The people cut up the skins in which their effects were wrapped, soaked the strips in water over night, and then boiled them to eat

Many of the sufferers walked the deck all night, tormented by mosquitos, and sometimes treading on the sleepers, when groans, screams, and fighting ensued. Help came at last from Khartoum, Marno, the friend of Gessi, having cut through the sudd and rescued him when death seemed certain. Gessi, reduced to a skeleton, was lifted like a child upon the other vessel, but a fever ensued, which soon after ended his life at Suez.

The journal he kept was sent to the Roman Geographical Society. The night before the rescuing vessel came he wrote: "I felt myself dying. I felt languor and heaviness, and my strength was leaving me. I had escaped death in so many battles, and yet must die at last in the middle of a river. We are constantly labouring at one plant twelve thousand feet long. The people are half immersed in water, and we are surrounded as if by a strong wall. We can go neither backward nor forward, nor even send messengers for relief, as

both the shores are populated by warlike and savage enemies." At the end of the second month he had written: "There is no hope of salvation. All begin to abandon themselves to desperation, and, seated on deck with their heads down, wait for death." On the last day of December he wrote: "This is the most terrible day. To-morrow is the new year—a sad day for me. I think of my home, of my wife, my children, who in their play know nothing of the terrible condition of their father. So ends the year 1880, and I am reduced to this extremity because I was too fortunate in my campaign against slavery."

But on the 5th of January they hear guns and see the vapour from a steamer. "It is the *Ismailia*! Great God be thanked." Tears fall from all their eyes, and the lion-hearted Gessi himself weeps as these suffering creatures go up one after another to kiss his hands and feet. "God be thanked! We are safe!"



### "Emperor Ebermore."

WHO

bade thee do and suffer bids thee rest:  
Sleep, greatest Hohenzollern, on His breast.

He gave thee strength of body and soul, and then  
He gave thee will to work and think for men.

He taught thee to possess thy soul and wait:  
He called thee to the ruler's high estate,

Soldier and statesman, great in field and rede,  
Strong in thy thought and glorious in thy deed

Yet mightier strength and brighter glory shed,  
Kaiser, on thee by suffering perfected;

For more than empire welded, battle won,  
It is to learn to say, *God's will be done.*

So on thy life of life He wrote it plain,  
All the divine significance of pain.

Better than gold and oil of sovranity,  
His patience crowned thee and anointed thee;

Thee, by His grace Who loved and did and bore,  
King over pain, and suffering's emperor.

EMILY H. HICKEY.



## THE STORY OF THE ARMADA

TOLD FROM THE STATE PAPERS.

### PART III.



LORD HENRY SEYMOUR.

A VERY painful chapter in the Armada story, the sufferings of the English crews and Elizabeth's treatment of her commanders, we will leave to tell in the next and concluding paper of this series. Let us now follow the flying Armada, which, says Fenner, in speaking of its retreat, "the Almighty hath stricken with a wonderful fear." In writing to Walsingham, from Margate, on the 4th August, Lord Henry Seymour tells him that he is praying God to "continue these violent and stormy winds, to the further distressing" of the Spaniards. Assuredly his prayers were answered, and Fenner was right in his conjecture, expressed the same day in a letter to the Secretary, that the "great storm" had "touched the enemy very near," and that many would "never see Spain again." He (Fenner) then describes the retreating ships as they looked to him: "Their masts and sails [are] much spoiled, their pinnaces and boats many cast off and wasted, wherein they shall find great want when they come to land and [take] water, which they must do shortly, or die, and where or how my knowledge cannot imagine." He certainly did not paint to himself an exaggerated picture of the Armada's necessity.

Calderon<sup>1</sup> tells us that it was not till Sidonia had satisfied himself that Howard had really for-

saken the chase, that he attempted to ascertain the condition of the Spanish fleet and the real extent of his losses. The inquiry was held on the San Martin. Cases of cowardice were brought to notice and punished by degradation or death. The state in which the provisions were found to be was probably the worst blow, because it was the most unexpected. The salt water had damaged masses of the ample stores, that but a few weeks before had been shipped in the sunny waters of the Tagus, and so the daily rations of the crews had to be reduced to an amount far below what was needful to support exhausted men, for the most part unaccustomed to the severity of a northern climate. On Calderon's vessel were kept the medicines, with special food for the sick, and he was busy going daily from ship to ship of those that held together, dispensing necessities; the sufferings of the wounded were acute, the mortality amongst them enormous.

Sidonia reckoned that the Spanish fleet numbered one hundred and twenty ships when Howard left them, though one of their sailors, when examined in Ireland, stated he could not himself number more than eighty-five. The gale—in the teeth of which the English ships had beaten back to the Thames—soon overtook the Spaniards, and when it subsided, the cold weather brought up continuous sea fogs, in which their scattered ships got still farther from each other. When the weather cleared, which it did on the 9th, Calderon found only about a dozen vessels in his company; from almost each signals of distress were flying. That night there was a renewal of the gale, and next morning he found himself alone. On the 12th he sighted numerous ships on the horizon, and coming up with them, found them to be the body of the fleet, including the San Martin. Sidonia at once signalled him on board, and in council they agreed that they were about one hundred and fifty miles w.n.w. of Cape Wrath. Calderon found terrible sickness raging on board the ships which had kept in company with Sidonia. The question as to the future movements of the fleet was indeed an anxious one. Many pressed to seek the shelter of a port which they felt sure could be found along the western coast of Ireland. There, so some Irishmen amongst the fleet had told them, were true Catholics, who would readily give them aid and comfort. But Sidonia took the advice of Calderon, and determined to seek a safe shelter at home, though far away, rather than a doubtful one near at hand. The ships were called together, ordered to keep company as far as might be, and to sail direct for Spain, putting in to the first port they reached. A temporary calm assisted these arrangements being carried out; and the sick and wounded were

<sup>1</sup> Froude's History of England, vol. xii, p. 498.

taken from overcrowded vessels to others, which could afford better accommodation. But the calm was of very short duration; at dusk the storm that had continually harassed them set in again, and by the next daybreak many a noble ship had fallen away to leeward and was lost to sight. Calderon says that the gale continued for eleven days, during all which time he constantly noticed the number of his company diminishing. It was not till the 4th of September that Sidonia and himself, with fifty ships, finally cleared the Irish coast.

Space forbids us from following very closely the adventures and misfortunes of those ships which, a few at a time, had fallen away from the flying Armada since the first separation of the force.

The ships under the leadership of Don Martinez de Recalde and Don Alonzo da Leyva, over twenty in number, had steered northward from the Orkneys and attempted to reach Iceland, but, as they sailed on, the storms and cold made them abandon their intention of seeking shelter in such high latitudes, and they altered their course and steered south. One ship was lost on the Faroes, another on the Orkneys, another, the Admiral of Florence, was destroyed, though not by the elements, off the Isle of Mull. A curious history is on record concerning this vessel. On the 13th of November a correspondent in Scotland tells Walsingham that her captain was a man of the highest rank, and always "served in silver." He managed to steer his ship safely into the shelter of a natural harbour on the west of the island. Here she lay for a day or two, when news of the treasure on board induced the inhabitants to attack her. The exhausted Spaniards were quickly overpowered, and all the treasure that could be secured speedily carried off; then the ship was "fired with gunpowder," and sunk. All on board went to the bottom, save two Spaniards, who, by the force of the explosion, were cast on land. Rumour—spread very possibly by the two survivors—said that thirty millions of money had gone down in the Admiral of Florence. Walsingham desired an inquiry into the matter. The story told in Mull was that a Frenchman amongst the crew, condemned for some crime, had "lighted the gunpowder" and caused the explosion. A century afterwards the Earl of Argyll obtained licence from the Crown to seek for the sunken treasure; his divers found the ship, but his efforts to gain the wealth were unsuccessful, and, perhaps, the thirty millions still lie at the bottom of the sea in the mouldering bulk—that is if the islanders did not get possession of them before they fired the ship.

The bulk of the ships in this detachment of the Armada were for a while more prosperous on their voyage, and sailed in safety till off the west coast of Ireland. Here their appearance caused a general panic. The English garrisons, unaware of the helplessness of the great Spanish ships that were rolling towards them, were seized with the utmost alarm, and their captains scribbled off to the Council the most exaggerated accounts of the force in sight. Following the customary rule, timidity led to acts of

brutality. Many of the ships crawled into the western ports, and, though the fever-stricken, helpless crews could not, on reflection, have proved very formidable enemies, they were for the most part cruelly butchered. Sir Edward Denny set the example at Tralee, and it was quickly followed at other places at which the shattered vessels arrived. There is this one excuse for the severity of the measures adopted in Ireland towards the Spanish fugitives, but it can only be made in the case of the massacres during the first few days of the Spaniards being off the coast: it was not known with certainty how the action in the Channel, rumours of which reached Dublin, had really been decided—whether the ships that daily came in sight off Ireland were flying homewards from pursuit, or whether they were but the forerunners of a triumphant fleet that was seeking to include Ireland in its conquest. At the end of August, Sir Richard Bingham, the Governor of Connaught, had written to Burleigh from Athlone: "We rejoice much in [the news of] her Majesty's victory against the Spanish Fleet, hoping every day to have the same confirmed."

Almost at the same time that the Spaniards (who were Sidonia's household servants) had been driven ashore near Tralee, and murdered by Denny's orders, a landing was effected from two of the ships that were sheltering at Dingle. Those that came on shore were quick in demonstrating that they had no hostile intent, and that they came as suppliants for the bare necessities of life. They were hastily seized and examined, their depositions being in due course sent on to the Council. Their story once told, there could be no longer doubt of the thoroughness of the defeat of the Armada, of the helplessness of those on board the ships off Ireland, and so no further excuse for continuing the slaughter of the fugitives. Let us see what some of these Spaniards had to say of their condition. They were part of the squadron which had been with Don Martinez de Recalde and Don Alonzo da Leyva. All told of the successive skirmishes in the Channel, of their final defeat on the 20th of July, of their flight northwards, and their separation in the storm. "Four or five," says a sailor from the ship on board of which was Don Martinez himself, "die every day from hunger and thirst." Yet this ship was one of the best provisioned. No part of their navy, he continues, ever touched land till they came to Ireland, nor had they any fresh water since they left Spain. What wonder, then, that all his comrades declared that "if they may once get home they will not meddle again with the English." But, despite a knowledge of the Spaniards' helplessness, the massacre of such as came to land continued.

The events of the next few days shall be told as they were narrated to Walsingham at the end of September, by Edward Whyte, Clerk of the Council of Connaught, who was "abroad all the while the Spaniards remained upon this coast," attending Sir Richard Bingham, the Governor, and who thought it his "bounden duty to make a collection of such things as happened during that time," which he considered would clearly demonstrate

"the great care which the Governor hath taken for the defence of the country."

The Spanish ships appeared off the Irish coast at the end of the first week in September. On Tuesday, the 10th of this month, there was, says Whyte, "a most extreme wind and cruel storm, the like whereof hath not been seen or heard a long time," and the next morning news reached Bingham that the ship which the day before "rode before Ballycrowhy," was cast upon the sands, and that her "men," to the number of six hundred, "had come aland." This vessel turned out to be the *Rata*, on board of which was Don Alonzo da Leyva. She had followed close in the wake of Don Martinez's already wrecked ship, in whose company she sailed northwards when separated from Sidonia off the north of Scotland. Two days before the wreck of the *Rata* fourteen Italians were sent ashore in the cockboat, which they abandoned on the beach, and marched inland; "but," continues Whyte, "Richard Burke, called 'the Devil's Son,' meeting them, took them prisoners, and spoiled them of all they had." Those on board the *Rata* waited anxiously the return of their comrades, and finding their ship sinking, sent further men on shore on empty casks, to fetch back the cockboat, "whereby they saved themselves from drowning," when the ship went to pieces. Six hundred men, with Da Leyva at their head, came to land when the *Rata* broke up, bringing with them, presumably, some of the ship's guns, as Whyte continues that they "entered into the castle of Ballycrowhie, and began to fortify about them." Subsequently he tells us that it was "the castle of Torane" into which these Spaniards entered, which was "a very strong place," and that when there, they were joined by eight hundred more, that came out of another great ship that lay at anchor off the coast. He at once sent messengers to the Lord-Deputy, begging for "two bands of footmen," to "win back" the castle, and resist the enemy; but very soon after he got further letters, telling him that the fourteen hundred Spaniards "were all shipped and gone to sea at noon the same day in another great ship;" and that "all the rest of the ships which lay thereabouts" had also put out to sea again, save one, "which lost her cockboat, and no further danger to be feared that way." So he sent other messengers galloping after the first, to prevent the dispatch of reinforcements, which would "breed charges to her Majesty or the country." Whyte tells us no more about Don Alonzo da Leyva; but as he was, next to Sidonia, probably the most important personage in the Armada, and beyond all the most popular, excuse may be made for leaving the Clerk of the Council's narrative for a moment, to describe him in the words of a prisoner who sailed on board his ship. "In his stature," says the deponent, he was "tall and slender, of a whitely complexion; of a flaxen and smooth hair; of behaviour mild and temperate; of speech good and deliberate; greatly revered, not only of his own men, but generally of all the whole company." Another witness adds that he had an "Abram beard."

Don Alonzo's fate must also be recorded. After

he and his company had, as Whyte tells us, "all shipped and gone to sea," their vessel was again wrecked; her crew, or the majority of them, including Don Alonzo, escaped to land. News of their arrival reached some English troops near by, who were at once marched against them. The commanders described the meeting in a letter to the Lord-Deputy. The English force, they say, was one hundred and fifty, the Spaniards six hundred; "So," they write, "our men did encamp that night within musket-shot of them, and about midnight did skirmish with them for the space of two hours, and in that skirmish did slay their lieutenant of the field, and about twenty more, besides the hurting of a great number of their men; so, as the next day (in skirmishing with them) they were forced to yield themselves, and we lost but one soldier." The fight must have been, indeed, one-sided. The Spaniards were sinking from exhaustion. Some of the prisoners taken by the English were "very weak and unable to travel," and our officers begged the Lord Deputy to give directions for "the levying of horses and garrans," to carry them to Dublin. Speaking of those captured, the officers say, "The best of them seems to carry some kind of majesty." Presumably this was Don Alonzo himself, whose noble bearing had not been effaced by exposure and privation; whose spirit had not been broken by defeat. For some reason—it is not clear what—the English let their prisoners go. The people round about welcomed, fed, and clothed them. The news of such a reception led to the hasty dispatch of reinforcements from England, and at the rumour of their approach, the people changed in their demeanour towards the Spaniards, denying them food, as they said, "for fear to hunger the country." The alteration in treatment left no doubt in the mind of Da Leyva, all along adverse to a continued stay in Ireland, as to what was best to be done—departure must no further be postponed. A Spanish ship lay upon the rocks, "sore bruised with the seas." She was floated, brought in to the harbour, repaired with planks from the other "broken ships," and on the 16th of October sailed with Da Leyva "and as many Spaniards as she could carry." Some were forced to stay behind. The voyage was of short duration, and her fate is told in an "advertisement," received by the Lord Deputy late at night on the 26th. "Sailing along the coast towards the out isles of Scotland (whither they were then bound), they struck against the rock of Bunboyes, where both ship and men perished, save only five, which hardly got to shore."

Let us now resume our consideration of Whyte's narrative of Sir Richard Bingham's doings. Very shortly after he had heard of the wreck of the *Rata* news reached him that on the 12th of September "the great ship" off Clare Island "was cast away," and, with seven hundred men on board, "clean sunk to the bottom of the sea," saving one hundred, who had landed on the island two days before. Amongst these was the captain, Don Pedro de Mendoza. These, perceiving that their ship was lost, would have departed from the island, and carried with them

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the islanders' boats, and gone to other ships "that rode before Torrane;" but the island chief, Dowdary Roe O'Malley, "perceiving whereabouts they intended to go, called his men together and put them all to the sword," save "one poor Spaniard" and a Wexford man, presumably one of their crew. Great treasure was taken in this ship.

At ten at night on Thursday, the 13th, Sir R.

Sir R. Bingham had ridden but half a mile farther when he received news from Clare that two ships "at anchor thereabouts were cast away by the tempest which fell the Tuesday before." In these a thousand men were drowned, and three hundred "escaped to land," who were taken prisoners and put to the sword, "according to his worship, the governor's, instructions." On Monday, the 16th, Bingham and his companions



*youve gon out more gon by the sun*

*Martin Frobisher*

Bingham rode from Athlone towards Sir Hubert McDavy's house at "Glynske." When in "the great pass," three miles on his journey, he received a letter from his brother telling of the loss of three other Spanish ships, and upwards of a thousand men, in Sligo Bay. Some effected a landing, and "seven score" were executed by himself; others, escaping inland, were "stript and spoiled by the country people," and then set at liberty to go "withersoever they list." These made their way to "Sir Brian O'Rourke's country," where they were "gladly received and newly appparelled and relieved." O'Rourke had been "earnestly written unto" to give up the men, but "utterly refused." In his "wonted manner" he harboured the Spaniards, "and did new furnish them with weapons"

considered certain reports which had been brought to them that "many of the Spaniards who escaped shipwreck were kept by divers gentlemen and others of the province," who used them "with more favour than they thought meet." A proclamation was therefore issued that, on pain of death, none should harbour any Spaniards, but should, within four hours after view of the proclamation, bring them to the nearest Crown officer, "whereupon Teige Ne Bully O'Flaherty and many others brought their prisoners to Galway." In a short time three hundred and more Spaniards were carried to the town. The number alarmed Bingham, who dispatched the provost-marshal "with warrant and commission to put them all to the sword, saving the noblemen or such principal gentlemen as were among them."

About three hundred Spaniards were accordingly executed at Galway.

He now turned his attention to Thommond, the sheriff of which had sent him word that the ships hovering about the coast had put to sea; any prisoners or stragglers that might be left behind he ordered to be executed. He also sent warrants for the execution of prisoners to "Tyrawly" and Sligo.

By Wednesday, the 18th, he had satisfied himself that there was no further fear of an invasion, as such of the Spanish ships as had not been wrecked had put again to sea, and of this news he quickly advertised the Lord Deputy. Some of the prisoners who had been thought of sufficient importance to be saved from the sword, were brought to him.

On the 20th Bingham started for Galway, which he reached the next afternoon at three. "At this time he called Don Louis de Cordova before him, and all the rest of the prisoners which were not put to the sword before, to the number of forty persons," and commanded them to be executed,<sup>1</sup> "saving ten of the best of them whom he committed to the custody of divers gentlemen till the Lord Deputy should have resolved what to do with them."

So with the end of the week Bingham ended this progress of slaughter, and Whyte records with satisfaction that "he rested Sunday all day, giving thanks to Almighty God for her Majesty's most happy success in that action, and our deliverance from such dangerous enemies." At the end of his letter Whyte sends a few totals worthy of quotation: "Great ships lost by shipwreck, 9; ships burned, 1; Spaniards drowned in the sea, 5,600; Spaniards slain and put to execution which escaped out of the ships which were lost, 1,100; ships sunk to our knowledge, 3; and two more said to be sunk a-seaboard the out isles, besides many other ships which were sunk and drowned upon the islands of this province and other places of the realm, as well in Connaught as in Ulster and Munster." So great had been the loss of ships that it was thought that less than twenty can have returned to Spain, and those which were seen to depart from the Irish coast were "very sore rent, torn and battered in many places, and bulged under water, in such wise as very few can hold out any long time."

Thus was the destruction of the Invincible Armada completed on the Irish Coast. A volume might be filled with further accounts, preserved in contemporary letters and despatches from Ireland, of the sufferings of the shipwrecked Spaniards and of their wholesale slaughter; but the subject—though it must not be passed unnoticed in telling the story of our triumph over a haughty foe, that sought to bring us again under the rule of Rome—is an unpleasant one to dwell upon, casting as it does a blot upon the name of those who countenanced the perpetration of such brutalities. How far did the heroine of the hour sanction these acts? This is an anxious

question, and the would-be eulogist of Elizabeth cannot give it a satisfactory answer. Camden, who, from something that cannot be termed ignorance, reduces the number of the massacred to two hundred, says she "condemned the execution of these as a matter full of cruelty." Perhaps popular opinion at the time that Camden wrote demanded the expression of such a sentiment; but let us see what, at the end of the year 1588, the Irish Lord Deputy writes to the Council: "I received from your Lordships seven several letters, whereof one jointly to me and the Council the other to myself, containing in substance as well her Majesty's most gracious acceptance, a thing above all others most joyful unto us, of our dutiful service and proceedings in this action, both in making head against the enemy and in executing such Spaniards as fell into our hands." Enough on this point, let us turn our attention to affairs in Spain—to the return of the vanquished Armada.

We have said that Sidonia's squadron passed Cape Clare, on its homeward journey, on the 4th of September. The storm continued unabated, but the ships with him had so far kept company. From this point, however, it was decided that each should go her own way to Corunna. Calderon held on his course for eight days, and then his last drop of water had gone, and his crew, weak from continued want and sickness, could no longer obey orders. All he knew of his whereabouts was that he was in the "Bay," and, despairing of ever reaching Spain, ran before the wind. Before evening he fell in with another ship of the returning Armada. Her captain, who had succeeded in keeping better reckoning, cheered him with the news that Santander lay but a few leagues ahead. Together they sailed for the port, and entered it the following evening. They found Sidonia had already arrived, "sore bruised," and his crew "much weakened and almost starved."

Following our plan of telling the story of the Armada as contemporary writers told it, let us see in what words Walsingham learnt some details of the return of the ships to Spain. On the 14th of March, next year, Edmund Palmer, an English merchant, wrote to him from St. Jean de Luz:—

"At the Groyne [Corunna], arrived the Admiral, John Martinez de Recalde, with two pinnaces and a great ship, and there, by the diseased people that he brought, was set on fire the hospital, and wholly burned, and John Martinez died within ten days after his arrival. At the Passage [St. Sebastian], arrived Captain Michael de Oquendo, with nine ships, whereof he was General, and died within six days after that he arrived, and his own ship, being of one thousand tons, blown up with gunpowder in the passage. For the diseased people that he brought home was appointed a great house for a hospital, hard without the gates of St. Sebastian, which was set on fire and wholly burned."

To the Spaniards, the truth as to the fate of the Armada must have been doubly painful and hard to realise, in consequence of the rumours of success that had found their way to Spain from France, when first the Spanish ships reached the Channel. In

<sup>1</sup> Note of Papists in Ireland, 1590. Amongst the names is that of James O'Cleary, Seminary, who came the last year from Rome, and brought a dispensation for the killing of the holy Spaniards.

another letter to Walsingham, Palmer writes:—  
"A month after the fleet did depart from the coast,  
there came news from Don Bernardino that the

taken, with the loss of many of her Majesty's  
ships; that Plymouth was theirs, with the Wight,  
Hampton, and Portsmouth, and that they thought

## MORE ARMADA AUTOGRAPHS.

(5)

The best store of vittails y<sup>e</sup> I  
and y<sup>e</sup> your palmer have at  
y<sup>e</sup> y<sup>e</sup> honours y<sup>e</sup> J. Wemyson for  
the we we humbly thank  
you

Y<sup>e</sup> honours most faithfull to commande

W. WYNTER.

(6)

I pray your honour bere w<sup>t</sup>  
this for yt ys done in hast  
bad wether

Your Honours ever bownden  
J<sup>e</sup>ou Hawkyns.

Spaniards had gotten the victory, and it was my  
fortune to be at the reading of the letters in San  
Sebastian. And as they did read, some said to me,  
'See how the dog looks at the news,' which was,  
that the Lord Admiral and Sir Francis Drake was

in a few days to be in London. The town made  
great feasts all that day, running through the  
streets on horseback, with rich apparel, and  
vizards on their faces, crying with loud voices,  
'That great dog, Francis Drake, is prisoner, with

<sup>1</sup> "The best store of vittails y<sup>e</sup> I and S<sup>r</sup> Henr Palm<sup>r</sup> have at this tyme is y<sup>e</sup> h[onour's] venyson for the w<sup>ch</sup> we humbly thancke you.

"Your honours most faithfull to commande

"W. WYNTER."

<sup>2</sup> "I pray your honour bere w<sup>t</sup> this for yt ys done in hast and bad wether.—Your Honours ever bownden,—J<sup>e</sup>ou Hawkyns."



chains and fetters.' And at night the town was made full of bonfires; crying and shouting, with other their dances accustomed, reviling at her Majesty with villainous words; and when they could not do any more, with stones they break down all the windows of my house."

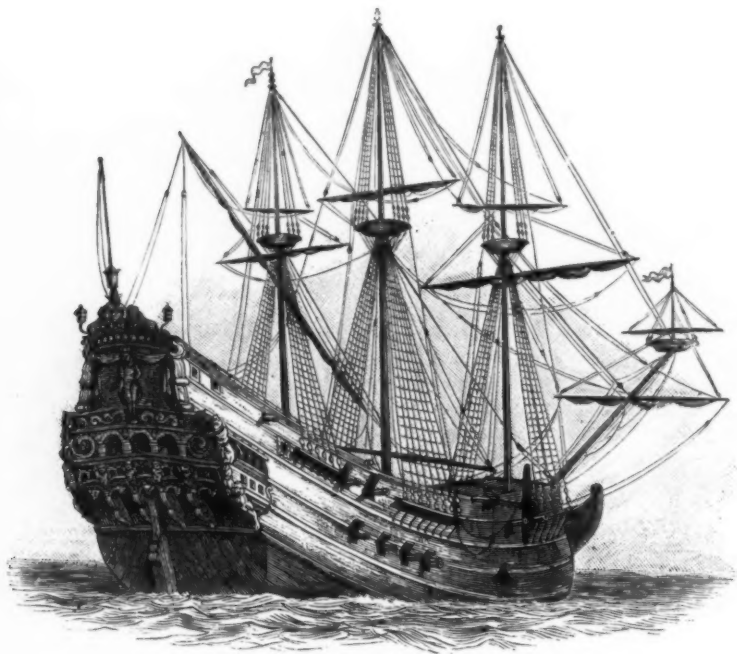
But a few days later came tidings of the flight from Calais, and after that silence till the ships returned to Spain. Then the cry about Drake was that "he was a devil, and no man." Philip himself knew from Parma of the retreat northwards; but it is doubtful if he was prepared for such a tale of destruction as that which his officer had to tell. As to his reception of Sidonia, most of the accounts extant are pretty much to the effect of that related by an English merchant who came from Spain in November, which was that Sidonia, with his "gentleman, apparelled themselves in black, like mourners," before they landed, and Sidonia "being at the Court, the King would not see him, but commanded him to his house."

Philip also attributed the failure of the Armada in a large degree to want of skill in carrying out the commissariat arrangements. Bakers who supplied the biscuits were sent to the gallows; the chief purveyor of bread at Lisbon was imprisoned because the bread he sent on board the ships was mixed with lime. Amongst the people themselves

a temporary panic followed the authentic tidings of defeat. We learn of various acts of frenzy committed by the populace. "They at the Holy House at Lisbon," writes a correspondent of the Lord-Deputy, "did in a great fury burn their holy women."

But whatever may have been the temporary effect on Philip, he was not long in regaining his accustomed composure. Towards the end of October, Walsingham learnt that "the King prepares for another fleet, to be of one hundred and fifty sails of ships and fifty galleys. He is coming in person to see the performance of this fleet into Biscay." Before the year was out, Sidonia had been restored to favour, but the power of Spain was gone. Early next spring Palmer writes: "The Spaniards' hearts are as strong as ever they were, but their power is greatly abated, for, more than men do make count of, they are in such a [state] that they cannot tell what for to do. There is not one man of countenance in all Spain to whom the King might put in place for matters of the sea, for that them whom his trust was in are all dead and drowned this last journey; and great lamentation made for one Don Alonzo de Leyva, with whom were all the nobles that went; and they do think as yet that he, with others, are in Ireland."

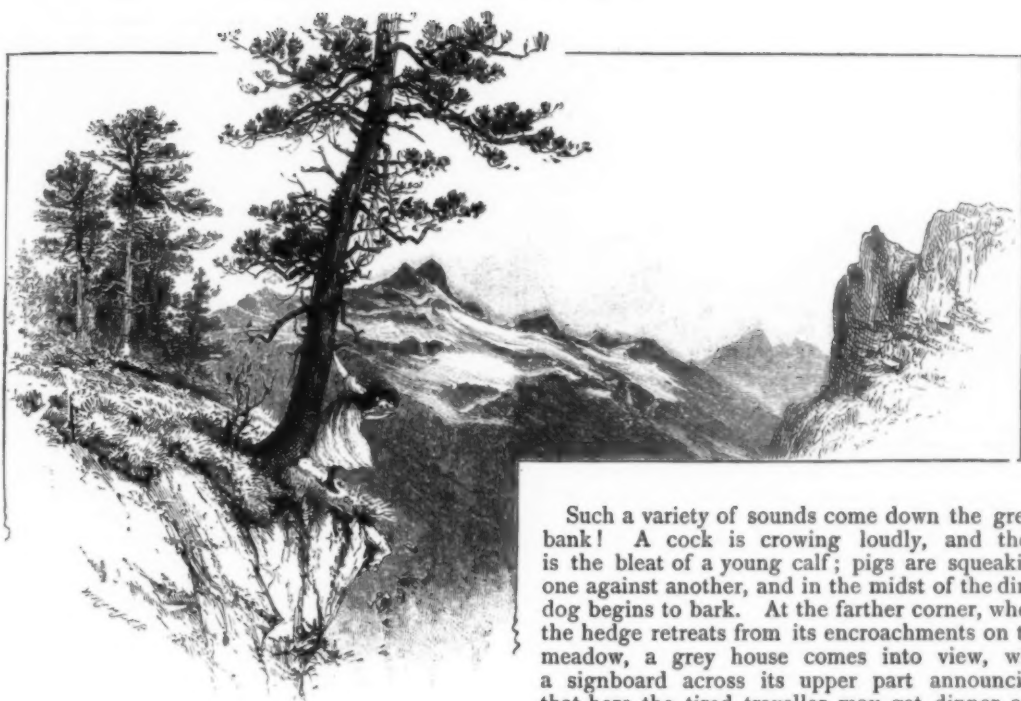
W. J. HARDY.



A CARRACK.

## ANNA.

BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.



THREE thousand feet up the side of a Swiss mountain a lateral valley strikes off in the direction of the heights that border the course of the Rhine on its way from Coire to Sargans. The closely-cropped, velvet-smooth turf, the abundant woods, sometimes of pine-trees and sometimes of beech and chestnut, give a smiling, park-like aspect to the broad green track, and suggest ideas of peace and plenty.

As the path gradually ascends on its way to Fadara the wealth of wild flowers increases, and adds to the beauty of the scene.

A few brown cow-stables are dotted about the flower-sprinkled meadows; a brook runs diagonally across the path, and some freshly-laid planks show that inhabitants are not far off; but there is not a living creature in sight. The grass-hoppers keep up their perpetual chirrup, and if one looks among the flowers one can see the gleam of their scarlet wings as they jump; for the rest, the flowers and the birds have it all to themselves, and they sing their hymns and offer their incense in undisturbed solitude.

When one has crossed the brook and climbed an upward slope into the meadow beyond it, one enters a thick fir-wood full of fragrant shadow; at the end is a bank, green and high, crowned by a hedge, and all at once the quiet of the place has fled.

Such a variety of sounds come down the green bank! A cock is crowing loudly, and there is the bleat of a young calf; pigs are squeaking one against another, and in the midst of the din a dog begins to bark. At the farther corner, where the hedge retreats from its encroachments on the meadow, a grey house comes into view, with a signboard across its upper part announcing that here the tired traveller may get dinner and a bed.

Before the cock has done crowing—and really he goes on so long that it is a wonder he is not hoarse—another voice mingles with the rest.

It is a woman's voice, and, although neither hoarse nor shrill, it is no more musical than the crow of the other biped, who struts about on his widely-spread toes in the yard, to which Christina Fasch has come to feed the pigs. There are five of them, pink-nosed and yellow-coated, and they keep up a grunting and snarling chorus within their wooden enclosure, each struggling to oust a neighbour from his place near the trough while they all greedily await their food.

"Come, Anna, come," says the hard voice; "what a slow coach you are! I would do a thing three times over while you are thinking about it!"

The farmyard was bordered by the tall hedge, and lay between it and the inn. The cow-house, on one side, was separated from the pig-styes by a big stack of yellow logs, and the farther corner of the inn was flanked by another stack of split wood, fronted by a pile of brushwood; above was a wooden balcony that ran also along the house-front, and was sheltered by the far-projecting eaves of the shingled roof.

Only the upper part of the inn was built of logs, the rest was brick and plaster. The house looked

neatly kept, the yard was less full of the stray wood and litter that is so usual in a Swiss farm-yard, but there was a dull, severe air about the place. There was not a flower or a plant, either in the balcony or on the broad wooden shelves below the windows—not so much as a carnation or a marigold in the vegetable plot behind the house.

A shed stood in the corner of this plot, and at the sound of Christina's call a girl came out of the shed; she was young and tall and strong-looking, but she did not beautify the scene.

To begin with, she stooped; her rough, tangled hair covered her forehead and partly hid her eyes; her skin was red and tanned with exposure, and her rather wide lips drooped at the corners with an expression of misery that was almost grotesque. She carried a pail in each hand.

"Do be quick!" Christina spoke impatiently as she saw her niece appear beyond the wood-stack.

Anna started at the harsh voice as if a lash had fallen on her back; the pigs' food splashed over her gown and filled her heavy leather shoes.

"I had better have done it myself," cried her aunt. "See, unhappy child, you have wasted food and time also! Now you must go and clean your shoes and stockings; your gown and apron are only fit for the wash-tub! Ah!"

She gave a deep sigh as she took up first one pail and then the other and emptied the wash into the pig-trough without spilling a drop by the way. Anna stood watching her admiringly.

"Well," Christina turned round on her, "I ask myself what is the use of you, child? You are fifteen, and so far, it seems to me that you are here only to make work for others! When do you mean to do things as other people do them? I ask myself, what would become of you if your father were a poor man, and you had to earn your living?"

Anna had stooped yet more forward; she seemed to crouch as if she wanted to get out of sight. Christina suddenly stopped and looked at her for an answer.

Anna fingered her splashed apron; she tried to speak, but a lump rose in her throat, and she could not see for the hot tears that would, against her will, rush to her eyes.

"I shall never do anything well," she said, at last, and the misery in her voice touched her aunt. "I used not to believe you, aunt, but now I see that you are right. I can never be needful to any one." Then she went on bitterly: "It would have been better if father had taken me up to the lake on Scesaplana when I was a baby and drowned me there as he drowned the puppies in the wash-tub."

Christina looked shocked; there was a frown on her heavy face which was usually as expressionless as if it had been carved in wood.

"Fie!" she said. "Think of Gretchen's mother, old Barbara, she does not complain of the goitre; though she has to bear it under her chin, she tries to keep it out of sight. I wish you would do the same with your clumsiness. There, go and change your clothes, go, you unlucky child, go."

## PART II.

You are perhaps wondering how it comes to pass that an inn can exist placed alone in the midst of green pasture land, and only approached by a simple foot-track, which more than once leads the wayfarer across mere plank bridges, and which passes, only at long intervals, small groups of cottages that call themselves villages. You naturally wonder how the guests at this lonely inn fare with regard to provisions. It is true that milk is sent down every day from the cows on the green Alps higher up the mountain, and that the farm boasts of plenty of ducks and fowls, of eggs and honey. There are a few sheep and goats, too; we have seen that there are pigs. Fräulein Christina Fasch makes good bread, and she is famous for her delicate puddings and sauces: the puzzle is, whence come the groceries, and the extras, and the wines that are consumed in the inn.

A mile or so beyond, on a lower spur of the mountain ridge that overlooks the Rhine, a gap comes in the hedge that screens an almost precipitous descent into the broad flat valley. The descent looks more perilous than it is, for constant use has worn the slender track into a series of rough steps, which lead to the vine-clad knoll on which is situated Malans, and at Malans George Fasch, the landlord of our inn, can purchase all he needs, for it is near a station on the railway line between Zurich and Coire and close to the busy town of Mayenfeld in the valley below.

Just now there are no visitors at the inn, so the landlord only makes his toilsome journey once a fortnight; but when there is a family in the house he visits the valley more frequently, for he cannot bring very large stores with him, although he does not spare himself fatigue, and he mounts the natural ladder with surprising rapidity, considering the load he carries strapped to his shoulders.

The great joy of Anna was to meet her father at the top of the pass, and persuade him to lighten his burden by giving her some of it to carry; and to-day, when she had washed her face and hands, and had changed her clothes, she wished that he had gone to Malans; his coming back would have helped her to forget her disaster. Her aunt's words clung to the girl like burs; and now, as they rang in her ears again, she went into the wood to have her cry out unobserved.

She stood leaning against a tree; and, as the tears rolled over her face, she turned and hid it against the rough red bark of the pine. She was crying for the loss of the dear gentle mother who had always helped her. Her mother had so screened her awkwardness from public notice that Anna had scarcely been aware of it. Her Aunt Christina had said, when she was summoned four years ago to manage her brother's household, "Your wife has ruined Anna, brother. I shall have hard work to improve her."

Anna was not crying now about her aunt's constant fault-finding; there was something in her grief more bitter even than the tears she shed for her mother; it seemed to the girl that day by



day she was becoming more and more clumsy and stupid; she broke the crockery, and even the furniture; she spoiled her frocks; and, worst of all, she had more than once met her father's kind blue eyes fixed on her with a look of sadness that went to her heart. Did he, too, think that she would never be useful to herself or to any one?

At this thought her tears came more freely, and she pressed her hot face against the tree.

"I wonder why I was made!" she sobbed.

There came a sharp crackling sound, as the twigs and pine needles snapped under a heavy tread.

Anna caught up her white apron and vigorously rubbed her eyes; then she hurried out to the path from her shelter among the trees.

In another minute her arms were round her father, and she was kissing him on both cheeks.

George Fasch kissed her and patted her shoulder; then a suppressed sob caught his ear. He held Anna away from him, and looked at her face.

It was red and green in streaks, and her eyes were red and inflamed. The father was startled by her appearance.

"What is the matter, dear child?" he said. "You are ill."

Then his eyes fell on her apron. Its crumpled state, and the red and green smears on it, showed the use to which it had been put, and he began to guess what had happened.

Anna hung her head.

"I was crying, and I leaned against a tree. Oh, dear, it was a clean apron! Aunt will be vexed."

Her father sighed, but he pitied her confusion.

"Why did you cry, my child?" he said, half-tenderly, half in rebuke. "Aunt Christina means well, though she speaks abruptly."

He only provoked fresh tears, but Anna tried so hard to keep them back that she was soon calm again.

"I am not vexed with Aunt Christina for scolding me," she said; "I deserved it; I am sorry for myself."

"Well, well," he said, cheerfully, "we cannot expect old heads on young shoulders." His honest, sunburned face was slightly troubled as he looked at her. "You will have to brush up a bit, you know, when Christina goes to Zurich. You are going to be left in charge of the house for a week or so."

Anna pressed her hands nervously together. She felt that the house would suffer greatly under her guidance; but then she should have her father all to herself in her aunt's absence, and she should be freed from those scathing rebukes which made her feel all the more clumsy and helpless when they were uttered in her father's presence.

George Fasch, however, had of late become very much aware of his daughter's awkwardness, and secretly he was troubled by the prospect of her aunt's absence. He was a kind man and an affectionate father, but he objected to Gretchen's unaided cookery, and he had therefore resolved to transact some long-deferred business in Zurich during his sister's stay there. This would lessen the amount of his badly-cooked dinners at home.

"I shall start with Christina," he said—"some one must go with her to Pardisla; and next day I shall come home by Malans, so you will have to meet me on Wednesday evening at the old place, eh, Anna?"

She nodded and smiled, but she felt a little disappointed. She reflected, however, that she should have her father alone for some days after his return.

Christina was surprised to see how cheerful the girl looked when she came indoors.

#### PART III.

RAIN fell incessantly for several days, and, even when it ceased, masses of white vapour rose up from the neighbouring valleys and blotted out everything. The vapour had lifted, however, when Fasch and his sister started on their expedition, and Anna, tired of her week's seclusion, set out on a ramble. A strange new feeling came over the girl as soon as she lost sight of her aunt's straight figure. She was free, there would be no one to scold her or to make her feel awkward; she vaulted with delight, and with an ease that surprised her, over the fence that parted two meadows; she looked down at her skirt, and she saw with relief that she had not much frayed it, yet she knew there were thorns, for there had been an abundance of wild roses in the hedge.

A lark was singing blithely overhead, and the grasshoppers filled the air with joyful chirpings. Anna's face beamed with content.

"If life could be always like to-day!" she thought, "oh, how nice it would be!"

Presently she reached the meadow with the brook running across it, and she gave a cry of delight; down in the marsh into which the brook ran across the sloping field she saw a mass of bright dark-blue. These were gentian flowers, opening blue and green blossoms to the sunshine, and in front of them the meadow itself was white with a sprinkling of grass of Parnassus. Anna had a passionate love of flowers, and, utterly heedless of all but the joy of seeing them, she ran down the slope, and only stopped when she found herself ankle-deep in the marsh below, in which the gentian grew.

This sobered her excitement. She pulled out one foot, and was shocked to find that she had left her shoe behind in the black slime; she was conscious, too, that her other foot was sinking deeper and deeper in the treacherous marsh. There was nothing to hold by, there was not even an osier near at hand; behind the gentian rose a thicket of rosy-blossomed willow-herb, and here and there was a creamy tassel of meadowsweet, but even these were some feet beyond her grasp. Anna looked round her in despair. From the next field came a clicking sound, and as she listened she guessed that old Andreas was busy mowing. He was old, but he was not deaf, and she could easily make him hear a cry for help; but she was afraid of Andreas. He kept the hotel garden in order, and if he found footmarks on the vegetable plots, or if anything went wrong with

the plants, he always laid the blame on Anna; he was as neat as he was captious, and the girl shrank from letting him see the plight she was in.

She stooped down and felt for her shoe, and as she recovered it she nearly fell full length into the bog; the struggle to keep her balance was fatal; her other foot sank several inches; it seemed to her that she must soon be sucked down by the horrible black water that spurted up from the marsh with her struggles. Without stopping to think, she cried out as loud as she could, "Help me, Andreas! Help! I am drowning!"

At the cry the top of a straw hat appeared in sight, and its owner came up hill; a small man, with twisted legs, in pale clay-coloured trousers, a black waistcoat, and brown linen shirtsleeves. His wrinkled face looked hot, and his hat was pushed to the back of his head. He took it off and wiped his face with his handkerchief while he looked round him.

"Pouf!" He gave a grunt of displeasure. "So you are once more in mischief, are you? Ah, ah, ah! What, then, will the aunt, that ever to be respected Fraülein, say, when she hears of this?"

He called this out as he came leisurely across the strip of meadow that separated him from Anna.

She was in an agony of fear lest she should sink still farther in before he reached her; but she knew Andreas far too well to urge him even by a word to greater haste. So she stood shivering and pale with fear while she clasped her bog-stained shoe close to her.

Andreas had brought a stake with him, and he held this out to Anna, but when she had tried to draw out her sinking foot she shook her head, it seemed to be stuck too fast in the bog.

Andreas gave a growl of discontent, and then went slowly up to the plank bridge. With some effort he raised the smaller of the two planks and carried it to where Anna stood fixed like a statue among the flowering water-plants. Then he pushed the plank out till it rested on a hillock of rushes, while the other end remained on the meadow.

"Ah"—he drew a long breath—"see the trouble you give by your carelessness."

He spoke vindictively, as if he would have liked to give her a good shaking; but Anna smiled at him, she was so thankful at the prospect of release.

The mischievous little man kept her waiting some minutes. He pretended to test the safety of the plank by walking up and down it and trying it with his foot. At last, when the girl's heart had become sick with suspense, he suddenly stretched out both hands and pulled her on to the plank, then he pushed her along before him till she was on dry ground once more.

"Oh, thank you, Andreas," she began, but he cut her thanks very short.

"Go home at once and dry yourself," he said. "You are the plague of my life, and if I had been a wise man I should have left you in the marsh. Could not your senses tell you that all that rain meant danger in boggy places? There'll be mischief somewhere besides this; a landslip or two,

more than likely. There, run home, child, or you'll get cold."

He turned angrily away from her and went back to his work.

Anna hurried to the narrowest part of the brook and jumped across it. She could not make herself in a worse plight than she was already; her skirts were dripping with the black and filthy water of the marsh.

#### PART IV.

HEAVY rain fell again during the night, and continued throughout the morning, but in the afternoon there was a glimpse of sunshine overhead. This soon drew the vapour up again from the valley, and white steam-clouds sailed slowly across the landscape.

Gretchen had been very kind and compassionate about Anna's disaster; she made the girl go to bed for an hour or two, and gave her some hot broth, and Anna would have forgotten her trouble but from the certainty she felt that old Andreas would make as bad a story of it as he could to her Aunt Christina. But this morning the girl was looking forward to her father's home-coming, and she was in good spirits; she had tried to make herself extra neat, and to imitate as closely as she could her Aunt Christina's way of tidying the rooms; but one improvement suggested itself to Anna which would certainly not have occurred to her tidy aunt; if she had thought of it she would have scouted the idea as useless, and a frivolous waste of time.

Directly after the midday meal Anna went out to gather a wild-flower nosegay, to place in the sitting-room in honour of her father's return. It seemed to her the only means she had of showing him how glad she was to see him again.

While she was busy gathering Andreas crossed the meadow; he did not see Anna stooping over the flowers, and she kept herself hidden; but the sight of him brought back a haunting fear. What was it? What had Andreas said that she had forgotten? He had said something which had startled her at the time, and which now came pressing urgently on her for remembrance, although she could not distinctly recall it. What was it? Anna stood asking herself; the flowers fell out of her hand on to the grass among their unplucked companions; she stood for some minutes absorbed in thought. Andreas had passed out of sight, and she could not venture to follow him, for she did not know what she wanted him to tell her.

A raindrop fell on her hand, and she looked up. Yes, the rain had begun again. Anna gave a sudden start; she left the flowers and set off running towards the point at which she was accustomed to meet her father.

With the raindrop the clue she had been seeking had come to her. Andreas had said there might very likely be landslips, and who could say that there might not have been one on the hillside above Malans? Anna had often heard her father say that, though he could climb the steep ascent with his burden, he should be sorry to have to go

down with it. If the track had been partly carried away he might begin to climb without any warning of the danger that lay before him. . . .

Anna trembled and shivered as she thought of the danger. It would be growing dusk before her father began to climb, and who could say what might happen? She hurried on to the place at which she always met her father. When she had crossed the brook that parted the field with the gap from the field preceding it, Anna stood still in dismay. The hedge was gone, and so was a good strip of the field it had bordered.

There had already been a landslip.

Anna had learned wisdom by her mischance yesterday, and she went on slowly and cautiously till she drew near the edge; then she knelt down on the grass, and, creeping along on her hands and knees, she peered over the broken, slippery edge. The landslip seemed to have reached midway down the cliff, but the rain had washed the earth and rubbish to one side. So far as Anna could make out, the way up, halfway, was as firm as ever; then there came a heap of *débris* from the fall of earth, and then the bare rock rose to the top, upright and dreadful.

Anna's head turned dizzy as she looked down the precipice, and she forced herself to crawl backward from the crumbling edge only just in time, for it seemed to her that some mysterious power was beckoning her from below.

When she got on her feet she stood and wondered what was to be done. How was she to warn her father of this danger?

She looked at the sun; it was still high up in the sky, so she had some hours before her. There was no other way to Malans but this one, unless by going back half way to Seewis, to where a path led down to Pardisla, and thence into the Landquart valley, where the highroad went on to Malans, past the corner where the Landquart falls into the Rhine. Anna had learned all this as a child from the big map which hung in the dining-room at the inn. But on the map it looked a long long way to the Rhine valley, and she had heard her father tell her Aunt Christina that she must take the diligence at Pardisla, it would be too far, he said, to walk to Landquart, and Anna knew that Malans was farther still. She stood wondering what could be done.

In these last four years she had become by degrees penetrated with a sense of her own utter uselessness, and she had gradually sunk into a melancholy condition. She did only what she was told to do, and she always expected to be told how to do it. Her first thought now was, how could she get help or advice; she only knew two people who could help her—Gretchen and Andreas. The last she reflected must be already at some distance. When she saw him, he was carrying a basket, and he had no doubt gone to Seewis, for it was market-day in that busy village. As to Gretchen, Anna felt puzzled. Gretchen never went from home, what could she know about time and the distance from the Rhine valley? Besides, while the girl stood thinking her sense of responsibility unfolded, the sense that comes to every rational creature in a moment that threatens danger to

others; and she saw that by going back even to consult with Gretchen she must lose many precious minutes. There was no near road to the valley, but it would save a little to keep well behind the inn on her downward way to Pardisla.

As Anna went along the day cleared again. The phantom-like mists drifted aside and showed on the opposite mountain's side brilliant green Alps in the fir-wood that reached almost to the top. The lark overhead sang louder, and the grasshopper's metallic chirp was incessant under foot. Anna's heart became lighter as she hurried on; surely, she thought, she must reach Malans before her father had begun to climb the mountain. She knew that he would have left his knapsack at Mayenfeld, and that he must call there for it on his way home. Unless the landslip was quite recent it seemed to her possible that some one might be aware of what had happened, and might give her father warning; but Anna had seen that for a good way above Malans the upward path looked all right, and it was so perpendicular that she fancied the destruction of its upper portion might not have been at once discovered, especially if it had occurred at night. No, she was obliged to see that it was extremely doubtful whether her father would receive any warning unless she reached the foot of the descent before he did.

So she went at her utmost speed down the steep stony track to Pardisla. New powers seemed to have come to her with the intensity of her suspense.

#### PART V.

GEORGE FASCH had every reason to be content with the way in which he had managed his business at Zurich; and yet, as he travelled back to Mayenfeld, he was in a desponding mood. All the way to Zurich his sister had talked about Anna. She said she had tried her utmost with the girl, and that she grew worse and worse.

"She is reckless and thoroughly unreliable," she said, "and she gets more stupid every day. If you were wise you would put her into a reformatory without delay."

George Fasch shrugged his shoulders.

"She is affectionate," he said, bluntly, "and she is very unselfish. I should be sorry to send her from home."

Christina held up her hands.

"I call a girl selfish who gives so much trouble. Gretchen has to wash out three skirts a week for Anna. She is always spoiling her clothes. I, on the contrary, call her very selfish, brother."

George Fasch shrugged his shoulders again; he remembered the red and green apron, and he supposed that Christina must be right; and now, as he travelled back alone, he asked himself what he must do? Certainly he saw no reason why he should place Anna in a reformatory—that would be, he thought, a sure way of making her unhappy, and perhaps even desperate; but Christina's words had shown him her unwillingness to be plagued with his daughter's ways, and he shrank



from the idea of losing his useful housekeeper. He had been accustomed to depend on his sister for the management of the inn, and he felt that no paid housekeeper would be able to fill Christina's place. Besides, it would cost more money to pay a stranger.

Yes, he must send Anna away, but he shrank from the idea. There was a timid, pathetic look in the girl's dark eyes that warned him against parting her from those she loved. After all, was she not very like her mother? and his sweet lost wife had often told George Fasch how dreamy and heedless and stupid she had been in childhood. He was sure that Anna would mend in time, if only he could hit on some middle course at present.

The weather had been fine at Zurich; and he was surprised, when he quitted the train, to see the long wreaths of white vapour that floated along the valley and up the sides of the hills. It was clearer when he had crossed the river; but before he reached Malans evening was drawing in, and everything grew misty.

He had made his purchases at Mayenfeld so as to avoid another stoppage; and, with his heavy load strapped on his back, he took a by-path that skirted Malans, and led him straight to the bottom of the descent without going through the village. There was a group of trees just at the foot of the path, which increased the gathering gloom.

"My poor child will be tired of waiting," he thought, and he began to climb the steep ascent more rapidly than usual.

All at once a faint cry reached him; he stopped and listened, but it did not come again.

The way was very slippery, he thought; his feet seemed to be clogged with soft earth, and he stopped at last to breathe. Then he heard another cry, and the sound of footsteps behind him.

Some one was following him up the dangerous ascent. And as his ears took in the sound he heard Anna's voice some way below.

"Father! father! stop, stop!" she cried; "there is a landslip above, you cannot climb to-night."

George Fasch stopped. He shut his eyes and opened them again. It seemed to him that he was dreaming. How came Anna to be at the foot of

the pass if it was not possible to climb to the top of it?

"What is it, Anna? Do you mean that I must come down, again?" he said, wonderingly.

"Yes, yes; the path above is destroyed."

And once more he wondered if all this could be real.

"Father, can you come down with the pack, or will you unfasten it and leave it behind?"

George Fasch thought a moment.

"You must go down first," he said, "and keep on one side; the distance is short, and I think I can do it; but I may slip by the way."

There were minutes of breathless suspense while Anna stood in the gathering darkness, and then the heavy footsteps ceased to descend, and she found herself suddenly hugged close in her father's arms.

"My good girl," he said; "my good Anna, how did you come here?"

Anna could not speak. She trembled like a leaf, and then she began to sob. The poor girl was completely exhausted by the terrible anxiety she had gone through, and by fatigue.

"I thought I was too late," she sobbed; "it looked so dark. I feared you could not see; I cried out, but you did not answer. Oh, father!"—she caught at his arms—"if I had been really too late!"

Her head sank on his shoulder.

George Fasch patted her cheek. He was deeply moved, but he did not speak; he would hear by-and-bye how it had all happened. Presently he said, cheerfully,

"Well, my girl, we must let Gretchen wonder what has happened to us to-night. You and I will get beds at Malans. My clever Anna has done enough for one day."

Three years have passed since Anna's memorable journey. Her Aunt Christina has married, and she has gone to live in Zurich; Anna is now alone with her father and Gretchen. She has developed in all ways; that hurried journey to the foot of the mountain had been a mental tonic to the girl. She has learned to be self-reliant in a true way, and she has found out the truth of a very old proverb, which says:—"No one knows what he can do till he tries."

## The Lay of the Little Lady.

A BALLAD OF MULL.

In a tiny bay,  
Where ships lie sure and steady,  
In a quiet way  
Lives a tiny lady;  
In a tiny house  
Dwells my little fairy,  
Gentle as a mouse,  
Blithe as a canary.

Travelling I have been  
In distant and in high lands,  
And wonders many seen  
In Lowlands and in Highlands;  
But never since the days  
When fairies were quite common,  
Did human vision gaze  
On such a dear, small woman!

On the deep sea's brim,  
 In beauty quite excelling,  
 White, and tight, and trim,  
 Stands my lady's dwelling.  
 Stainless is the door,  
 With patent polish glowing;  
 A little plot before,  
 With pinks and sweet peas growing.

And when in you go  
 To my fairy's dwelling,  
 You will find a show  
 Of beauty, past all telling;  
 Wealth of pretty wares,  
 Curtains, pictures, laces,  
 Sofas, tables, chairs,  
 All in their proper places.

But above all fair  
 Of which my song is telling,  
 Sits my lady there,  
 The mistress of the dwelling.  
 Dressed in serge dark blue,  
 With trimming white and snowy;  
 All so nice and new,  
 With nothing false and showy.

Dainty is her head,  
 Quite the classic oval—  
 Just the thing you read  
 In the last new novel,  
 But you never saw,—  
 For Nature still is chary  
 To reach the perfect law  
 She modelled in my fairy.

An eye whose glance doth roam  
 O'er the azure spaces,  
 But still is most at home  
 'Mid happy human faces.  
 Cheeks of healthy red,  
 With native freshness glowing,  
 By the strong breeze spread  
 From purple moorland blowing.

And a look of warm  
 Welcome to the stranger,  
 Whom the sudden storm  
 Hath cast on her from danger;  
 And a board well spread,  
 Bountiful and bonnie,  
 With milk and barley bread,  
 Bramble jam and honey.

And for wit and brains,  
 Though not taught at college,  
 Her dainty head contains  
 All sorts of curious knowledge;  
 Every nook she knows,  
 Every burn she crosses,  
 Where the rarest grows  
 Of fungus, ferns, and mosses.

And when flowers are few,  
 And suns of heat are chary,  
 She has work to do  
 Beseems a bright-eyed fairy;  
 A telescope she keeps  
 For lofty observation,  
 Through which she finely peeps  
 At all the starry nation.

But she's more than wise,  
 Better far than clever,  
 From her heart arise  
 Thoughts of kindness ever;  
 As the sun's bright ray  
 Every flower is kissing,  
 All that comes her way  
 Takes from her a blessing.

Where a widow weeps,  
 She with her is weeping;  
 Where a sorrow sleeps,  
 She doth watch it sleeping;  
 Where the sky is night,  
 With one sole tint of sadness,  
 Let her come in sight,  
 And all is turned to gladness.

And now, if you should fear  
 I'm painting out a story,  
 Ask, and you will hear  
 The truth at Tobermory.  
 In beauty Mull excels  
 All ocean-girdled islands,  
 And there this lady dwells,  
 Sweet angel of the Highlands.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

[This lay is no ideal picture, but a portrait from life of Henrietta A. Bird, daughter of the late Rev. E. Bird, Rector of Wigton, Huntingdonshire, and only sister of Isabella L. Bird (Mrs. Bishop), the well-known traveller and author. The "Little Lady" of Tobermory died there of typhoid fever on June 5, 1880, loved and honoured by all around her, who still cherish her memory as that of a ministering angel. Her sister, now a widow, makes the cottage described in the lay her home.—ED. L. H.]

## THOMAS LINACRE, M.D.

BY SIR JAMES RISDON BENNETT, M.D., EX-PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

AMONG English Worthies of former times Thomas Linacre holds a high place. In his own profession of medicine he was esteemed "the ornament of his age," and his name is remembered with honour as the founder of the Royal College of Physicians of London, of which he was the first President. He was not less distinguished as a man of learning and of lofty character. Of him it was said that "no Englishman of his age had such famous masters, Demetrius and Politian at Florence, such noble patrons as Lorenzo de Medici, Henry VII and Henry VIII; such high-born scholars as Prince Arthur and Princess Mary of England; or such learned friends, for among the latter were Erasmus, Melancthon, Latimer, Tunstall, Dean Colet, and Sir Thomas More. In the reign of Henry VIII, when Linacre flourished (he having been born about the year 1460), the practice of medicine was scarcely elevated above that of the mechanical arts, and those among the laity by whom it was practised were for the most part little better instructed than artisans. No society devoted to learning existed in England, except such as were connected with the hierarchy, and which were fettered by the seclusion and obligations of monastic and religious life. The Italian Republics had, however, established institutions solely for the advancement of science and literature, which had already acquired great celebrity, and to which students from all other countries were attracted.

Linacre, a descendant of the Linacres of Linacre Hall, in Derbyshire, was born in Canterbury, and, having received his first grammatical instruction in the monastery school of Christ Church, Canterbury, proceeded to Oxford, and became a Fellow of All Souls' College, and about A.D. 1485 travelled into Italy with his former master, William Tilly, or De Selling, who had been appointed ambassador from Henry VII to the Court of Rome.

It does not appear that at this time he had definitely determined to devote himself either to the Church or to the study of physic, but rather to perfect himself in the study of Greek, and to profit by intercourse with Politian and the other distinguished scholars who at that time adorned the Italian Universities, and who were favoured with the patronage of Lorenzo de Medici, "the Magnificent." The young English scholar attracted the notice of Lorenzo, who associated him with his two sons, Piero and Giovanni, as their companion, and enabled him to participate in the instruction of their preceptors, as well as in that of the celebrated Demetrius Chalcondylas, a Greek who had fled from Constantinople when taken by the Turks. On quitting Florence he visited Rome and Venice, and formed acquaintance and lasting friendship with the most dis-

tinguished scholars of those cities. From Venice he went to Padua, which was then the most celebrated school of physic in the world, and here he devoted himself to medicine, and took the degree of Doctor of Medicine with the highest applause. This degree was confirmed to him by his own University, that of Oxford, where he resumed his studies and the privileges of his Fellowship. About the year 1501 he was summoned to the Court of Henry VII to undertake the double office of preceptor and physician to Prince Arthur, and subsequently that of the King's domestic physician. This, though one of the earliest appointments of the kind of which we have any record, was not the first. The earliest warrant for the attendance of a physician at Court appears to be that which is dated 33 Henry VII. By this warrant the King, with the consent of his privy council, deputed to three physicians and two surgeons the regulation of his diet and the administration of such medicines and remedies as might be sufficient for his cure. These remedies are specifically set forth in the warrant, and present a formidable regimen to which the King, by consent of his privy council, might be subjected. The King, however, does not appear to have been satisfied with the treatment that was adopted, for in the following year, on a return of his complaint, he reverted to the aid of the ecclesiastics, and by an order under the privy seal summoned to his aid Gilbert Kemer, Dean of Salisbury, "as an expert, notable, and proved man in the craft of medicines," and who enjoyed the confidence of his royal patient—not less as a physician than as a spiritual adviser.

Linacre, on his appointment, was associated with one Giovanni Battista, an Italian, who had more pretension to the title of astrologer than physician. On the death of the young Prince, Linacre devoted himself altogether to the practice of physic, and acquired great celebrity. Erasmus, being in England at this time, appears to have availed himself of the medical skill of his friend, for there is a letter from him to Linacre, dated from Paris in 1506, describing his complaints, and lamenting the want of Linacre's advice and the loss of one of his prescriptions, which the pharmacopœist had neglected to return.

On the accession of the new King, Linacre left London, and again betook himself to classical and philosophical studies at Oxford, continuing, however, to practise as a physician. He was soon honoured by the appointment of physician to Henry VIII, and resided occasionally at Court. His professional fame at this time was great, and the foremost men in Church and State committed to him the care of their health, among whom were the Lord High Treasurer, the Primate Warham, and Cardinal Wolsey.



What were the precise motives that induced him to abandon the position that he had obtained, together with the practice of medicine, it is difficult to say. But when past middle life he resolved to devote himself to theology and the duties of the priesthood. He appears to have been ordained either by Warham or Wolsey, about the year 1509, after which date we have a curious record of preferments conferred on him in rapid succession, and as rapidly resigned. The only reason for this that has been assigned is neither creditable to the patrons nor those who were thus rewarded. But it seems to have been the practice of the Court and nobility thus to reward the physicians who had rendered them service, and who, instead of holding the preferments given them for the sake of the emoluments to be derived from them resigned them, with the connivance of the bishops, for the sake of the pensions which they secured from the succeeding incumbents. So early as Henry VII's time the distinction prevailed between the methods of paying the physician and the apothecary who supplied the medicine. The services of the former were usually stated to be paid "in reward," a term expressive of a gift or honorarium, not like those of the latter, in the form of a legal demand. It was not, indeed, till the recent Medical Act of 1858 that a physician had the power of enforcing by legal means any payment for his services, and even in the present day Fellows of the Royal College of Physicians, by a voluntary act of their own, have deprived themselves of the power of enforcing legal payment of their fees, preferring, as in the case of barristers, to consider their payment as an honorarium.

Whilst most occupied with professional avocations, Linacre found time to continue his philological pursuits and the study of the writings of antiquity, but in common with the laity, and, indeed, many of the clergy, he wholly neglected the sacred writings, of which he was totally ignorant. With the study of divinity he, however, took up the Greek Testament, but we have no record of his making any attempt to render to the Greek Scriptures similar services to those which he had rendered to the Greek medical classics. The time for making the Scriptures available by the laity in general had not yet come.

But we proceed to notice those labours by which Linacre erected a perpetual monument of his enlightened views and generous aims.

Associating himself with John Chambre and some others of his medical friends, and with the aid and recommendation of Cardinal Wolsey, he obtained from Henry VIII letters patent for founding a College of Physicians, with a view to the improvement and more orderly exercise of the art of physic and the repression of singular unlearned and incompetent practitioners of that faculty. By the terms of this charter, and by a subsequent Act of Parliament, the constitution of the College was defined and the powers and privileges conferred were set forth. The government of all who practised physic was entrusted to them, and no one was allowed to practise that art in London, or within the distance of seven

miles, except such as were licensed by the College, nor subsequently was any one permitted to practise throughout England, except such as had been examined and licensed either by the College or by the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. The supervision of the shops and drugs of the apothecaries within the City of London was also given to the College.

Of the new College thus founded Linacre was the first president, an honour that he might justly claim, not only as having been the prime mover in its establishment, but as providing almost entirely from his own resources the means for carrying out its objects. Nothing was granted in the way of funds by the Crown; the support of the institution was from the first, and has been until the present day, thrown upon the Fellows. At that time Linacre had a house in Knight-riding Street, where the meetings of the College were at first held, which he eventually made over to them, and by whom it was possessed till the year 1860, when it was taken by Act of Parliament to provide a site for the Court of Probate and other courts and offices. The meetings of the College continued to be held in Linacre's house for nearly a century, till the first College building was erected in Amen Corner, and which was destroyed in the Great Fire of London. The noble objects which Linacre had in view, both in reference to the welfare of the profession and the community at large, were most fully attained, and "perhaps no founder," says Dr. Friend, "ever had the good fortune to have his design succeed more to his wish."

Whether this could with truth be said of his equally generous efforts on behalf of learning and physic, in connection with the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, must be doubted. Shortly before his death he obtained the sign manual to letters patent for founding "three separate lectures to the glory of God and the true art of medicine, for the relief of the fallen and the increase of the whole realm." Two of these were to be appropriated to Oxford and one to Cambridge, and they were to be distinguished by the name of "Linacre's Lectures." To carry out these objects he assigns certain manors, of which he had long been possessed, to four trustees—Sir Thomas More, Bishop Tunstall, Mr. Stokesley, Prebend of Westminster, and Mr. Shelly, Counsellor-at-Law.

"Although," says his biographer, "these individuals were well known to Linacre and to each other, the choice was singularly unfortunate. More, in addition to other offices, had afterwards to sustain the weight of the Court of Chancery, and to uphold the ceremonies of the Royal Court. Tunstall was involved in the business of the sees over which he successively presided; Stokesley, his successor in the see of London, boasted of devoting his time to the detection of heresy and its reformation by fire and the rack; whilst Shelly—probably the most competent of the four to discharge the duties of his appointment—had neither the influence nor the power to execute the provisions of the licence without the concurrence of his colleagues."

It is not, therefore, surprising that Linacre's intentions were not fully carried out. In the religious distractions in which the country became involved the proceeds of the estates were lost or greatly diminished, and no steps were taken to carry out the original design till the third year of Edward VI's reign. Tunstall, the only surviving trustee, then assigned two lectures—not to the University, but to Merton College, Oxford, and the other, not to the University, but to St. John's College, Cambridge. "A more glaring instance," says his biographer, Dr. Johnson,<sup>1</sup> "of abuse on the part of trustees has seldom occurred." The office of the lecturers thus appointed was to explain or comment on the writings of Galen and Hippocrates. But little good has accrued either to learning or medicine from this noble bequest of Linacre, and funds which might have largely contributed to the advancement of medical science and the reputation of the Universities have been, to a great extent, diverted to other purposes, although there is now a Linacre Professor of Physiology at Oxford and a Lecturer on Medicine at Cambridge. The complete success of his magnificent design in the establishment of the Royal College of Physicians Linacre lived to see, except in one particular. The privileges which had been accorded by Henry VIII to the Bishop of London and Dean of St. Paul's (at that time the illustrious Colet) of granting licences to practise medicine to those who had been examined and approved by them, like all other ecclesiastical privileges, were held both by them and their successors in tenacious grasp, and it was not till after the lapse of a hundred and fifty years that they relinquished the exercise of their *imperium in imperio* in defiance of the royal letters by which the College had been established, although during all this time they had proclaimed their incompetency for the task assigned them by calling to their aid four physicians to ascertain the competence of the candidates for their licences. But long before Linacre's death his College acquired that rank among the learned institutions of the country which it has ever retained. The influence which it speedily exercised on the profession and on the public weal was abundantly manifested even in its founder's lifetime. It is not too much to say that the superior social influence and re-

putation which the profession enjoys in this country, as compared with any other, are mainly due to the wisdom, sagacity, and generosity of its founder in the establishment of the Royal College of Physicians.

During many years of his life Linacre had been a great sufferer from calculous disease, and had frequently been compelled to forego the emoluments of his profession and abandon important offices through illness. He at length was worn out by suffering and died on the 20th October, 1524, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral near the north door, a spot chosen by himself and specified in his will. Through the neglect of his executors more than thirty years elapsed before his grave was denoted by any memorial. In 1557 Dr. John Caius, who was then President of the College, and who rivalled Linacre in learning and devotion to his profession, erected at his private cost a monument to his predecessor in office, and in a learned and eloquent Latin epitaph recorded his claims to the gratitude of mankind.

This monument was destroyed by the Great Fire in 1666, which involved the church and so many other historical edifices. We give in a note the lost inscription.<sup>1</sup> There is an original picture of Linacre in Kensington Palace, a copy of which is in the possession of the College, and there is a bronze bust of him by Sir H. Cheete in the library of All Souls' College, Oxford.

Linacre's published works consist of translations from the Greek into Latin of Proclus de Sphæra, of various of Galen's treatises, and of two philological essays, which had a high reputation in their day, and contributed greatly to a more perfect understanding of Latin. He left no original medical writing by which we might judge of him as a physician.

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Lynacrus, Regis Henrici VIII, Medicus. Vir et Græcæ et Latine, atque in re Medicâ longe eruditissimus; Multos ætate suâ languentes, et qui jam animam desponderant, vitæ restituit; Multa Galeni opera in Latinam linguam, mirâ et singulari facundia vertit; Egregium opus de emendatâ structurâ Latini sermonis, amicorum rogatu, paulo ante mortem edidit. Medicinæ studiosis Oxoniæ publicas lectiones duas, Cantabrigiæ unam, in perpetuum stabilivit. In hac urbe Collegium Medicorum fieri suâ industriâ curavit, cujus et Præsidentis proximus electus est. Fraudus dolosque mirè perosus; fidei amicis; omnibus ordinibus juxta clarus; aliquot annos antequam obierat Presbyter factus. Plenus annis, ex hac vitâ migravit, multum desideratus. Anno Domini 1524, die 20 Octobris.

Vivit post funera Virtus.  
Thomæ Lynacro clarissimo Medico  
Johannes Caius posuit anno 1557.

<sup>1</sup> "Life of Linacre." By Dr. J. Noble Johnson. 8vo. London: 1835.

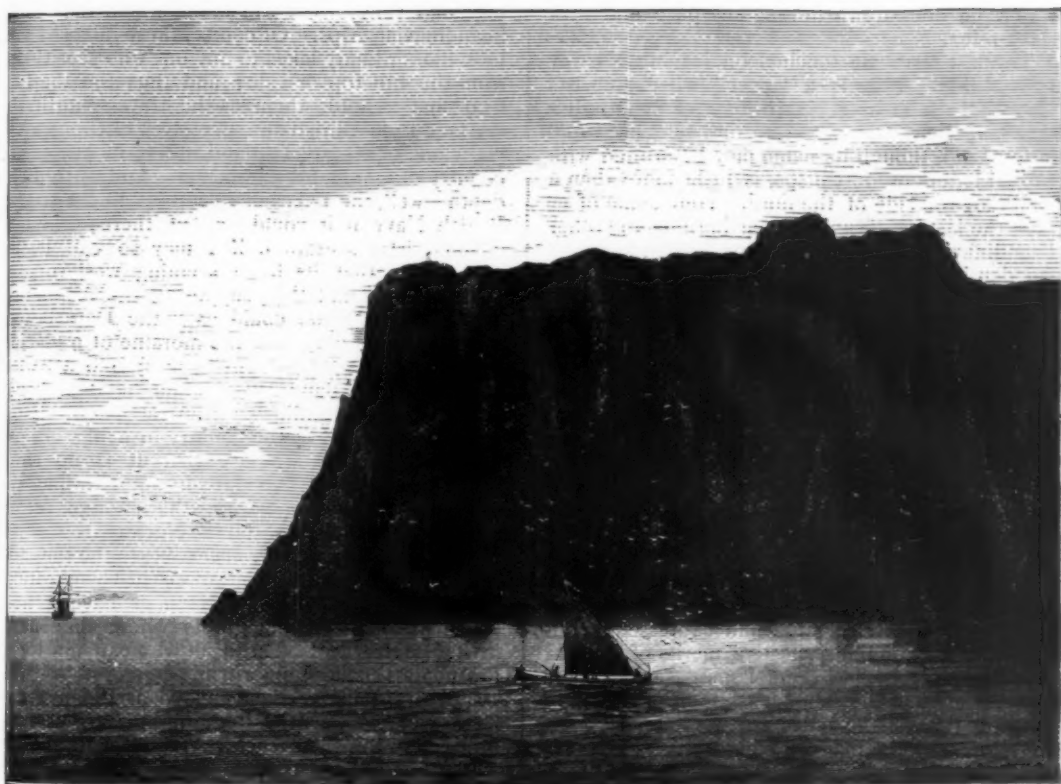


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## A LOOK AT NORWAY FROM THE SEA.

BY THE REV HARRY JONES, M.A.

### PART IV.



THE NORTH CAPE.

I WILL not scrape grave authorities, or even the severer portions of guide-books, for prolonged information about the political, commercial, and social condition of the people. All agree in saying that the early history of Norway is involved in "obscurity" (a common origin, by the way, of most nations); but those who study forms of authority must needs be interested in a people who have shifted their Government relationships. Divers school-houses in Norway are conspicuous enough, and are made more so by their titles, or rather purposes, being written on them outside, in seemingly illspelt English. So far I have seen for myself, but I will now crib the substance of some printed information about the public instruction of Norway. Much elementary education is carried on by wandering teachers, who take their classes in farm-houses or chalets in the most thinly peopled districts. The system is not directly compulsory; but as Confirmation is strictly required, and the clergy will not suffer it to be

performed till a candidate can at least read, cipher, and write, the young Norwegian is virtually compelled to be taught. The cost of his public instruction is defrayed by the community at large, and a man pays the same whether he has half a dozen children or none. The "curriculum" is liberal, as it includes natural history and botany, and seeks to connect elementary knowledge with the demands of everyday life. They have a "poor-law," which does not banish the old to unions, but supports them by a system of relief which is both "outdoor" and "indoor." I did not chance to notice him myself, but the "family pauper" (with very long white hair) may here and there be seen sitting and sunning himself in his village home. Though the Norwegians have abolished all titles of nobility (except the king's), they honour the hoary head.

Salmon rivers (as is well known) are now strictly preserved in the interests of the land, or "water," owners, all good streams and pools



being let; but the game laws seem otherwise to be provided chiefly for the sake of the animals themselves, since, I believe, the moors or mountains are, as a rule, free to the sportsman, but any infringement of "close time" is punished by a fine. There is capital sea-fishing in the fiords. The ponies are excellent, with flat legs, powerful loins, and great square knees. A Norwegian cob shows his shoes famously as he trots, which he does down hill at any pace and with slack reins.

The last place we touched on leaving Norway was Moldø. This is a "port" where tourists (especially such as are skirting and penetrating this land by water) expect to find telegrams and letters, and, though its name may be printed with capital letters in most maps, is little more than a street by the side of the fiord. Here some of us took the last opportunity of buying furs and other Scandinavian products, notably, perhaps, round wooden beer bowls with side handles, something like loving-cups whose stems are cut off, but bearing a far more striking resemblance to the skulls which may possibly have suggested their shape. Some of us, I believe, went to see the big new church of the place, and a leper hospital with a ghastly congregation of its own; but the chief interest of our party was apparently felt in exchanging visits with another, or perhaps I should say a rival, "steam hotel," which hailed from Scotland, and had been lately built for the express purpose of giving tourists holiday views, of Norway especially, from the sea. She lay a few hundred yards from us, and most of us boarded her, while some of her passengers invaded us. How soon a spirit of jealous criticism is created and expressed! But whatever may be the respective merits of existing ships, their presence (and I may say repeated runs throughout the summer) shows the growth of what might well be called a new mode of "touring," open to the man who has a week or two to spare, is a fair sailor, and does not want to be bothered by having to settle where he shall go each day, what trains (or otherwise) he shall travel by, and whether he will succeed in finding room in the hotel. Even in one of Mr. Cook's "personally conducted" parties (though I have never been in one, nor desire to speak against the obvious convenience which they must be to many), there is always the chance of being at least exceptionally crowded, and there is the need of incessant punctuality in catching trains, etc.

Now, in a roomy steam yacht you know your berth before you start, and you set off with the comfortable conviction that no one can turn you from your place at table, or out of the bed you have chosen. Then all bother about railways, hotels, porters, etc., disappears. Of course, much touring does not lend itself at all to this mode of travel, though much more may be done by water than many think—witness the distinguished inland voyages of canoes. Nevertheless, it is easy and pleasant enough to sail along almost any coast, touching here and there, as whim or time may suit.

But no country reveals such a peculiar intermixture of sea and land as Norway. It is that which makes its individuality. In other "play-

grounds of Europe" we have forest and valley, peak and pass, glacier and snowfield; and where these are found they are seen (if the Alpine Club will pardon the remark) to be much alike, at least, after two or three distinctive features have been allowed for. Those of Norway have a different character: they are the penetration of central mountains by fathomless fiords, the filling of deep rock crevasses by the Gulf Stream, the flooring of highland valleys with salt water, which mark the Scandinavian Alps. Of course, these inlets of sea look like ordinary lakes to any one who sees them from the hill top or side; and thus the tourist, who first beholds them as he travels north by carriage from Christiania, perceives nothing specially unlike the great inland waters of any other country of mountains and lakes. And as to their depth—well, the Lakes of Lucerne would float the British Navy if it could be got there; but the characteristic sensation, if I may so call it, of Norway, is that its huge seeming westernmost lakes are salt, and that, supposing the Admiralty would allow it, you could carry the Devastation there, and ram it against the moraine of a glacier which descends (to all appearances) into a Swiss tarn 120 miles inland. And when you apprehend this feature of Scandinavia from the sea itself by entering the heart of the country in a big ocean-going steamer, and realise that it is no river you are sailing on, no "fresh water" which is churned up by the screw, the strange factor appears which "differentiates" Norway from other mountainous lands easily accessible to the summer tourist. For long this "sensation" has been within the reach only of such rich men as have owned steam yachts, and the guests whom they have invited. Now it is open to all who can muster a few pounds for a summer trip.

That which is reckoned indeed as the peculiar feature of Norway, the "Midnight Sun," is thus brought within their reach. We did not sail till August, and hence, though one could see the hour by a watch well past the "evening," we were too late in the season to use any light which came from a literally "Midnight" sun, or to record the vision (after the orthodox way) by making holes in our coats with burning-glasses from it. But, after all, to most observers the sight of an unset sun, unless you watch it long enough, must be very much the same both in the north and the south. You have only to set your clocks backwards or forwards far enough, and "make believe very much," in order to imagine that you are looking at the sun at an unaccustomed time. Moreover, it must seriously dislocate the procedure of the twenty-four hours for him to sit up all night. There is so very much, such as the refreshment of sleep, which we rightly associate with "darkness," that (without loving it rather than light for evil purposes) we may well lament its absence, except for the curious passing sensation which is said to be enjoyed at the North Cape in the months of June and July. Then, too, since nature cannot really be robbed, what you are supposed to gain in summer you lose in the winter time—when it is most wanted. The repeated laying of the head upon the pillow in broad day must, moreover, breed a fallacious

complacency about the result of going "early to bed," since, in fact, you may have been playing cards till two in the morning. Anyhow, we did not see the "Midnight sun," of which so much has been said—as if he were not visible somewhere when you wake up for a minute in the dark and hear the midnight church clock strike one. No doubt there are those who fancy that they have something to say in its favour. It may be urged that robbers must be discomfited at not being able to hide themselves where there is no night; but then there is nothing to steal at the North Cape; and, if there were, continuous light would (supposing the inmates of a house to be fast asleep) help thieves rather than otherwise. I do not think anything can be said for the "Midnight sun," except that it may save burglars the cost of lucifers and lamp oil. It is, indeed, as I have suggested, a thief itself, for it robs the needy winter of light which the summer does not want.

As we sailed back to England the same sense of stony desolation presented itself as we were struck by while threading inland Scandinavian waters. Such coasting commerce as Norway possesses is mostly carried on within the fringe of islands which, like coral reefs, make smooth water behind them. Thus the outer side of the land is all the more forsaken by man and keel. The houses on the islets look inwards, and the unruly Northern Ocean is left to fling itself, with spouts of spray, against the barrier of stone which stretches for some 1,100 miles from the south to the north of this long, thinly-peopled land. Thus its western coasts are dismal to look at. And there is another notable feature in Norwegian shores: however inland, you see apparently no houses of a superior class. The system of peasant proprietorship seems to have excluded, or since it has gone on time out of mind, has hindered the rise of any "squire" class. We passed one conspicuously "better" house at the entrance of the Romsdal valley, but it turned out to be the residence of an Englishman. And now, when I come to review the recent Norwegian pictures left in my mind, I look in vain for any ruins of towers or strongholds along the many miles of fiord-coast by which we steamed. In fact, while the mediæval German barons lived in their "castles," and came out at their leisure to rob likely travellers or fight with a neighbour, the old Vikings of gentle blood kept "ships" wherefrom to ravish the rich or make descents upon promising shores, and no relics of these survive except in that which has been lately disinterred and is preserved

in Christiania. Its size and obvious sea-going capabilities are most remarkable.

On our return voyage we passed Scandinavian ships (each with its one square sail) which might seemingly have been owned and manned by ancient Viking mariners. But the North Sea was singularly bare of vessels till we had the first indication of England in the shape of a Lowestoft or Yarmouth pilot (curiously like Lord Beaconsfield), who was keeping a sharp and lonely watch far out at sea for any job which might turn up. A big steamer is, of course, worth catching, and he earned his £10 or £12 by taking us to Gravesend. Pilots are paid by the draught, not tonnage, of the ship, since the amount of the latter might involve tiresome inquiry or dispute, while the other is seen with a glance by reading the scale painted on the ship itself. How flat the eastern shores of England looked after the rough outline of Norway, but what a maritime procession marches out of, what a naval review is perpetually held in, the Thames! Few realise that London is properly a "seaport." Perhaps this fact is more clearly apprehended when you enter it by the gate of the Nore on a black, moonless night. The water was phosphorescent with ships' lights as we approached the river's mouth. Each steamer carries three (red, white, and green), while sailing vessels have their distinguishing lanterns and lamps.

They came about us like fireflies on every side, the business of the look-out in the bows being a series of rapidly-consecutive shouts as one bright dot after another to starboard, port, or right-ahead grew bigger and closer, till a near view—sometimes very near—revealed the black outline of passing sails or the candle-lit square windows of a steamer's saloon. We anchored and slept at the Nore in the company of several respectable red and green lights, the pilots or cautious captains of which seemingly declined to take their ships up the river in the dark. The wonder to a landsman is that collisions are not incessant at the great *foci* of commerce. However, we were touched by nothing harder than the tide, and soon found ourselves safely at Gravesend, after an experience of Norway which was very short, but one, nevertheless, which enabled us to realise its characteristics all the better because we had not crossed Europe on our way to the summer snow in crowded and dusty trains; but, after one initial change from a railway platform to a deck, had gone straight from the heart of London into centres of Scandinavian glacier without any trouble about tickets, porters, luggage, or hotels.

## AMONG THE GLASSWORKERS.

### PART I.

THE casting of plate glass takes place very early in the morning, and those who wish to see it have to rise with the milkman. On this particular morning we are bound for the British Works, in response to a much-appreciated invitation, to see a casting for ourselves. St. Helens, we are told, does not look its best at such a time, should the rain, as now, be coming down in torrents.

It is a great place for glass—even the railway wall is defended with fragments of plate—and for chemicals and for coals; and the glass works and alkali works and collieries are ranged round it in a ring, and from the girdle of chimneys floats a smoke cloud that is quite a wonder. When the smoke cloud is riddled by the rain and brought down in detail, a stain of soot in every drop, the early morning light is cool and grey enough to satisfy the most aesthetic.

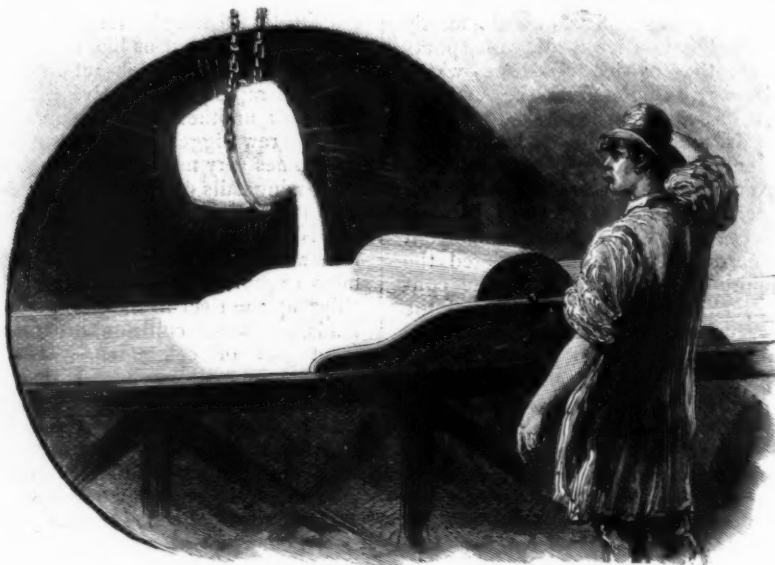
The only shop open is a barber's, where strings of telegrams from all parts of the country testify to the consuming interest taken by the St.

slipping and sticking in the clay, we cross the railway and enter the works.

To see the making of plate glass as a spectacle we could not have chosen a better occasion.

### PLATE GLASS.

A lofty gloomy shed, with a few flickering gas-jets. Noise, there is none, except the pattering of the rain against the panes overhead from which the semi-darkness is admitted that the gas-lights help. All the light worth mentioning comes from the furnace at the far end. One of its five doors is open, and, in a cave of flame so vivid with heat that even the broad tongues of fire are colourless, we can just make out a glowing crucible. Men, with no other clothing than canvas trousers and a shirt hung loosely over them, come past us with a two-wheeled trolley, fitted with a pair of long projecting nippers. The carriage is run up to the furnace; the long arms



LIKE A ROLLING-PIN IT SQUEEZES THE FIERY VISCOUS GLASS.

Helenians in Rugby and Association Football, especially Rugby, which hereabouts is played and talked of with an enthusiasm truly astonishing. The only man we meet is a glass-blower—we can tell him by his lips—whose nose would hardly be taken as a temperance certificate. But really, there is some excuse for him. The filling of some fifteen hundred quart bottles a day with his own wind must have a tendency to make him dry within. He is now wet enough without. It is, indeed, a dark, miserable morning, with just enough light to show that a sun exists. Wading through puddles half a cricket pitch across, and

plunge into the cave, embrace the crucible, and drag it out into the shed. Our eyes can see nothing but the crucible; the darkness around is so deepened by the glare. As the trolley turns near us we get a peep into the huge incandescent fireclay vat, in which the white-hot dough is rapidly darkening into redness, and covering itself with scale. As it disappears under one of the arches we follow it, and find ourselves in a better-lighted shed, in which there at first sight seems to be a series of billiard-tables. The tables are of iron, some twenty feet broad and thirty feet long, built up of many slabs, true and smooth as



they can be planed, and fitted with a full-width roller at one end.

The trolley runs the glowing crucible under a crane; the crane stoops and seizes it, and slowly swings it round high in the air until it is in front of one of the rollers. Steadily the crucible is turned over, and out of it on to the table in a thick cataract pours the glowing dough. At the same instant the roller begins to move; like a rolling-pin it squeezes the fiery viscous glass into a thin slab, and when it reaches the end the plate is made. The waste squeezed out, now cooling into transparency, is cut away; the annealing furnace opens at the back of the table; and, with a roar as of sheet iron, the still flexible glass is pushed in to cool. When the kiln is cool enough a workman will have to enter it to examine the plates, and, in the case of such as are cracked, to lead the cracks with a red-hot iron in the way to do least harm. The side of the plate over which the roller passed is undulating, that on the casting-table is rough; the roller is slightly concave, otherwise it would not work the glass properly; the reason of the table being in separate blocks is, that if it were in one piece it would curve upwards with the heat and make the plate curved. Even as it is, no sheet of glass is a true plane.

As it leaves the annealing oven it is "rough plate," with a crust on both sides. We follow our guide to the grinding-room, where this roughness is ground off. It is a spacious room, with two long rows of grinding-slabs. The slabs are as big as the casting-tables, and on them the huge sheets of glass are bedded, and ground with sand under a heavy iron "fly-frame," said to have been invented by James Watt. The mechanism is ingenious enough, and with its double-crank arrangement quite worthy of the crank's inventor. Between each pair of frames a sort of capstan revolves, and the extraordinary way in which the linkwork moves the frames over the whole area of the slabs is really remarkable. When the plates have been ground they are taken to another room to be smoothened, on another series of low tables on which one plate is rubbed over the other with a little emery between. Again the same eccentric motion brings the whole area into play at every revolution of the capstan. The smooth plate then finds its way to the polishing-room, where the tables travel under a double series of rubbers that, with rouge red as blood, rub cross-ways, while the plate passes lengthways beneath them. Then the plates, transparent as we see them in our shop-fronts, are taken to the warehouse and stacked side by side, with paper between to prevent them sticking together, for so true is flatness should they now be that, if laid flat on each other, there would be no room for air, and they would never come apart. Here they are examined and cut to size, and such as are discoloured are condemned; but the proportion thrown out to be remelted is not large, for the process is here worked successfully, the secret of success being the mixture which, if according to the encyclopædias, should consist of certain proportions of sand, soda, lime, and nitre.

We may as well follow the plate to the bevellers, where the edges are again ground and smoothened and polished in a readily conceivable way. Thence we accompany it to the silverers, where the old mercury process has given place to a much more sure and speedy treatment, in which the hot solution is poured on to the plate, and leaves the silver coating as it cools.

#### BOTTLE GLASS.

But to plate we must here bid adieu. There is other glass to make—"bottle" and "flint" and "crown" and "sheet"—and little space for each can we spare. Bottle glass is the commonest—"almost anything will do for bottles," even iron furnace slag has been turned to account for the purpose—but it affords us an example of blowing and moulding that may help us in considering the other varieties. Thanks to Messrs. Nuttall, whose works are within half a mile, we are admitted to the mysteries of bottle-making under the very pleasantest of introductions. Of late we have heard much of a machine that is to turn out bottles at the cost of threepence a gross and the rate of two dozen a minute, for the benefit of enterprising investors who look with disdain upon "Goschens;" but here let us be content with the newest ordinary method. The furnace is on the same principle as that we saw in use for mild steel at Barrow. It is a "Siemens' continuous," and has been at work now for six months, night and day, without a break. Before we leave we take a stroll underneath it, and very hot it is in the tunnel; and there is a certain feeling of insecurity about in that very hot place when we remember the tons of molten glass that are being kept so unpleasantly warm overhead, and think of the gas streaming through the chequer-work and heating up almost to dissociation-point.

There are no pots. The furnace is one huge tank. At one end the mixture of sand, lime, soda, scrap glass, and manganese, or whatever it may be, is shovelled in; at the other end the molten glass is taken out. Within the furnace is a kind of floating bridge, and all the fluid beyond that bridge is ready for the workers. Round the semicircular end is a series of portholes giving access to the molten sea, and at every hole is a gang of five men and boys.

One of the men dips what looks like a short length of gaspipe into the molten glass, rolls up on its end just enough "metal" to make the bottle, and rolls the lump of glass on a flat slab of stone called a "marver;" another takes the tube from him and thrusts it into what looks like a rat-trap, but is really a mould. With a touch of the foot the trap closes, and the man blows down the tube and fills the glass out inside the mould—he does not blow harder than he can help, for he has to blow ten gross a day! He lifts his foot, the trap opens, and out comes the bottle wanting a neck but sticking on to the blow-tube. A lad standing ready with an iron holder, called a "punty," slips it on to the

end of the bottle, and the tube is broken away at the other end with a touch of cold water. Held by the punty the bottle is taken to the leader of the party, who sits near the furnace hole, and who, taking out a lump of glass, fixes it on to the neck of the bottle, and with a pincer-like tool forms the familiar ring. To the new-made bottle he applies a template to check its shape and size,



BOTTLE-MAKING.

and if it contents him away it goes to the annealing oven, where it is allowed three days to cool; and when the annealing is over the bottles are washed and sorted.

Though bottle glass is the commonest glass, do not let it be supposed that the colour or form would be different if price would permit. It is, perhaps, natural to look upon the dirty green of a bottle as the nearest approach to clearness that the maker can manage for the money, and to consider the form as in some way necessitated by the manufacture. But the contrary is the case. The restriction as to colour and form comes from the buyer, not the maker. The maker receives from the orderer explicit instructions as to shape and colour, and if the goods are not made of the exact shape and peculiar dinginess required they are returned to be remelted. Bottle is very much like bottle when looked at in a casual way, but wait till you see the samples on a shelf all of a row! And as to the colours being all blackish-green, wait till you see the said greens in regimental order! There is good reason for this exactness. If the colour of the bottles were to vary the colour of the contents would appear to vary; and if the shape were to vary the customer would not be persuaded that he had bought the same brand. A little difference might not matter much, but a succession of small differences would soon be appreciable.

When the drawing of the bottle reaches the

works a wooden model is made, and what such a succession of small differences may amount to is evident enough as we look in at the model store. Only a bottle! We were wont to despise you somewhat, but then we had no idea of your seemingly innumerable varieties!

From the wooden mould a plaster-of-paris cast is taken, and from this cast the iron mould is made. The mould is hinged in two or three parts. Some moulds open all the way up, some half way up, but all of them are so designed as to lever together by the worker's foot. The inside of the mould has to be polished till it is as smooth—well, as glass; for if the mould were rough the glass cast in it would be rough. The smoothness of the bottle is the smoothness of the mould.

#### FLINT GLASS.

But of bottles our space forbids us to say more. Let us take a higher flight to the purest and most beautiful variety of manufactured glass. Of the flint glass process we can have no better example than that afforded by the works of Messrs. Osler, at Birmingham, where the richest of table glass is seen at its best. Let us together make the round of the two factories, where, with much welcome painstaking, our curiosity was so courteously gratified.

And first, let us visit the mixing-room, which in many respects is not unlike a bakehouse. On one side is a baker's trough, long and clean, with the whitest of white sand at one end and the reddest of red lead at the other. In barrels close by are a little nitre and some shining carbonate of potash. These are the four constituents of crystal glass—the purest glass that is made. The oxide of lead is the most expensive of the four, and it comes second in quantity. It is the purest available, for on its purity depends the brilliancy of the glass. It is quite startling in the intensity of its redness.

The sand, which is the chief constituent, comes now from Fontainebleau, where it is found as a fine-grained sandstone, and ground to powder. It is almost pure silica, and it takes the place of the old baked and powdered flints, from which flint glass took its name. In a kiln in one corner we see it drying, and near by it is being sifted and picked over. In the trough it is as white as flour and almost as fine, with just enough of glitter and silkiness to betray its mineralhood. With the pinkish mixture made by these red and crystalline elements—the “batch,” as it is called—is mixed a certain amount of ordinary glass from the inevitable failures and breakages of the factory; this “cullet” is carefully gone over, and every scrap with a speck on it rejected. To make really clear glass everything must be clean. The slightest impurity may spoil the whole melting.

The pot is a closed crucible with a D-shaped opening in one of its sides. It is destined to hold nearly a ton of “metal.” It was made at Stourbridge, like most of its kind, of fireclay and ground potsherds, mixed through fine sieves and trodden into consistency. A strange trade, this

of crucible treading. The clay is shot into a bin, above which hangs a rope from a beam and roof so clean that no speck of plaster can fall. The treader holds the rope as he kneads the mass with the water that is trickled in. First with one foot then with the other, does he squeeze it, the warmth and softness and elasticity of his sole giving a peculiar smoothness to his piecrust of mud. Three times has the whole mass to pass under his feet before it goes on to the pot-builder, who fashions the clay with his palms into small tapering rolls, with which, on a sand-covered stone, he leisurely builds up the vessel that requires perhaps a year to dry.

The setting of the pots in the furnace is the most dangerous task that falls to the glassworker. In the centre of the stone-floored house is the circular furnace with openings in it just large enough to admit of the glass being taken from the pots which stand round its interior, one opposite each small hole; temporary brickwork filling up the gaps through which the pots were put in position. In the centre of the furnace and round and over the pots is the perpetual fire. When a pot is set all hands employed have to be present on peril of a fine. The temporary brickwork is pulled away, and the furnace, driven to its utmost, is exposed. Some of the men take up a long iron bar, and charge with it as with a battering-ram, to detach the old pot. The heat is terrific; there is quite a fight with the flames. Eventually, the white, glowing crucible is levered off, in bits, maybe, and half a dozen men, armed with iron javelins, rush at the fiery furnace, shielding their faces with their left arms and aiming at the rocky crust of clay left by the old pot on the furnace siege. Again and again are the javelins jobbed into the fire, and bit by bit the crust is chipped away. And so fierce is the heat that again and again do the men go back and rest while others take their places. Sometimes four hours may be spent in thus getting the furnace clear. At last all is ready, and the new pot is brought from the annealing stove and placed on the siege, where it may defy the fury of the fire for perhaps a dozen weeks.

The flint-glassworker is not as other men. He begins his work on Monday morning, and he works on in six-hour shifts without a break until Friday midday. Then on Friday night and Saturday morning the pots are filled with the batch, a little at a time, and on the Monday morning the metal is all melted and ready for the men, each pot providing a week's work for each set of men working at the hole, though only the top of the liquid is used. As there are two such sets, one coming on every six hours, night and day, every two crucibles supply one "chair."

The glassworker's chair is practically his lathe. It is a rough, roomy armchair, with particularly long arms, sloping slightly upwards, on which the long iron blowpipes can be rolled, so as to spin the glass into shape. The occupant of the chair is the "gaffer," or workman, and he has three assistants—the "servitor," the "footmaker," and the boy. The boy begins work at fourteen, and in ordinary course is at least thirty before he rises to gaffer-

hood and occupies the headship of "the chair," as the set of four men is called. As soon as the boy becomes a footmaker he has to join the Flint-Glassmakers' Union, with whom, in a great measure, rests the regulating of his wages. These wages are nominally paid per hour, but are really per piece, for it is agreed beforehand what is to be considered an hour's work, and any articles made over and above that quantity are paid for at the same rate. The work being credited, not to the individual, but to the chair, it is the object of the four members to do their utmost in increasing the output, for all of them share in the increase of wages. The scale is much on the principle of the equations familiar in riddle-books, the boy getting half as much as the footmaker, the servitor as much as the footmaker and boy together, and the gaffer as much as the servitor and footmaker together, which in busy times may reach sixty shillings a week.



THE GLASSWORKER'S CHAIR.

The workman sits in his chair, and his three assistants wait on him. Their tools are the "blowing-tubes"—bars of iron tubing about five feet long, thinned away at the end—and the "punties," on which the articles are taken from the tubes to be finished. The workman has the procellos, a sugar-tong sort of tool, in which the blades face edgewise, and serve as chisel and rest in the lathe practice of the chair; another spring tong arrangement, in which the legs are wood; two pairs of shears for cutting, the glass being cut by them as if it were cloth; and the "battledore," a square of polished iron used for flattening. A few other tools he has, but these are the principal. They are hung ready to hand on the nails round the chair. Each chair is opposite a gathering-hole of the furnace.

The furnace is seven yards through, and round it are half a dozen chairs in full work, the least experienced men being employed making wine-glasses, while the larger goods are entrusted to the older hands. A cream-jug is made for our



especial benefit. A blowing-iron is dipped into the pot, and a lump of molten glass gathered at its end. The gathering of the metal, simple as it appears, requires considerable practice, for just enough must be taken, and no more. Take a dozen tumblers and weigh them, and notice how



MAKING A LAMP SHADE.

nearly they are alike. The only balance they have been in is the gatherer's hand.

The lump of glassy metal at the end of the blowpipe is taken quickly and steadily to the marver close by, rolled a few times backwards and forwards to consolidate it, and then passed on before it has time to drop or bulge. It is blown into, and becomes a hollow sphere; it is swung in the air to lengthen it; it has a knob of glass stuck to it to form the foot; it is removed from the blowing-iron to the punty, trundled on the chair, shaped with the procellos, cut with the

shears, handled, and handed over a complete milk-ewer, clear as crystal and perfect in curve, in fewer minutes than it has taken to tell its steps. It has not been allowed to rest for a moment from the time it left the melting-pot a lump viscous as treacle and clear as a dewdrop. The manipulation is a triumph of smoothness and celerity; not a hitch, not a jerk, not a slip, as the cooling is shown by the fading of the rosy flush.

The potter can fashion his clay at his leisure; the glassworker must shape his metal while it is hot. And he can do great things. Sometimes masses of 50 lb. are worked into shape by a couple of men, and only those who have seen the process can appreciate the dexterity required. At one chair here some large bell-shades for lamps are being made, requiring great bladders of glass to be blown and swung about, as if at the end of a quarterstaff, in a way that is rather alarming, for the balloons are as clear as soap-bubbles, and seem almost as frail.

As soon as the bell or jug or what not is finished it is taken to the annealing furnace at the end of the house. This is a long chamber with a reverberatory furnace at one end, keeping up the same temperature as that of the glass when it enters it, and gradually cooling down until at the far end it is of the temperature of the room into which it runs. Along its floor is an endless chain, on which the trays are laid on which the newly-made glass is placed. Every hour these are moved a couple of feet onward, and thus they slowly leave the heat.

From the farther room we look through the tunnel crowded with the trays on their way from the fire. At the end near the glass house we can see the flames playing up both sides and crossing along the arch over the trays. At our end the glass is cold enough to be packed for cutting. The tunnel is the "lear" and the process is known as lear-annealing. By it glass can be annealed in twenty-four hours. In the house is a kiln for kiln-annealing, in which the glass is placed and sealed in with clay and left till it cools, which generally takes just under a week.

W. J. GORDON.

## MYSTERIOUS INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF BARON SWEDENBORG.

MUCH has been heard lately about the castle of Charlottenburg, near Berlin, where the Emperor of Germany has been living. To this historical palace, thoughtful and feeling hearts in every land have turned in hope, sympathy, and sorrow. In recent times the residence at Potsdam has been more occupied, but during last century Charlottenburg was a favourite resort of the royal family of Prussia, and the residence of the Crown princes of the time.

It was here that an incident occurred in the history of the Queen of Sweden, Louisa Ulrica, wife of King Adolphus Frederick, and sister of

the celebrated Frederick King of Prussia, which is recorded in the biographies of Emanuel Swedenborg, as well as in the works of several well-known writers of the period. The story is told in the memoirs of the Baron de Grimm, and also in a book of Anecdotes of Frederick the Great, by M. Thiebault, Professor of Belles Lettres in the Royal Academy of Berlin. A translation of the latter work was published in London in 1805. There are other accounts of what we may justly call a mysterious incident, of the main facts of which there can be no question, however they may be explained.

It is well at the outset to inform those of our readers who are not familiar with the life of Swedenborg, what were the special circumstances which led to his interview with the Queen of Sweden about an event that had taken place at Charlottenburg. Of his high position and honoured character the Queen was well aware. He had held important offices in the public service ever since he left the University of Upsala in the year 1710. In 1716 he was appointed Assessor of the College of Mines, by Charles XII, with whom he was a great favourite. This office he held till 1747, and when he resigned he was allowed to retain the salary as a life pension. Born at Stockholm in 1689, the son of Jasper Swedberg, Bishop of West Gothland, he was named Swedenborg when ennobled by the Queen Ulrica Eleonora, in 1719. He long continued a member of the House of Nobles, taking his seat in successive Diets of the realm. On all matters of learning or science, his opinions were of the highest weight, and the testimony of Count Hopken, for many years Secretary of the Royal Academy of Science, and afterwards Prime Minister of Sweden, concerning Swedenborg was to this effect—"He possessed a sound judgment, saw things clearly, and expressed himself well on every subject. The style of his Latin prose was easy and elegant; he was a profound mathematician, and a skilful engineer. The most solid reports at the Diet of 1761, on matters of finance, were presented by him."

These things are mentioned in order to show that Emanuel Swedenborg was not the illiterate fanatic which many suppose him to have been, but a man of solid learning and responsible position in his native land. He had also travelled and resided in many parts of the old world and the new, and was well known and appreciated by distinguished men, who were his contemporaries, in various countries. It was in his latter years that he almost wholly devoted himself to theological studies, and arrived at those interpretations of Holy Scripture which are still held by his followers, called Swedenborgians, and who call themselves "members of the New Jerusalem Church." Of the peculiar tenets of this denomination we have no purpose to speak, but the reader will find the most intelligible account of them in a volume entitled "Noble's Appeal," by the late Rev. Samuel Noble, who for many years was minister of the New Jerusalem Church, in Hatton Garden, London. The only point to mention, because connected with the story which we are about to narrate, is the claim of Swedenborg to supernatural enlightenment, obtained sometimes by direct Divine revelation, and popularly believed to be more frequently the result of communication with the spirits of the departed. In fact, in reading some of his alleged "revelations," we seem in the very atmosphere of "second sight," as understood in the Scottish Highlands, or of the "spiritualistic" communication of our own day. Mr. Gurney (of whose death we hear with regret, while we are writing) and his colleagues of the Psychological Society have published many things quite as marvellous as any

of the visions and revelations of Emanuel Swedenborg.

But we must come to the facts of the Charlottenburg story.

The Ambassador from Holland to Sweden, the Count de Marteville, died suddenly at Stockholm, where his widow remained till their affairs were settled. Amongst the claims sent in, was a bill for drapery and other household articles. The Countess clearly remembered that this bill had been paid during her husband's lifetime, but she could not find the receipt. There are dishonest shopkeepers and tradesmen in all countries who try this mode of exaction, and it is successful where receipts have been destroyed. Some friend of the widow advised her to consult Swedenborg, who already had the reputation of conversing with the departed. After a few days she was informed by Swedenborg that the late Count had taken the tradesmen's receipt for the money, on such a day, in such an hour, while he was reading an article in Bayle's Dictionary, in his library. His attention was called immediately to some other business, and he put the receipt into the book to mark the place at which he had been reading. The receipt was found by the Countess in Bayle's Dictionary, as she was told.

This wonderful affair was much talked about, and came to the ears of the Queen, who was little disposed to believe in anything supernatural, but who nevertheless resolved to put Swedenborg's power to the proof. One evening when he was a guest at the palace, the Queen took him aside, and, after referring to the faculty said to be possessed by him, begged him to inform himself from her deceased brother, the Prince Royal of Prussia, what he said to her at the moment of her taking leave of him for her journey to Stockholm. She added, that it was of such a nature that it was impossible the Crown Prince could have repeated the words to anyone, nor had it ever escaped her own lips.

Swedenborg came again to the palace after a few days. The Queen was seated at cards, when Swedenborg requested a private audience. She said that he might communicate what he had to say before the company, but Swedenborg assured her Majesty that he could not disclose his errand in the presence of witnesses. On hearing this, the Queen was visibly agitated, and giving her cards to one of her ladies, she requested M. de Schwerin, one of the Court attendants, to accompany her to another apartment. There she posted M. de Schwerin at the door, to prevent intrusion, and with Swedenborg she went to the furthest extremity of the apartment. Here, out of hearing of any listener, he said "Madam, you took your last leave of the Prince Royal of Prussia, your august brother, at Charlottenburg, on such a day and at such an hour of the afternoon. You were afterwards passing through the long gallery in the Castle of Charlottenburg, you met him again. He took you by the hand, and led you to a window, where you could not be overheard, and then said these words—"

The Queen did not repeat what was said,

although telling the foregoing circumstantial details to more than one of her friends; and the strange story was still current when M. Thiebault published his Anecdotes.

The Queen herself laid stress on the truth of the recital, but professed incredulity as to any conference with her dead brother having taken place. The same scepticism appears at the close of the Baron de Grimm's version of the story. He was a materialist, and could not believe, on any evidence, the existence of man after the dissolution of the body.

It ought to be mentioned that there are other versions of the story, one of which affirms that what Swedenborg repeated to the Queen were the contents of a letter received from her brother, and not words spoken; and it is noticeable that M. Thiebault does not profess to know what was communicated.

There are many other anecdotes about revelations received by Swedenborg, and there is no doubt that he himself thoroughly believed that he conversed with spirits—as people profess to see or hear ghosts in our own days. But in either case it is noticeable that the visions are real only to the "visionary," and the voices are heard only by those who describe them. The phenomena are not objective, but subjective. They are in "the mind's eye" only, although very real to those who believe in them, as Swedenborg evidently did, and others of abnormal or dis-

ordered mind, whose ravings are charitably set down to partial insanity.

The possibility of some communications from the world of spirits is not here discussed, but it is right to consider any reasonable explanation before admitting the supernatural. In these cases reported of Swedenborg, if there was time for inquiry and search, there appears to be nothing miraculous in the discovery of the missing receipt in the library where the Count was in the habit of receiving his letters and transacting his business. As to the communication from the Queen's deceased brother, the statements are not complete or consistent. One narrative speaks of words without telling what they were, and other versions may be only repetitions and variations of M. Thiebault's anecdote. If the farewell words were *written*, as one version says, the perfection of espionage in those times may have allowed even a royal letter to be read by official experts. The police discoveries in French history in that age might give rise to equally marvellous stories. Before we can admit the supernatural, whether in these historical narratives or in the psychological reports of our own day, we must be sure that we possess the whole of the facts of each case, not told at secondhand, but with accurate details, and the personal depositions of trustworthy witnesses taken at the time and duly recorded. Such details are usually lacking in these mysterious stories.

## MY BEST SHIPMATE:

### A SEA-OFFICER'S REMINISCENCE

BY GEORGE CUPPLES.

#### CHAPTER II.

CAPTAIN EVANS must have been pretty near upon sixty-five years of age, if not more. His advanced time of life had its drawbacks, certainly, but he was still hale, and particular about his dress and appearance altogether. His eyesight was by no means what it had been, nor his temper at all improved when he thought any advantage was taken of him on that account; besides this, some of the men swore that his teeth, which they said he was always showing off to the cabin ladies, were false. Be that as it may, our noble mate, Mr. Dill, was more than sufficient to make up for any little shortcomings thereby, for no abler officer ever stepped deck; a first-rate practical seaman, active, quick-sighted and short-spoken, yet pleasant enough when things went right, and withal a model to look at.

Of Mr. Mac-Adam nothing further need be said than that he was a quiet, middle-aged man, who knew his duty, but somehow had rather little weight over our mixed crew, he being one of those that seldom get beyond their second-mate's rank.

About our third officer I shall say no more than

I can help. His real name cannot be given, but Turbiter will serve as well as any other. He was, it appears, some relation to an influential gentleman among the owners, and at any rate gave himself more than ordinary airs above his place; being a tallish, good-looking young fellow, high-coloured, with black eyes and glossy-black whiskers, dressing in full nautical style, and actually often wearing a finger-ring! As for his professional knowledge, there can be no doubt he had gone through the theoretical part of it, and, besides, could do able seaman's work; though he proved little fit to handle a ship through anything like danger. These, with the young surgeon and our careful, elderly purser, completed the list of officers who berthed aft under the poop. Besides whom, we had a very good boatswain, a serious, quiet, but determined kind of man from St. John's, New Brunswick, and there was a most efficient, steady-going carpenter. These two latter were messed along with four or five extra-genteel apprentices, who wore a sort of uniform, considering themselves "middies," in a deck-house



abreast of the cook's galley, between the longboat and the foremast.

Hour by hour, as the ship steadied on her south-easterly course, and got into warmer weather, her passengers were "finding their sea-legs," and stepping out aft from the poop-cabins, or coming up from below in the 'tween-decks. Some few of these latter had occasionally shown themselves before, though chiefly when obliged to do so by some requirement of the cook-house; but, scarce sooner did the westerly air commence, and awn-

being berthed aft in the cabin. Next behind these, but quite divided off by a solid block of luggage, with bulkheads at each end of it, were the married emigrant people, parents and children, berthed by families, amounting to no less than 282 in all, who were likewise separated off from aft by similar luggage and bulkheads, having their way up through the after-end of the main-hatch, under the stem of the longboat, where our live stock were, roofed over with the upturned jolly-boat, and flanked on each side by the ship's



FINE WEATHER ON BOARD.

ings begin to be spread, than no end of them made their way on deck. That whole forenoon, after our fore-castle disturbance with Powell, they had been swarming up and along, until at length, by the afternoon—when all hands of us turned to for usual deck-duty and work aloft—it was really a sight to see them. It went no little way toward driving out any quarrelsome spirit that had existed among us, and even Bill Powell showed himself rather taken by surprise. Right below our fore-castle berth, down in the forepeak, were the single male emigrants of every sort, young, old, and middle-aged, from shepherds down to hobbled-hoys, numbering about fifty, whose way up or down was by the fore-hatch. Just abaft of them, with free access by the same hatchway, were quartered a party of twenty soldiers—going out to join an Irish regiment, which was then stationed in New Zealand—under charge of a sergeant and corporal; their superior officer, a young ensign,

spare spars and booms. Then again, abaft of all, on her 'tween-decks, were nearly about sixty single young women, in their own distinct compartment, under charge of a careful matron; their passage on deck coming up below the break of the poop on the larboard side, close to the saloon-cabin entrance. Lastly, there were some ten or more of intermediate passengers under the poop to starboard, with a special door of their own, and some sixteen or so who were first-class people, berthing farther back in state-rooms off the main saloon and after-cabin.

The change that had come over the *Odalisque* when all these shore-folk got accustomed to air themselves on deck would be hard to describe. Our fine fair weather brought them out like butterflies after summer opens; and the more so the nearer we drew towards a tropical latitude. Her entire bulwarks, from the quarter-deck forward, and her whole midship space, were made always

to look like a fair every hour until sundown; the steerage clodhoppers, if shoved aside, seemed even inclined to grow saucy as they got their sea-legs well under them. On the other hand, the very children caused liberties to be taken in the way of friendliness between shore-folk and seamen; whilst some of the women appeared to have a most unaccountable inability to keep their feet free of the coiled gear. As for the politeness thereby drawn out among ourselves, and that by several of the roughest of our lot, it soon became more extraordinary, if not at times reprehensible. Always, towards evening, of course, everything had to be high decorum before the captain, when the officers were all about, and the whole poop-company promenaded forth in full fig. Even Mr. Dill's watchful eye could not always penetrate forward beyond the longboat or through among the maze of gear and rigging, to judge whether undue liberties were taken at odd moments; neither could the boatswain be everywhere at once, to notice how regulations were kept up throughout his beat.

The chief poop-passengers were rather ill-assorted, and, in fact, appeared to have various jealousies between themselves, requiring no little share of Captain Evans's attention to keep matters sweet at such a time. His most special charge—who had been given over to his care for the voyage out—happened to be two daughters of some wealthy Brisbane merchant, named Gray, who had been finishing their education at an English boarding-school, and were now returning to the colony. The eldest was about nineteen, a rather bouncing, buxom, and fine-looking girl, with the free-and-easy sort of style about her that Australians have, apparently all the more so when just set free from school. But pretty as Miss Gray might be, her sister, Miss Emmeline, about seventeen years of age, or rather less, proved decidedly the belle of the ship over all that were aboard. Her face was a perfect picture, with hazel eyes, nut-brown hair, and a dimple at her chin that could have "wiled the turns out of a foul hawser," as Happy Jack expressed it; whilst, as for her shape, he likewise compared it to what might have been "a daughter of the Odalisque's own figure-head" under our ship's bowsprit. When she went up the poop-stairs with her sister, and stepped the deck, with their scarfs all flowing about them, she was just the one that did it as a sailor's sweetheart ought. Indeed the two of them, having once made the passage before, never had seemed to be put down by sea-sickness, but had come out from time to time during our late blowy weather.

The steering-wheel and binnacle were close in front of the poop doors; accordingly, whoever happened to steer, day or night, he saw no little of what went on abaft. You could thereby often here catch odds-and-ends of passengers' talk, and make out a tolerably good notion of how they went on among themselves.

One evening, whilst the ship was still running down those variable latitudes, I had the wheel during the "first dog-watch;" the poop and poop-stairs being often crowded, likewise almost the entire lee quarter-deck taken up by various

knots of people with children, and no small thoroughfare taking place toward the cabin entrances, as well as through the young women's covered hatchway. The captain and mate and a chief gentleman passenger were leaning opposite each other over the broad drum-head of the quarter-deck capstan, talking politics together. Mr. Turbiter, our dandy third mate, made use of his opportunity to hand up the two Misses Gray as soon as they appeared on deck, and it was easy to understand by his sweet tones of voice that he was paying them extra attention, in fact bent on cutting out the young army officer, as well as a long-legged Australian lad also, who were both manifestly smitten with Miss Emmeline; the latter conspicuous youth, whose father and mother were aboard, being quite in real earnest about it, and well able to back his intentions so far as money went. However, he was somewhat of an awkward cavalier; whereas, on the other hand, the soldier ensign was too self-satisfied to make much way with her: so Mr. Turbiter evidently thought he himself might have good hopes.

Among the poop ladies there was one middle-aged dame, with rather a starched manner, who seemed to think it her business to play the careful duenna over Miss Emmeline when no one else did, and whom she, in her turn, apparently, liked to vex a little by small escapades, as her sister beyond question delighted in doing. Owing to which, on this occasion, both sisters could be heard conversing gaily with our said pretentious third officer, and even tolerating his far-fetched, would-be jokes; though not just altogether entering into them, for all at once he got himself fairly put down by a single spirited answer from the younger sister, Miss Emmeline.

Still Mr. Turbiter kept lingering by, on the weather poop-stairway, pointing out—"How lovely these fire-bells sparkle up alongside!" or, "How beautifully those tropic-birds hover away astern," or, "How splendidly the sunset exhibits itself off our lee bow!"—all in the highest-flown sentimental book-language out of novels and poetry, spiced besides with strong nautical phrases, that did not any way well fit in.

Meantime, you could have made sure enough by the younger sister's attitude—not to speak of her sudden, extreme silence—that she was smothering a laugh, till at last it was beyond her power to check.

First the elder girl foolishly tittered, then she herself gave way and laughed outright, trying to make believe it was at something else; but they both laughed together so heartily that Mr. Turbiter could not help seeing it was at his expense. Thereupon he had to make the best of it he could, which was far from a success, to say the least. He had to relieve his mind by jumping direct down to the binnacle, where he looked in at the compass-boxes, and vented it on me, with a "Mind your helm, you fellow! you've got the ship a point off her course!" We were then under all possible canvas, with studding-sails set, right before the wind, which, not being much to speak of, and at best variable, it required extra careful steering to keep everything quite full aloft, more

particularly with so much to distract one's attention round about

Sundown left all dusk in a few minutes, with the stars gleaming out in thousands, until the sky was splendid with them; the light westerly air freshening, which brought up everybody that was not there before, and the captain himself joined his two special wards. He soon brought them close by, where they walked about, talking pleasantly. Once, Captain Evans looked in at the binnacle, and so did the young ladies, he saying to me "All right, my man—keep her thus—you may just give that course when you're relieved." As they turned off, Miss Emmeline said something to the captain in a soft voice, which I felt sure was in reference to what Mr. Turbiter had unduly blamed me for. I must own, that when the folds of her dress had fluttered near me, I felt—as I had more than once felt before—like enough to really letting the ship yaw a point or two.

Shortly afterwards, Jan Ericsen came aft to relieve me for the remainder of the dog-watch, he having taken his supper beforehand. I had seen before that the two young ladies noticed Ericsen; and they not only did so now, but Miss Emmeline in particular made some remark to the captain about him, which was quite approved of, for not only was Jan a favourite with the mate, but Captain Evans well knew he was no ordinary hand. "Yes, my dear," I heard the captain say as I passed forward, "there can be no doubt he's of superior station to what he chooses to own—but if

where he stood, as they moved about near him. With his face mostly up to a single star at the high weather edge of the main-topsail, his arms spread to the spokes of the wheel and his tall well-knit figure erect—even in canvas trousers, check-shirt, and straw hat—he looked like a statue there. His features had just that sort of cut. Fair complexioned and bright-eyed though he was, like his countrymen in general, still he had nothing at all of their flaxy hair, but his on the contrary was as brown as Miss Emmeline's own. It would not have caused me the least wonder if she had preferred him before any man about deck, or for that matter before most that you could see within twenty miles' walk ashore.

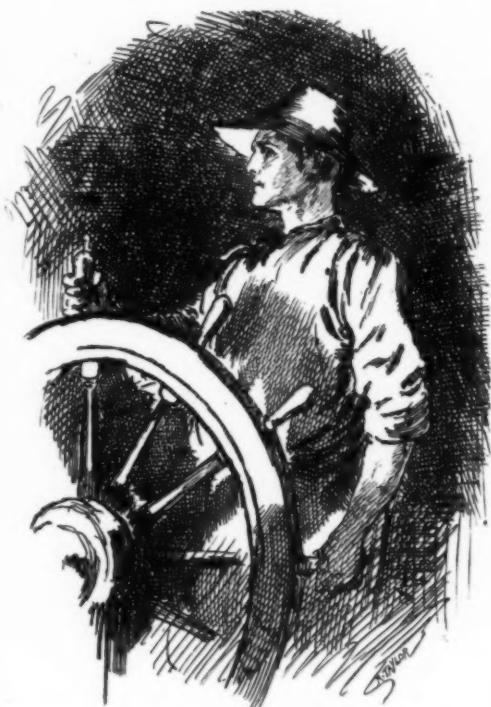
It happened very shortly thereafter, one bright tropical morning, that a single strange sail was sighted right ahead, almost the first we had seen since leaving the neighbourhood of the English Channel. She was under all possible canvas, like ourselves, but heading to cross our course in an opposite direction, so that by breakfast-time the two vessels were within three miles of each other, she signalling for us to speak. She proved to be a large Spanish barque, only two or three days out from San Domingo, homeward bound, and intending to touch at Madeira by the way. They had had heavy squalls since leaving port, and something had gone wrong with their chronometers, so they were anxious to make sure of their longitude, which their officers showed to Captain Evans, chalked in big figures on a great black board hung over their side.

"All wrong, as usual," said he.

"It's 55° 37' west at present, sir," answered Mr. Dill, with the log-book in his hand on the capstan-head.

"And they've seemingly got it at least two degrees wrong," was the captain's remark. "But as our wind's holding light we'll send it aboard to 'em; and, as I see they've got boatloads of fresh fruit, we'll buy some of that for ourselves."

Our largest quarter-boat was at once got ready, whilst we edged down nearer, by which time the light breeze had well-nigh quite failed for the time. A crowd of Spanish officers, with soldiers and finely-dressed shore-people, were then plainly visible on her high poop, besides her crew and numerous full-blooded negroes forward, altogether making a curious show as she pranced and curtsied off our lee beam. The water was smooth, except for the long main-Atlantic swell, and as blue as indigo, with a cloudless sky overhead; and some of our youngest cabin ladies had taken it into their heads to go, including the two Misses Gray, under charge of Mr. Mac-Adam, who was to command the boat. When all were in, and the cutter lowered away down, an extra hand was still wanted to take charge while Mr. Mac-Adam should be aboard the Spaniard, and also to act as coxswain. Whereupon it became plain enough that our fine third mate would have given his eyes to be the man. However, the captain at once put his veto on that move, asking Mr. Dill to send some one he could trust, and the Mate immediately chose Ericsen, who accordingly jumped down and went with them, taking the yoke-lines to steer, when he



JAN AT THE WHEEL.

anything should—" The rest of the words I did not hear, but I turned half way to look back at Jan



thus sat close behind Mr. Mac-Adam and the ladies. It need scarce be said we watched them, both whilst they went, as long as they remained aboard the barque, and whilst they returned. Nor would it require mention almost at all, save for the evident manner in which it stirred Mr. Turbiter's gall to see how Ericson had to assist Miss Emmeline and the rest at various times, as well as how they spoke to him. Our smart third mate had a deck-glass at his eye half the time, and you could pretty nearly guess by his jerks and gestures whether he saw a pleasant smile from our young Australian belle, or whether he saw the Dane answering a question from any of them. Yet when they all came back on board together, nothing could be plainer than that Ericson felt no way uplifted thereby, nor did he show the least notion of having been favoured beyond others.

The Spanish barque was gone before dinner-time, and everything went on as usual among us. I said to Ericson at first chance, "You've made another enemy there, Jan!" He did not need to ask whom I meant. Neither of us had ever liked the third-mate's looks or ways; in fact, we agreed that if he had been visible aboard the ship in dock, we should have thought more than twice ere joining her; especially as he was an owner's relative, and therefore likely to stand high with Captain Evans. "But as for my aspiring to be his rival," said Ericson, with a laugh, "or—for that part—*yours* either, Tom, it is impossible. As you yourself well know," he added, touching his breast with his forefinger, "I am quite proof against all Cupid's darts!" True enough, he had confided his own love-matter to me beforehand. Round his neck he wore a small gold chain, with a locket hanging from it inside, which contained the miniature portrait of a young Danish girl, with blue eyes like forget-me-nots, a complexion like the lily for fairness, and hair that outshone the gold picture-frame around it, while on his right arm, besides, there was a "true-lover's knot" tattooed with the initials "A. and K." "Her first name was Anna," he said; and though he never told me the rest of it, there was good reason for suspecting her to be of a titled family. Not only so, but by that time I felt sure that he himself had come of far better birth than he owned to.

"There's this to be said for Bill Powell, anyhow," continued I, as we paced the deck together upon the topgallant forecabin; "be he what he may, he's not the fellow to deal you a blow in the dark, nor behind-backs; but it's no way so sure about Turbiter."

Till now I had been unable to make out why my friend would not fight; although—by his whole manner on that occasion in our forecabin quarrel—so clearly to be known for one who well knew how to "spar." However, it now came out why he had refused. He forthwith told me that when he was a young lad, just before going to sea, there came to Copenhagen University an Englishman who had been in the British Army, calling himself "Professor of the Science of Self-Defence," and who formed a class for that purpose among the students, which Ericson had joined. Afterwards, at sea, he had practised it along with

naval cadets in a Danish training-corvette. "On his first return home, there were two or three of his former class-fellows, who liked to try his skill, amongst them one belonging to a house," said he, "which had always been at strife with my own family." This young man had challenged him to a sparring-bout, and, getting excited, had hit him so hard that he returned the blow in anger, "straight out from the shoulder;" which took full effect, the other dropping, to all appearance dead. "If he had not recovered," said Ericson to me, with a quiver of his voice still, "my heart would have broken, for he was *her* brother, Waynard! But he was restored, thank God! I there and then solemnly vowed just what I said here that night." "Never again to strike a blow in anger?" repeated I: "Yes—well—but what if—" He caught the words out of my mouth. "If it were no mere quarrel of mine," answered he: "Yet if good cause arose, ay, and if those robber Prussians should again attack my country, as they may ere long!" If anything fired his temper it was "those robber Prussians." He was in fact training himself for their next onset upon Denmark, taking no end of trouble to become perfect in practical seamanship and navigation. He was then just looking forward to an officer's rank in his own navy, which had been promised him from high quarters; although, their ships being but few, commissions were proportionately scarce.

Thorough tropical weather was what we now of course had, with such an amount of heat and light as I myself could scarce have imagined to exist anywhere, this being my very first southerly voyage. Never before having belonged to such a large craft, the whole thing at the outset rather flurried me. Often as I had steered a good-sized ship under all sorts of weather, it became quite a different matter at the Odalisque's wheel. She always answered it well; still, she had ways of her own, and with all studding-sails set, running "full-and-by," in those light, variable breezes that carried us down towards the line, she would come up or fall off so quickly that it needed no little nicety of handling to manage the spokes. Accordingly, until one got used to the heavy swell and the different stars aloft at night, one's nerves were apt to be shaky at the thought of letting her broach-to, "or come by the lee," if the weather-leech of her maintopsail shivered a moment; more especially if Mr. Turbiter was walking his quarter-deck to larboard by himself, with nothing to do but to watch you. During daytime there were other troubles of their kind, owing to such a full ship; and, with that blaze overhead, and so many helpless shore-folk, it would have taken a harder-hearted captain than ours to enforce perfect order. All drawbacks notwithstanding, we had a grand new ship under foot, roomy, everywhere well-found, weatherly, as tight as a bottle, and beyond question fast-sailing; with excellent regulations, which were on the whole carefully carried out. Except for an occasional squall and consequent welcome deluges of fresh water from above, there could not have been more enjoyable weather.

## Varieties.

### Life in Samoa.

The Samoan Islands have long had a place of interest in missionary records. Public attention has been more recently directed to them on general grounds, by the intervention of Germany in the deposition of the king. Nowhere has the state of affairs in that region been more concisely described than by Mr. Albert Spicer, as one of a deputation which visited the islands at the commencement of this year, in a report presented to the London Missionary Society. The following passage has permanent historical interest :

"The old native Government of Samoa was a limited monarchy with limited powers. At times there was one king, but more often two or more ruling over different parts of the group, whose authority was recognised most completely in times of war. The king was surrounded by a group of high chiefs chosen by himself. Each village had its hereditary chiefs to supervise its affairs in tolerable agreement with the wishes of the people, that agreement being arrived at after a sort of informal meeting and discussion.

"The property of the people is held on practically communistic principles. A village looks upon itself in the light of a family, and all are fed from the lands of the different families composing the village. Barely two days' work per week on their plantations fully suffices for supplying their needs. A Samoan 'in want' is not to be found. The villages of to-day in Samoa are, with very few exceptions, all situated on the sea-coast ; although the chiefs and families own land in the interior, which is mainly dense bush. During the last half-century English, Germans, and Americans have settled in Samoa, and have been in commercial relations with the people, on one side buying and shipping to their respective countries the natural products of Samoa, and, on the other side, importing from the older countries various stores with which to supply one another as well as the ever-growing needs of the native population. This first stage of commerce has been followed by a second. Some of the so-called foreigners have not been satisfied with simply purchasing the products of the country, but have been anxious to utilise the climate and soil of Samoa by cultivating other crops of greater value than those produced from time immemorial by the Samoans. To do this it was necessary to acquire the use of land, and the chiefs, not using the inland country, have not been unwilling to part with large sections, and in later times to mortgage and sell even some of those on the sea-coast. The Samoans were, however, unwilling to act as labourers for the foreigners in clearing and developing these lands. Their wants were supplied, and therefore they felt no necessity to work for others ; though it is only right to say that, whenever the chiefs of their village call upon the villagers to execute some piece of work intended for the common good, all respond.

"Under these circumstances the foreigners have imported labourers from other islands of Polynesia into Samoa, notably from the Solomon Islands and Niue.

"Up to the introduction of the foreign element, the chiefs had a real authority in their respective villages and districts ; but with this introduction, especially remembering that the foreign element has been under but slight control, the authority of the native chiefs has been reduced and weakened. Add to this the fact that many chiefs have sold and mortgaged their lands to the foreigners, and we can well realise that so far as regards native government in Samoa the chiefs and people feel themselves to-day in a very difficult position. In this position there is little doubt they would hail, at any rate at first, with thankfulness, the advent of a strong power who would administer their affairs, especially if the administration partook of the paternal character."

Amongst other facts of more serious interest, bearing on the religious life of the people, we find the following curious note :—"The game of cricket was introduced into Samoa only three years ago by the officers and crew of H.M.S. *Diamond*. Everyone regarded the introduction with favour ;

but, within a short time, instead of keeping to the ordinary rules of cricket, matches were arranged with two hundred a side, and the play was continued during the whole day for a month at a time, to the utter neglect of home, plantations, and worship. The excitement passed beyond all reasonable control, and led to very much that was distinctly heathenish. Against such cricket it was absolutely necessary to protest in the case of church members, and the protest took the form of a recognised discipline regulation."

### The so-called Canals on the Planet Mars.

The name assigned to these objects (some of which are probably at least fifty miles across) is perhaps not very happy, though (as in the cases of the "seas" and "rills" on the Moon) it is difficult to suggest a better ; designations of the kind must be taken in a technical sense, and non-scientific persons must be careful not to be misled by terms with which they are familiar in a different sense. These formations are in fact of the nature of long straits separating the so-called continents on Mars into large islands. Indications of such are found in the drawings made by that excellent observer, the late Rev. W. R. Dawes, who died at Haddenham more than twenty years ago, though special attention was first called to them under a distinct name by Prof. Schiaparelli, of Milan, in the year 1877. That they were not seen earlier than they were with the less powerful telescopes formerly in use is no more remarkable than if some one observing our Earth with a telescope from a distance should first see Europe, Asia, and Africa as an unbroken mass of land, and afterwards, obtaining a more powerful glass, perceive indications of inlets, such as the Mediterranean and Red Seas. If he rushed to the conclusion that these were dug like canals by the inhabitants of the Earth, he would certainly form much higher ideas of the muscular powers of those beings than we who belong to them know to be justified, and would probably expect also to discover in time buildings compared with which the pyramids of Egypt are small indeed. A very remarkable feature respecting the so-called canals on Mars is the fact that several of them are double, or run in lines nearly parallel to each other at a comparatively small distance. Schiaparelli, who first noticed this in the winter of 1881, considered it to be a periodical phenomenon due to seasonal changes on the planet ; but, whatever be the cause, the fact of the doubling has been so well seen recently by the astronomers of the Nice Observatory (using, in that fine atmosphere for observing, the powerful glass, 15 inches in diameter, which has during the last few years been at their disposal) that it is no longer possible to doubt its reality.

M. Perrotin of that observatory claims indeed to have noticed very recently some remarkable changes on the planet. Thus he thinks a large tract of land in the northern hemisphere has been submerged ; one of his own drawings, however, taken about six years ago, shows it then to have been in nearly the same state, so that if change has taken place, it is vicissitude of change, perhaps periodic, and therefore probably seasonal. He also noticed an extension of one of the so-called canals—a single extension of a double canal running nearly parallel to the planet's equator ; and the existence of a so-called canal traversing one of the masses of ice which surround the planet's poles. These facts (particularly the last-named) have led M. Fizeau to the very probable suggestion that the surface of Mars is in a glacial condition, and that the so-called canals are in fact appearances produced by extensive crackings and ruptures likely to take place in that condition.

W. T. LYNN, B.A., F.R.A.S.

**British Association for the Advancement of Science.**—The meeting for 1888 commences on the 5th September, at Bath, under the presidency of Sir Frederick Bramwell, C.E., F.R.S.

The last meeting of the Association at Bath was in 1864, under the presidency of Sir Charles Lyell. One of the memorable events of that meeting was the presence of Dr. Livingstone, and of others celebrated in African exploration; among them the lamented Speke, to whom a memorial obelisk has since been erected near the broad walk in Kensington Gardens. Dr. Colenso was also at Bath in 1864.

**Technical Education.**—The Prince of Wales, in his speech at Blackburn on laying the foundation-stone of the School for Technical Instruction, said, that "in a vast country like ours, where so many trades and different manufactures exist, the thing of great importance for the well-being of those manufactures and trades is a sound technical education. We cannot erect too many schools or institutions of the kind in various parts of the country. The school, the foundation-stone of which we have laid to-day, has been properly started as a remembrance of the Queen's Jubilee, and, as the special object of it is for the technical education of the operative classes, I sincerely hope that they will show that they take great interest in it and will thoroughly support it. I am glad to hear that there is already existing in this borough a technical and art school which has been in existence for two years; and I am told that there are as many as 300 students, and that those students who have gone up to London to be examined by the Technical Institute have passed the very highest and best examinations. The interest which this town takes in the subject of the production of more varied and artistic designs in the staple manufacture is essential for the continued prosperity of the town; and in learning what is necessary to beautify the trade to which they belong, and vary the different specimens which they produce, the more likely is the trade to flourish."

**Spade Husbandry.**—In connection with the discussions on cottage allotments and the increased produce possible from improved land occupation, the attention of landowners is directed to the testimony of the late Sir Thomas Bernard, who thus wrote: "Those very small spots of a few square yards, which we sometimes see near cottages, I can hardly call gardens. I think there should be as much as will produce all the garden-stuff that the family consumes, and enough for a pig, with the addition of a little meal. I think they ought to pay the same rent that a farmer would pay for the land, and no more. . . . It may not be too much to say that 100,000 acres allotted to cottagers as garden-ground will give a produce equal to what 150,000 acres cultivated in the ordinary way would give, and that without occupying more of the ordinary time they would otherwise give to the farmers who employ them than the cultivation of 20,000 acres would require."

**Prison Torture.**—A correspondent of the "Star," who gives his name and address, H. Lotery, 2, Saint Mary Street, Whitechapel, writes: "In the month of May last I served as a juror at the Middlesex Sessions, and on the last day of my term of service I visited the prisoners at Pentonville, and was never more shocked in my life than I was on that occasion at their brutal and inhuman treatment. For I consider that instrument of torture known as the treadmill simply a relic of the age of the pillory and thumbscrew; and as for the plank bed, most of the emaciated prisoners' countenances spoke more eloquently than words of this barbarous and uncivilised treatment. I will conclude with the words of an able judge, 'Have we ceased to be English?'" [What has the secretary of the Howard Society—a zealous and honourable labourer in the cause of prison reform—to say to this? We thought the treadmill had fallen into disuse. Its use for grinding and other domestic work in a prison can be very limited.]

**Bibliomaniacs.**—One of the most famous of French bibliomaniacs was the notary, M. Boulard, who died in 1825. Summer and winter he might be seen, at all times of the day, searching for curious and rare books, at the interminable line of quays, with his coat of capacious pockets, into which quartos could easily be stowed. He had at least six houses in Paris filled from basement to garret with his treasures. One could hardly move in any room without shaking some pile of books, the oscillations of which threatened to bury the visitor. Once entered into these

depositories a book was lost as much as if thrown into the depths of the sea. The proprietor himself never knew where to find a book should he ever happen to want it.

It is said that Bishop Heber had a similar mania for buying books, though not on the same scale as his French contemporary. He bought the whole of the historical part of M. Boulard's library when it came to be sorted and sold. The late Principal Lee, of Edinburgh, had two if not three houses always filled with his miscellaneous purchases at book sales. But he knew better where to find books, and to use them, than mere bibliomaniac buyers.

The famous encyclopædist, Naigeon, whom La Harpe called the "Singe de Diderot," was another eccentric book collector. The peculiarity in him was that he kept his books for show, and scarcely ever allowed one to be touched. To any special visitor he would occasionally take down a book, open it, and put it back to the shelf, after calling attention to the beautiful type, or spacious margins of pages, or the beautiful binding; but he trembled with fear, and hurried the book back to its place, if any lover of books, even from mere politeness, attempted to touch the precious treasure.

**Tennyson and his Trees.**—In the account of his visit paid to Tennyson by Oliver Wendell Holmes at the Isle of Wight, in 1885, the American poet makes pleasant reference to our Laureate's love of trees. "I saw the poet to the best advantage—under his own trees and walking in his own domain. He took delight in pointing out to me the finest and rarest of his trees—and there were many beauties among them. I recalled my morning's visit to Whittier at Oak Knoll, in Danvers, a little more than a year before, when he led me to one of his favourites—an aspic evergreen, which shot up like a flame. I thought of the graceful American elms in front of Longfellow's house, and the sturdy English elms that stand in front of Lowell's. In this garden of England, where everything grows with such a lavish extravagance of greenness, I felt as if weary eyes and overtasked brains might reach their happiest haven of rest."

**Ancient Simplicity in America.**—The American of to-day knows nothing of the spirit of Jefferson. When he was to be inaugurated as President he rode to Congress Hall unattended, hitched his horse to a post, went inside and took the oath, and then rode back to his own house.

**Vegetarian Hospital.**—Vegetarians are very enthusiastic in their opinions, and at a dinner given at a vegetarian hotel lately, it was resolved to establish a hospital, from which not merely all animal diet and alcoholic drinks are to be excluded, but also "all drugs!" One of the diners guaranteed £200 towards this strange institution. For the cure of every disease which flesh is heir to, reliance is placed solely on diet and general hygienic treatment, as by bathing, massage, and so on. Whether the nurses and hospital attendants are to be restricted to vegetables is not stated, but we suppose this to be part of the arrangement.

**Herat.**—Professor Vambéry, of Buda-Pesth, renews his warnings to England to keep hold of Herat as the key to India. It was so in Eldred Pottinger's time, and is doubly so since Russia has annexed the regions of Central Asia, touching on Afghanistan. One of the ablest men in the Indian service ought, he thinks, to be the British agent at Herat, especially as the old antipathy to England no longer prevails among the Afghans.

**Voting Papers for Municipal Elections.**—The mode of election by distributing voting papers from house to house is liable to abuse, and is not very efficient. We give the following analysis of an election for poor-law guardians in a large district. The name of the place is not of consequence, as the statement of facts may be useful for many other districts. The number of papers sent out was 13,688. Of these 991 were brought back, marked "dead," "removed," and so on. The number of valid lists recovered was 5,491, and those invalid through want of signature or other irregularity were no fewer than 4,941. Of the 5,491 persons who voted, 4,320 had one vote, 698 had two votes, 198 three, 102 four, 43 five, 77 six, 10 seven, 15 eight, 11 nine, 2 ten, 3 eleven, and 12 twelve votes; plurality of votes being allowed in such elections according to property quali-



cation or amount of rate paid. Some curious blundering appeared, as well as arbitrary methods of selecting candidates. There were 38 names on the list, of whom 30 were to be chosen. Some voted for the first 30, others for the last 30, others jumped at batches of 5 here and there, one voted for 33 and another for all the 38. One voter put his initials at the first three names, and only a mark at others, which made his list invalid. A lady burgess wrote on her list the following manifesto:—"There is a notice on my street door to the effect that no circulars or papers left here will be returned! Under those circumstances your man, being able to read, had no right to leave the voting paper, and cannot legally demand the same. He will, however, have it if I am at home; but I hereby give notice that if any more of your rubbish (that is, voting papers) be left here at any time whatsoever, it will be destroyed. I have quite enough to attend to of my own affairs. Women have no business to vote."

**The Wagtail in Kaffraria.**—On one of my visits to a Kaffir kraal I happened to throw a stone at a wagtail, whereupon the chief asked me not to do it again, as it was *wrong* to hurt that bird. Why, I asked, *that* bird? Because, said the chief, that bird does not eat our mealie (maize) like other birds, but comes near *like a man*, and in front of man picks his food from the ground. He also narrated an old custom touching the killing of a wagtail: should a person by chance kill a wagtail, he or she must at once confess the deed to his or her maternal uncle, saying, "Ke colaieite machorizana," *i.e.*, I have killed a wagtail. The uncle evinces his horror of the deed, and causes the slain wagtail to be placed on an ox and exhibited to the people. Then the ox is slaughtered, and parts of the flesh are roasted and eaten, as token of acceptance of the sacrifice and forgiveness of sins. The remaining parts are left to decay on the sandy plains with the slain wagtail carefully buried within the carcass. Lastly, the slayer is to run the gauntlet three times round the boundary of the town or city, crying "Ke colaieite machorizana." The unfortunate individual seldom or never escapes without severe cudgelling, as the knob-wielders look upon this not only in the light of sport, but also stern duty.—*P. J. Minos, B.D., late Vicar Evangelist of S. Alban's Cathedral, Pretoria.*

**Archbishop Leighton.**—A memorial brass has been placed in Dunblane Cathedral, bearing this inscription: "To the Glory of God, and sacred to the Memory of Archbishop Leighton. Robert Leighton was born in London 1611: educated at Edinburgh University and on the Continent: Pastor of this Parish from 16th December 1641 till 1653. Principal of Edinburgh University, 1653-1661: Bishop of Dunblane, 1661-1665: Archbishop of Glasgow, 1665-1674. After which he retired into private life in England, and lived with his sister at Broadhurst in Sussex for 10 years: and died, according to his long-cherished wish, in an inn (the Bell Inn, Warwick Lane, London) by night during his sleep, 25th June 1684.

Blessed are the Peacemakers.  
For so He giveth His Beloved Sleep."

**A Veteran Physician's Daily Prayer.**—Dr. John Mason Good, who died in 1827, attained the highest rank in his profession. Amongst his papers was found the following, evincing the spirit of prayer in which, during the latter years of life, his practice was conducted:—"July 27th, 1823. Form of prayer, which I purpose to use, among others, so long as it may please God that I shall continue in the exercise of my profession; and which is here copied out, not so much to assist my own memory, as to give a hint to many who may perhaps feel thankful for it when I am removed to a state where personal vanity can have no access, and the opinion of the world can be no longer of any importance. I should wish it to close the subsequent editions of my 'Study of Medicine': "O Thou great Bestower of health, strength, and comfort, grant Thy blessing upon the professional duties in which this day I may engage. Give me judgment to discern disease, and skill to treat it; and crown with Thy favour the means that may be devised for recovery; for with Thine assistance the humblest instrument may succeed, as, without it, the ablest must prove unavailing. Save me from all sordid motives, and endow me with a spirit of pity and liberality towards the poor, and of tenderness and sympathy

towards all, that I may enter into the various feelings by which they are respectively tried, may weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice. And sanctify their souls, as well as heal their bodies. Let faith and patience, and every Christian virtue they are called upon to exercise, have their perfect work; so that, in the gracious dealings of Thy Spirit and Thy providence, they may find in the end, whatever that end may be, that it has been good for them to have been afflicted. 'Grant this, O Heavenly Father, for the love of that adorable Redeemer, who while on earth went about doing good, and now ever liveth to make intercession in heaven. Amen.'"

**Ben Jonson on Lord Bacon.**—In the controversy about the authorship of Shakespeare's plays, the words of Jonson, as his intimate friend and contemporary, are the strongest as well as most familiar testimony. Less known to most persons is the description of Bacon, in which not a hint appears of what is now claimed for him. Jonson says:—"There happened in my time one noble speaker, who was full of gravity in his speaking. No man ever spake more neatly, more pressly, more weightily, or suffered less emptiness, less idleness in what he uttered. No member of his speech but consisted of his own graces. His hearers could not cough or look aside from him without loss. He commanded when he spoke; and had his judge angry or pleased at his devotion. No man had their affections more in his power. The fear of every man that heard him was lest he should make an end. My conceit of his person was never increased toward him by his place or honours, but I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in that he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest of men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength; for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him, as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue, but rather help to make it manifest."

**Trade between Russia and Persia.**—Trade between Russia and Persia is declared by the "St. Petersburg Gazette" to have made of late years undoubted progress. Many Russian articles are in large demand in Northern Persia; but as Russian merchants do not willingly furnish details of their transactions, and as the returns of the Persian bazaars are made on a primitive system, no statistics are available. A much greater increase might be expected if more attention were paid to the requirements of the Persian markets. Lower rates of transport and greater facilities of communication would also give an impetus to Persian trade in the Shah's kingdom. Other foreign nations suffer equally from the deficiency of communications which are wanting in the south as well as in the north; hence the desire of the English to lay down a railway from the Persian Gulf to Teheran. If Russian interests are not to be injured by such a line it must be continued to the Caspian Sea. The Persians themselves are alleged to see the advantages of the latter railway, and more than that, to regard Russians with a more friendly eye than any other foreigners trading with their country.

**Letter from His Highness the Khedive to Miss Gordon.**—The letter of condolence from Queen Victoria to Miss Gordon, on the death of General Gordon, has been everywhere seen. That sent by Mehemet Tewfic is a generous and appreciative document, which will raise the Khedive in the estimation of many:

"Abdin Palace, Cairo,  
February, 1885.

"Madam,—Although I do not wish to intrude upon the great sorrow which has befallen you in the death of your distinguished brother, the late General Gordon Pasha, yet, as Egypt and myself have so much reason to deplore his loss, I desire to convey to you my heartfelt sympathy in the terrible bereavement it has been God's will you should suffer.

"I cannot find words to express to you the respect and admiration with which your brother's simple faith and heroic courage have inspired me. The whole world resounds with the name of the Englishman whose chivalrous nature afforded it for many years its brightest and most powerful example—

an example which, I believe, will influence thousands of persons for good through all time.

"To a man of General Gordon's character, the disappointment of hopes he deemed so near fruition, and the manner of his death, were of little importance. In his own words, he left 'weariness for perfect peace.' Our mourning for him is very true and real, as is our loss; but we have a sure hope that a life and faith such as Gordon's are not extinguishable by what we call death. I beg to renew to you, madam, the assurance of my sincere sympathy and respectful condolence."

**Immigration of Pauper Aliens.**—The irruption of pauper immigrants from the Continent, far exceeding the emigration by which our over-population is relieved, recalls attention to the means adopted by the United States and by other countries for the exclusion of paupers. In 1882 America became alive to the evil. And, although in 1886 only 997 would-be immigrants to the States were returned to the countries whence they came, at the cost of the vessels bringing them, the fact of their return deters thousands from seeking entrance to the millions of free acres across the Atlantic, who are free to enter these congested and insignificant islands. In February of this year the States Legislature passed another Act imposing, *inter alia*, a fine of \$500 on the master of any ship landing any alien who previous to embarkation had entered into contract, "parol or special, express or implied," to perform labour in the United States. The hospitality of the States also provides for the imprisonment of any such alien contract labourer for a term not exceeding six months.

**Birmingham Railways.**—Among the recent gifts to the Reference Library was a volume of early prospectuses of local railways, and three volumes of plans and sections of the Birmingham and Leicester Railway, presented by Mr. R. H. Milward. Some of the provisions in the prospectuses sound somewhat strange now. The Birmingham and Liverpool Railroad Company in 1824 promises "to transport heaviest goods at the rate of at least eight miles an hour," and states that "passengers may also travel with perfect security at the speed of at least twelve miles an hour, but to this the company will not pledge themselves." The same company in 1830 informs the public that "engines with passengers have frequently been known to exceed the velocity of thirty miles per hour, but a rate of from ten to twenty miles has been established as safe in operation and certain in attainment. This extraordinary rapidity is accompanied with a motion so gentle and easy as to excite no alarm even in the most timid." The "London and Birmingham Railway Company's Plan," issued in 1832, shows that the journey from Birmingham to Coventry may be accomplished in one hour, and that from Birmingham to London in five hours and a half; and their prospectus, issued in 1833, states that the ordinary rate of travelling was from fifteen to twenty miles per hour.

**Norfolk Agricultural Progress.**—So lately as a hundred years ago Norfolk imported wheat, although anything but thickly populated. It was Mr. Coke, afterwards created Earl of Leicester, who was the originator of an agricultural revolution. Even at present the Holkham estates are the most extensive in the county, covering no less than 43,000 acres. The soil is generally light and sandy, and to this day there are heaths and patches of commons which defy reclamation, and are only used, for pasturage. But Mr. Coke worked wonders. When he succeeded to the estate, which had belonged to Sir Robert Walpole, "he found one part of it a shifting sand, another a sharp, flinty gravel." At that time wheat was not grown in the district. In the whole tract of country between Holkham and Lynn not an ear was to be seen, nor was it believed that one would grow. Forty years afterwards an intelligent visitor was astonished at the exuberance of the harvests and the fertility of the soil. Top-dressing and drainage had done it all; oxen, pigs, and, an improved breed of Southdown sheep had been fattened, partly or principally for the sake of the manure. By his example and his improvements Lord Leicester did much for his neighbours, but England is even more indebted to Lord Townshend, the secretary of George I. His estate of Raynham was very different from Holkham, inasmuch as the

greater portion of it was naturally rich. On one of his official expeditions to Hanover he remarked that the turnip was grown in open fields as food for the cattle and as an admirable fertiliser. Till then in Norfolk and elsewhere in England it had only been raised for the kitchen. Lord Townshend brought home turnip seed, sowed it in his open fields, and persuaded his tenants to do the same, so that the root was soon cultivated universally in Norfolk, and shortly afterwards it had become the staple in every district of England.

**Red Granite of Syene.**—Of the beautiful fire-hued granite of Syene the finest obelisks were made, such as the pair made by the masculine Queen Hatsheputui, the sister of Thothmes II, of the great eighteenth dynasty, whom some think the Pharaoh of the Exodus, to her Father Amen, the Theban Sun god. There every traveller wonders at the still unfinished obelisk seen emerging from the quarry, and gets an inkling how it was that three years were taken up in hewing out such a granite needle, 115 feet long by 11 feet square, floating it down the Nile, and setting it upright. Her next successor, Thothmes III, who first set up the Needle now on the Thames Embankment, may well have found it hard to outvie his immediate predecessor the Amazon Pharaohess, although she would never affix to her *meist* (the mystic cartouche in which her name was enclosed) the feminine pronoun.

**The Real Pickwick.**—In a recent trial about the liability of a railway company for luggage lost by a porter, when it ought to have been taken to the luggage office, Mr. Dickens, a son of Charles Dickens, in opening the case for the defence, observed that, by a curious coincidence, he should have to call as a witness a Mr. Pickwick. (A laugh.) The learned Judge: A very proper witness to be called by Mr. Dickens. (Laughter.) Yes, my Lord; and, by a still more curious coincidence, the witness is a descendant of the Mr. Moses Pickwick, proprietor of the Bath coach, from whom I have the very best reason to believe the character of Mr. Pickwick was taken (much laughter), and I verily believe that one of the reasons why I was retained in the case was that I might call Mr. Pickwick. (Great laughter.)

**Australian Emigrants.**—In a paper lately read before the Society of Arts, Mr. W. F. Buchanan, a well-known colonist, said: "Domestic servants are in great demand in Australia, I mean those willing to work, owing to the fact that the native girls, as a rule, will not go out to service. If a shipload of trained maid-servants landed in Sydney tomorrow, before the week was out it would be their own fault if all were not engaged. Men-servants, farm-labourers, navvies, miners, and that class of able-bodied men who are willing to work are certain of ample employment at good wages. Families also of the industrial classes—such as carpenters, stonemasons, bricklayers, brickmakers, blacksmiths, and such like—have ample work at good pay. All such classes, as a rule, buy from their savings allotments of land, build their own houses, save money, and become owners of property, and many, after a while, become Government contractors. There are great facilities for acquiring building land on easy deferred payments, building in the same way. The emigrant has a good open field before him anywhere in Australia."

**Students' Residences.**—An excellent idea, capable of application in many directions, is being brought to the test in the East of London at Wadham House, next door to Toynbee Hall. There are, probably, very many in our cities who would gladly exchange the monotony of life in lodgings for the life of a congenial and high-toned society. An effort has been made to supply this want in a manner which shall combine some of the best pleasures of thought and life with the satisfactions of a home. Wadham House has been in existence for more than a year, and has so fully justified the expectations of its promoters, that they are desirous to make it more widely known in the hope of further extension. It aims at being not only a club but a college. The demand for higher education is constantly growing; but a complete education implies social intercourse with fellow-students, and thoughtful and studious surroundings; and this can be only among those who live under the same roof, or at least in close

proximity. An university life of this order it is the aim of Wadham House to provide. The household arrangements are largely under the control of a committee of the residents themselves. The rent of a furnished room, including attendance and use of a common room, is seven shillings per week. The total cost of board, lodging, washing, etc. (exclusive of midday meals), is well under fifteen shillings. The liability of each resident is confined to one week's rental. Every resident has free access to the Toynbee Hall Library. If this experiment succeeds there is nothing to bar the application of a similar plan to the needs of young men in other spheres.

**Public Libraries.**—In the Report of the Newcastle Public Libraries Committee for 1886-87, it is stated that, at the annual stock-taking, only three volumes were found to be unaccounted for. Only sixteen volumes have been lost since the opening of the library in 1880. During the same period the issue of volumes has reached a total of 1,538,445. The catalogue of books in the juvenile lending department connected with Newcastle Public Library shows that "a wonderful wealth of entertainment is placed at the command of the young people of Newcastle." No fewer than two thousand carefully selected volumes are at their disposal. During the seven years the library has been open, the committee has more than doubled the stock of books in this collection, and 215,092 volumes have been lent to children.

**Homœopathic Poisons.**—In the course of the long and useless controversy recently carried on in the "Times" by advocates of rival methods of cure, the following important caution appeared from Dr. George Johnson. "Rubini's concentrated solution of camphor" is often found in homœopathic medicine-chests. This preparation, prescribed for treating colds, is seven times stronger than the "spirit of camphor" of the British Pharmacopœia. Dr. Johnson gives several instances of fearful symptoms produced by this medicine, which, drop for drop, is as strong a poison as prussic. But for vomiting being produced, these cases must all have terminated fatally. As it was, the drops caused violent epileptic convulsions, followed by profound stupor. It is usually supposed that homœopathic medicines are harmless from extreme dilution. The substitution of an active poison requires explanation. The bottle should be labelled "Poison."

**Civil Government.**—A volume entitled, "Our Government," by Professor Macy, has attracted considerable notice in America. While firm in Republican and Democratic principles, the author points out dangers that the United States may be exposed to, especially from the unrestricted immigration of lawless hordes from Europe, "to whom freedom means anarchy." Professor Macy says: "A Government may exist and do nothing for the education of youth; it may entirely neglect to provide public highways; it may do nothing for the poor and other unfortunate classes. All these things may be left to other agencies. But there is one duty which the Government cannot leave to other agencies—it must administer justice; it must punish the wrong-doer. If the Government leaves to another agency the protection of life and property and the punishment of wrong-doers, then that agency becomes the Government."

**Jews assuming Gentiles' Names.**—In a case that was heard in the Queen's Bench Division, the persons chiefly concerned bore Jewish names, but had changed them. Frederick Mordaunt, on being sworn, said that his real name was Moses, and it also turned out that the real name of one of the defendants was not Saville, but Samuel. Lord Coleridge thereupon said, "May I ask how it is that you gentlemen, who have older names than any others in the world, change them to names far more modern? 'Mordaunt' is not half as good a name as Moses. Why should you change it?" In former times, when prejudices were strong against the Jews, one could understand the reason, but in our day, when gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion fill the highest posts on the Bench and at the Bar, in Parliament and in all professions, as well as in banking and commerce, it is strange to find Levis becoming Lewises, and Abrahams Brahams, and Jacob changed to James, with multitudes of other disguises. This is a different

matter from the social weakness common among Gentiles as well as Jews, such as when Smith is changed to Smythe, and Brassey to De Bresci. It was this no doubt that led to the adoption of the name of D'Israeli. Lord Beaconsfield's grandfather, when an attendant at the Royal Exchange, was plain Mr. Israel, and is so called in the charming book of recollections of the Aikin and Barbauld family, where it is said that Mr. Israel was a patient of Dr. Aikin at Stoke Newington, who attended him in his last illness. His learned son, the author of the "Curiosities of Literature," assumed the name Isaac D'Israeli. So also the son of Mr. Bernal (dealer in objects of *virtu*), remembered by some still living, became Mr. Bernal Osborne.

**Trade Disputes and Strikes.**—Speaking of the recent disputes between owners and workers in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, the Philadelphia "Ledger" says: "It is not in reason that the affairs of millions should be disturbed and paralysed because railroad and coal corporation officers on the one side, and labour organisation leaders on the other, see fit to get into quarrels, and then undertake to fight them out, as if there was no one else in the world possessing any rights. Such corporations were not created by the State to run competitions, to break down fair wages to labour, or to form pools to put up prices on the public; and labour organisations which are properly constituted to protect the working man's wages and legitimate rights are not constituted to oust the proprietor or employer from the direction and control of his own property and business. Acting upon these principles—and no one can successfully attempt to refute them—the two parties to the miners' controversy in the anthracite coal region should get together for conference without another day of delay, in recognition of the rights of the great body of the public." This is sound and sensible advice, not only for the corporations and the labourers in the coal region, but for all corporations and working men who are tempted to unload their burdens and difficulties upon the people.

**Great Auks' Eggs.**—In a recent number we quoted the extraordinary price given for an auk's egg at a sale by auction in London. Although a poor specimen, it fetched a hundred and sixty guineas. An American paper, commenting on this, says that while there are about seventy specimens in Europe, three-fourths of them in Great Britain, there are only five in the United States. Until lately there were only four—in the Smithsonian Institute Museum, in the Philadelphia Academy, in Cambridge Museum, and at Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, the last being the original of Audubon's figures. A fifth specimen was bought by the late R. L. Stewart, at a sale in London, and is now at the museum in Central Park, New York.

**Out-door Poor-law Relief.**—In due time it is probable that the management of the poor will be part of the duty of the new county councils or boards. At present the Poor-law Guardians are in some cases severe in requiring labour tests, and entrance into workhouse, while in others there is more laxity of usage. It has been suggested that the law should be so far altered as to allow Guardians to receive and dispend charitable funds entrusted to them, with less strictness than is necessary with money raised by rates. The French Bureaux de Bienfaisance are supported partly by voluntary charity and partly by local taxation. A similar system might be worked with us.

**Democracy in England and the United States.**—Mr. Chamberlain, after his visit to America, thus wrote to a friend: "It is a fact which would not be challenged by any intelligent American that the power of the democracy in this country is now more direct than that of the democracy of America. Practically the suffrage is nearly as wide in the United Kingdom as in the United States, but the checks imposed upon the action of the democracy in the latter country exceed anything in existence here. In this country the House of Commons is really all-powerful, and popular opinion acts directly upon it. In any considerable question the House of Lords is powerless to frustrate the decision of the House of Commons. In America, on the other hand, there are many co-ordinate authorities. The Houses of Congress and the Executive are each elected by the people, but



at different times and under different circumstances. The Constitution is a written one, and can only be changed with the greatest difficulty. The Supreme Court can and does declare illegal and *ultra vires* any legislation which is contrary to the Constitution. It is seldom that the various bodies to be consulted are in agreement, and the action of any one of them is sufficient to nullify that of the others. If, therefore, the people required some great constitutional change it would take much more time and be much more difficult to accomplish in the United States than in England."

**Bologna University.**—At the celebration of the eighth centenary of the University of Bologna, delegates were present from universities in all countries of Europe. On the day of conferring honorary degrees on distinguished men from London, Edinburgh, Paris, and other seats of learning, the most vociferous of all the cheers were for the veteran chemical Professor Hoffman, of Berlin, who studied at Bologna fifty years before.

**Reasons of the Christian Religion.**—Dr. Johnson said that Richard Baxter's book with this title "contained the best collection of the evidences of the divinity of the Christian system."

**A Good Wife.**—A good wife makes the cares of the world sit easy, and adds a sweetness to its pleasures; she is a man's best companion in prosperity, and his only friend in adversity; the most careful preserver of his health, and his kindest attendant in sickness; a faithful adviser in difficulty, a comfort in affliction, and a prudent manager in all his domestic affairs.—*Dodsley.*

**Jews in Hungary.**—In Hungary the proportion of Jews to the Magyar population is not 5 per cent., while in the Hungarian universities the proportion of Israelites is actually 33 per cent. The editor of the "Jewish World" gives this as an illustration of the thirst for knowledge and the desire for education among his compatriots. This is not conclusive, because the statistics may merely show that the Jews prosper in Hungary, a large proportion of the Magyars, 67 per cent., being of the poorest labouring class.

**Costly Wines.**—At the Commercial Sale Rooms, Mincing Lane, a large quantity of wine belonging to the Drapers' Company was recently sold by auction. The prices varied from 330s. a dozen, port of 1834, and champagne at 230s., to sherry at 120s. the dozen. We have not heard to what charitable uses the proceeds of this sale have been applied by the Court of the Drapers.

**George III.**—When their Majesties took the Holy Communion after the ceremony of the Coronation, the King, just before going up to the table, whispered to the Archbishop to inquire if he should not divest himself of his crown. The Archbishop, not knowing what was the custom upon such an occasion, in turn whispered the question to Bishop Pearce, but he was equally at a loss as to what answer to give. The King, therefore, decided the matter for himself, and laid aside the crown, feeling that humility best became such an act of devotion.

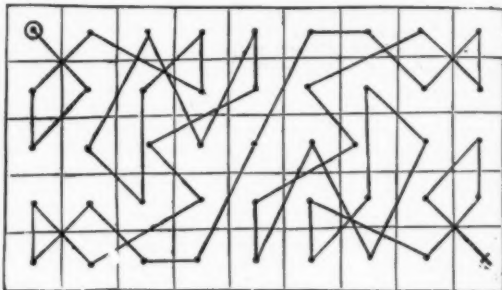
**Barbadoes Hall of Assembly.**—The hall has a series of painted windows representing the English sovereigns from James I to Queen Victoria. Among them, in his proper place, stood Oliver Cromwell, the only formal recognition of the great Protector that I know of in any part of the English dominions.—*Froude's West Indies.*

**Doers and Talkers.**—The worthies of England are the men who cleared and tilled her fields, formed her laws, built her colleges and cathedrals, founded her colonies, fought her battles, covered the ocean with commerce, and spread our race over the planet to leave a mark upon it which time will not efface. These men are seen in their work, and are not heard of in Parliament. When the account is wound up, where by the side of them will stand our famous orators?—*Froude's West Indies.*

### Symmetrical Puzzles.

Many answers were sent to the Puzzle given in our last number. The first correct key received was from Thos. W. Gladstone, of Southport.

### KEY TO PUZZLE NO. II.



Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,  
Some boundless contiguity of shade,  
Where rumour of oppression or deceit,  
Of unsuccessful or successful war,  
Might never reach me more!

—Cowper's "Task"

We take next a passage from Longfellow. Let the reader construct (see p. 496) a symmetrical figure which shall indicate the right order of the syllables.

### PUZZLE NO. III.

mag	its	was	ca	build	was	ley	the
tery	the	ed	in	birch	noe	the	by
and	all	mys	it	in	val	the	er
light	est's	all	the	of	the	and	in
life	ness	it	its	for	riv	the	bos
and	ple	on	ly	thus	om	for	est
the	sin	a	it	ce	all	of	's
er	ews	float	ed	li	der	sup	the
like	riv	in	tumn	all	the	tree	ness
low	yel	low	ter	the	like	birch	of
au	leaf	yel	a	wa	larch	tough	the

### Astronomical Almanac for August.

1	W	☉ rises 4.56 A.M.	17	F	☉ rises 4.51 A.M.
2	T	Mars sets 10.13 P.M.	18	S	Cygnus S. 10.46 P.M.
3	F	Clock before ☉ 5m. 54s.	19	S	12 SUN. AFTER TRINITY
4	S	Vega S. 9.36 P.M.	20	M	Lyra S. 8.35 P.M.
5	S	10 SUN. AFTER TRINITY	21	T	Full ☉ 4.50 P.M.
6	M	Bank and Genl. Holiday	22	W	Daybreak 2.41 A.M.
7	T	New ☉ 6.21 P.M.	23	T	Twilight ends 9.22 P.M.
8	W	☉ sets 7.34 P.M.	24	F	☉ sets 7.2 P.M.
9	T	☉ rises 4.38 A.M.	25	S	☉ rises 5.4 A.M.
10	F	Jupiter sets 10.45 P.M.	26	S	13 SUN. AFTER TRINITY
11	S	Half-Quarter Day	27	M	Clock before ☉ 1m. 12s.
12	S	11 SUN. AFTER TRINITY	28	T	☉ greatest distnce. from ☉
13	M	Trinity Law Sittings end	29	W	☉ 3 Quarter 2.18 P.M.
14	T	☉ 1 Quarter 4.44 P.M.	30	T	Mars sets 8.58 P.M.
15	W	Aquila S. 10.5 P.M.	31	F	☉ sets 6.47 P.M.
16	T	☉ sets 7.19 P.M.			

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BONUSES DECLARED

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## PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE.

### Financial Position.

<b>Assurance Fund</b>	...	...	...	...	...	<b>£2,365,270</b>
<b>Deduct</b> Net Liability under Assurance Transactions						
at December 31st, 1887	...	...	...	...		<b>1,914,147</b>
					<b>Surplus</b>	<b>£451,123</b>
<b>Moiety of Profits</b> reserved						
until the next Division of						
Profits in 1893	...	...	...	...	...	<b>£225,561 12 2</b>
<b>Shareholders' Portion</b>	...					<b>6,804 18 0</b>
<b>Policyholders' Portion</b>	...					<b>218,756 14 2</b>
(This sum will yield additions to Policies, payable at death, exceeding £300,000.)						<b>£451,123 4 4</b>

### Absolute Security.

The Valuation at December 31st, 1887, was based on the safe test of the H<sup>M</sup> Tables, and 3½ per cent. interest. The above figures, therefore, without reckoning the liability of the Shareholders, afford to the Assured what is the paramount consideration, namely, Absolute Security.

Claims and Surrenders have been paid since the foundation of the Office in 1806, amounting to ... **£8,459,173**

### Equitable Division of Profits.

Bonuses vest immediately they are declared, and may be dealt with as follows:—

1. Added to the Sum Assured.
2. Surrendered for Cash Value.
3. Applied in Reduction of Premiums.

---

50, REGENT ST., W., & 14, CORNHILL, E.C., LONDON.



## PROVIDENT LIFE OFFICE.

### Comparative Statement

As to Policies of Assurance in Nine Offices.

Upon a Policy for £5,000 which has become a Claim, £14,176. 6s. was paid. The same life was also assured in eight other offices, and the Solicitors who received the Claims testified to the fact that the "PROVIDENT" Bonuses were by far the largest.

OFFICE.	Sum Assured.	Total Amount of Premiums Paid.	Bonuses Added by the Office.	TOTAL Amount Received by the Assured.
<b>The Provident Life Office...</b>	<b>5,000</b>	<b>10,242</b>	<b>9,176 6 0</b>	<b>14,176 6 0</b>
Office No. 2 .....	3,000	5,463	2,637 1 7	5,637 1 7
" No. 3 .....	3,000	5,673	558 15 7	3,558 15 7
" No. 4 .....	5,000	13,827	7,125 0 0	12,125 0 0
" No. 5 .....	5,000	12,810	3,589 0 10	8,589 0 10
" No. 6 .....	5,000	13,951	8,489 3 4	13,489 3 4
" No. 7 .....	3,000	7,434	794 4 11	3,794 4 11
" No. 8 .....	5,000	16,520	3,366 0 4	8,366 0 4
" No. 9 .....	5,000	13,230	2,136 7 10	7,136 7 10

The Bonuses, added to the sums assured by the eight offices referred to, ranged from 60½ per cent. to as low as 9½ per cent. upon the Premiums received; whereas, in the case of the "PROVIDENT," the Bonus was actually as high as 89½ per cent. upon Premiums received.

This is powerful evidence of the advantage and superiority of the **Bonus System** as adopted by the "PROVIDENT," as well as a proof of the uninterrupted prosperity the Office has enjoyed for upwards of three-quarters of a century.

### Half-Credit System.

*Applicable only to With-Bonus Policies for the Whole Term of Life (Table A. in Prospectus), and to Lives not exceeding 60 years of age.*

Under this system, **one-half the Premium only** is payable during the first 5, 7, or 10 years, at the option of the Assured; the other half-premium remains a charge against the Policy, bearing 5 per cent. interest.

The arrears of half-premium may be paid off at any time, or be deducted from the Sum Assured when the Claim arises.

(Explanatory leaflet may be obtained upon application to the Secretary.)

### Liberal Conditions.

The "PROVIDENT" confers, in an exceptional degree, all legitimate advantages the system of Life Assurance can, with safety, command, and which most commend themselves to persons who are about to effect Assurances.

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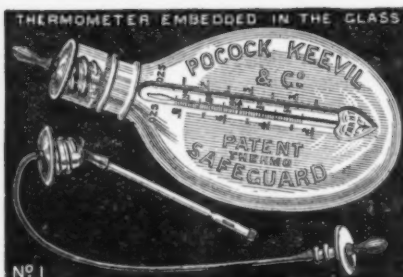
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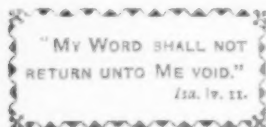
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"I never hear of the Society's operations, and see what it is doing, without giving humble and hearty thanks to Almighty God that it was ever called into existence, and that it has so nobly discharged its duty. . . . I am astonished at its operations, and at the way in which the Society seems **TO LOOK OUT FOR EVERY POINT** at which aggressive work can be carried on."

## *Tract Society Facts.*

**THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY** proclaims the Gospel of the Grace of God in 191 languages. It was founded 89 years ago with the object of spreading the news of God's love at Home and in Foreign lands.

It is supported by, and aids Christians of all Evangelical Denominations. Circulated over 76 millions of publications last year, of which 24 millions and a half were tracts, granted free or at greatly reduced price.

Does not expend one shilling of its subscriptions or donations on management or other expenses.

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Uses all its Missionary Funds for the object for which they are subscribed, but pays all its expenses out of Trade Funds.

Has aided in printing the Pilgrim's Progress in over 82 languages.

Has published its New Testament Commentary in ten languages—Chinese, Arabic, Syriac, Mahrati, Bengali, Tamil, Canarese, Urdu, Singhalese, and Karen.

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Provides for a very large distribution of Books and Tracts for sailors of all nationalities.

Has issued more than 41,700 libraries, varying from 25 to 500 volumes, since 1832, either at very reduced rates, or for very poor districts free.

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Maintains in all its publications a testimony to Evangelical Truth.

A subscription of 10s. 6d. or upwards constitutes membership in the Society; a sum of £10 10s. constitutes Life-membership. All subscribers receive copies of the new tracts and other small publications; in this way alone 11,000 distributors are helped.

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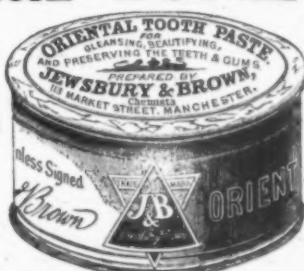
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